

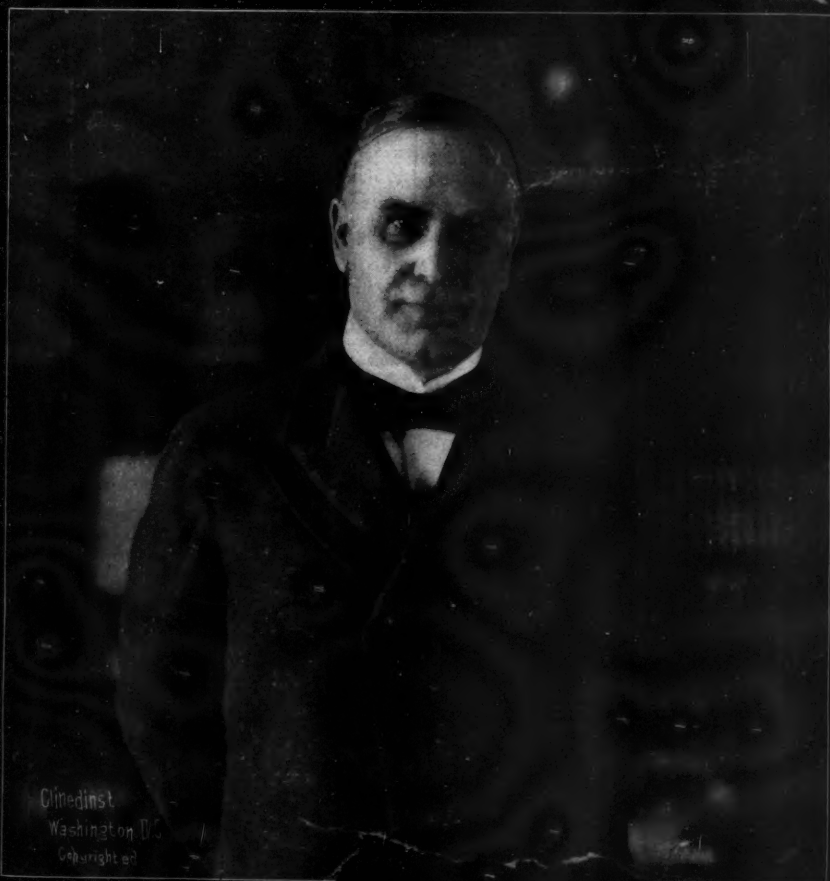
OCTOBER

MEMORIAL NUMBER

10 CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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A

McKINLEY MEMORIAL

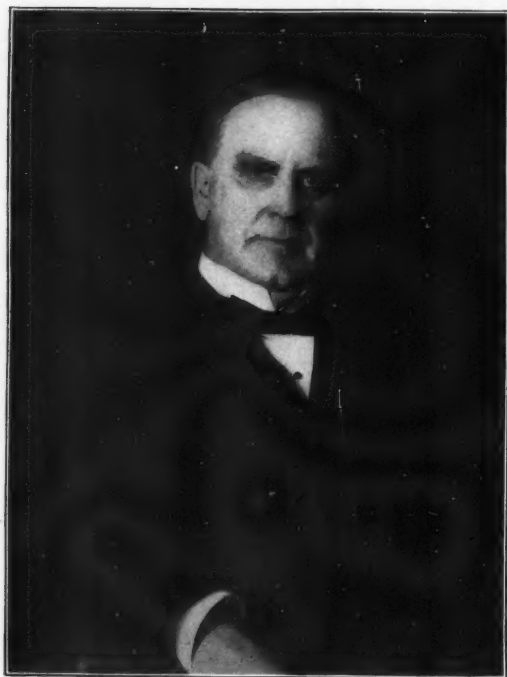
SUPPLEMENT TO THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



October, 1901

A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL



WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Born Jan. 29, 1843; Died Sept. 14, 1901

Our chieftain rests from sorrow and from pain,
His mortal eyes are sealed with pleasant peace;
Ours is the grief and sorrow, his the gain.

We filled his days and nights with sober care;
Now, by God's grace, his happy spirit breathes
With his dear children a serener air.

IDA SAXTON McKINLEY, WIDOW OF THE LATE PRESIDENT

IDA SAXTON McKINLEY, WIDOW OF THE LATE PRESIDENT



214500

A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

THE FAMOUS COTTAGE AT CANTON. HEREAFTER TO BE A MECCA FOR
PATRIOTIC AMERICANS



THE LATE PRESIDENT ON THE PORCH OF HIS CANTON HOME, SUMMER OF 1901



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT FOUR STAGES OF HIS CAREER

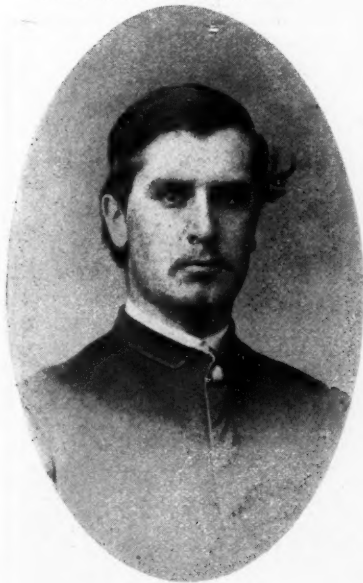
ENTERING THE ARMY AS A PRIVATE, AT 18

AS A LAW STUDENT



HOME FROM THE FIELD. A MAJOR

ON ENTERING CONGRESS



A McKINLEY MEMORIAL

THE LATE PRESIDENT AS THE PEOPLE KNEW HIM ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

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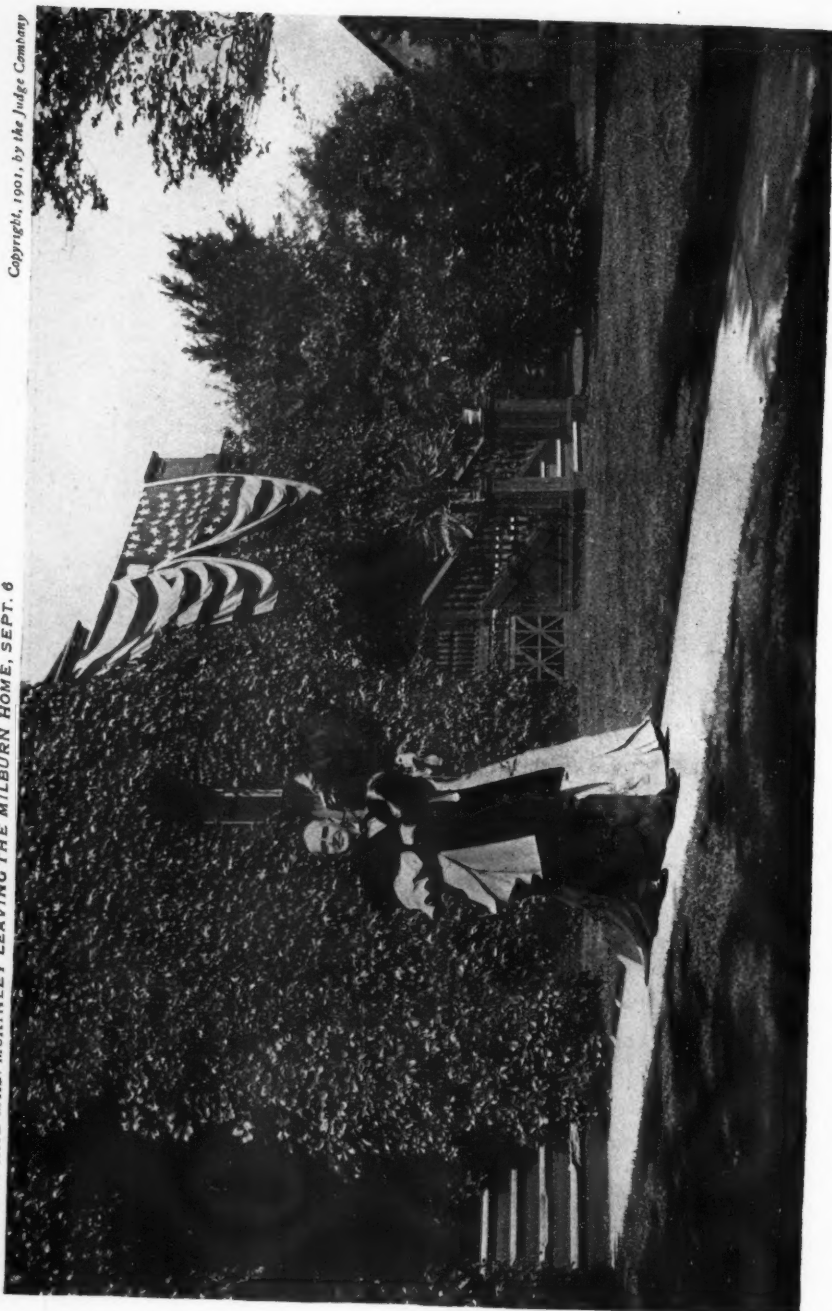
THE LATE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY LEAVING THE MILBURN HOME, SEPT. 8

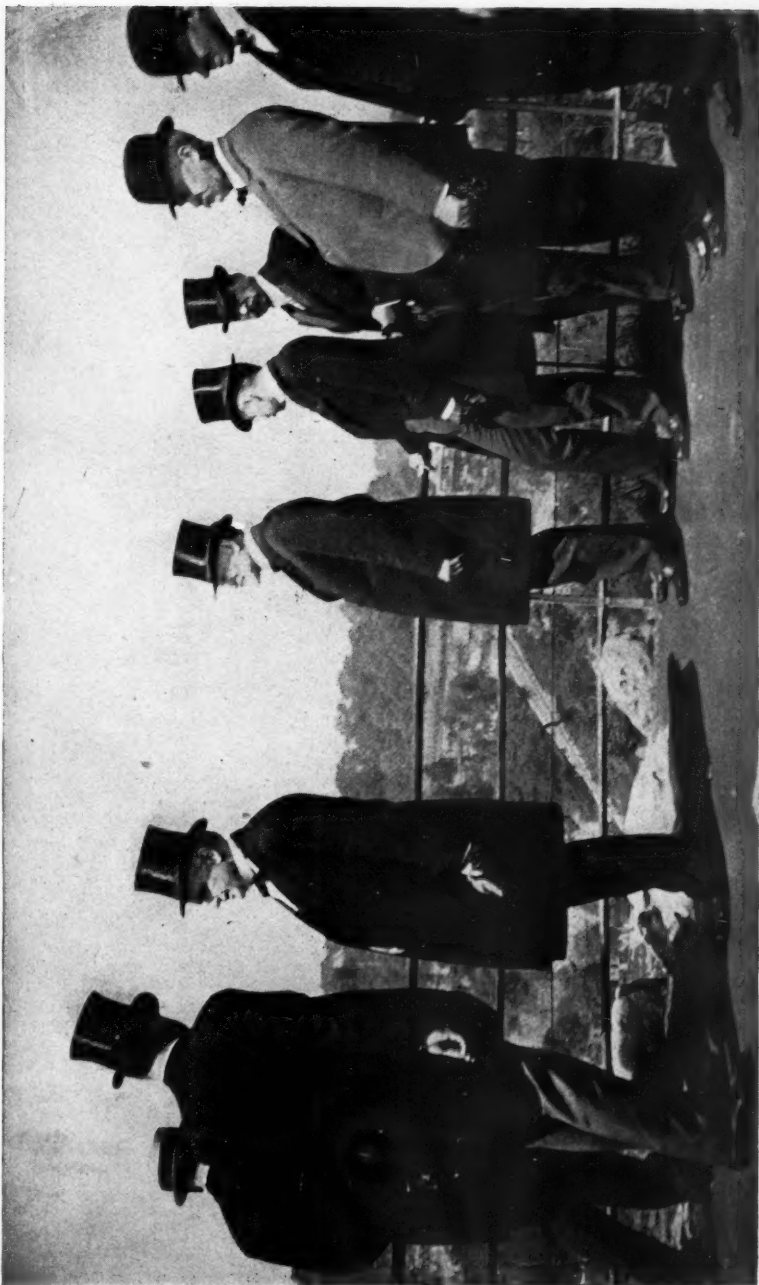
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A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

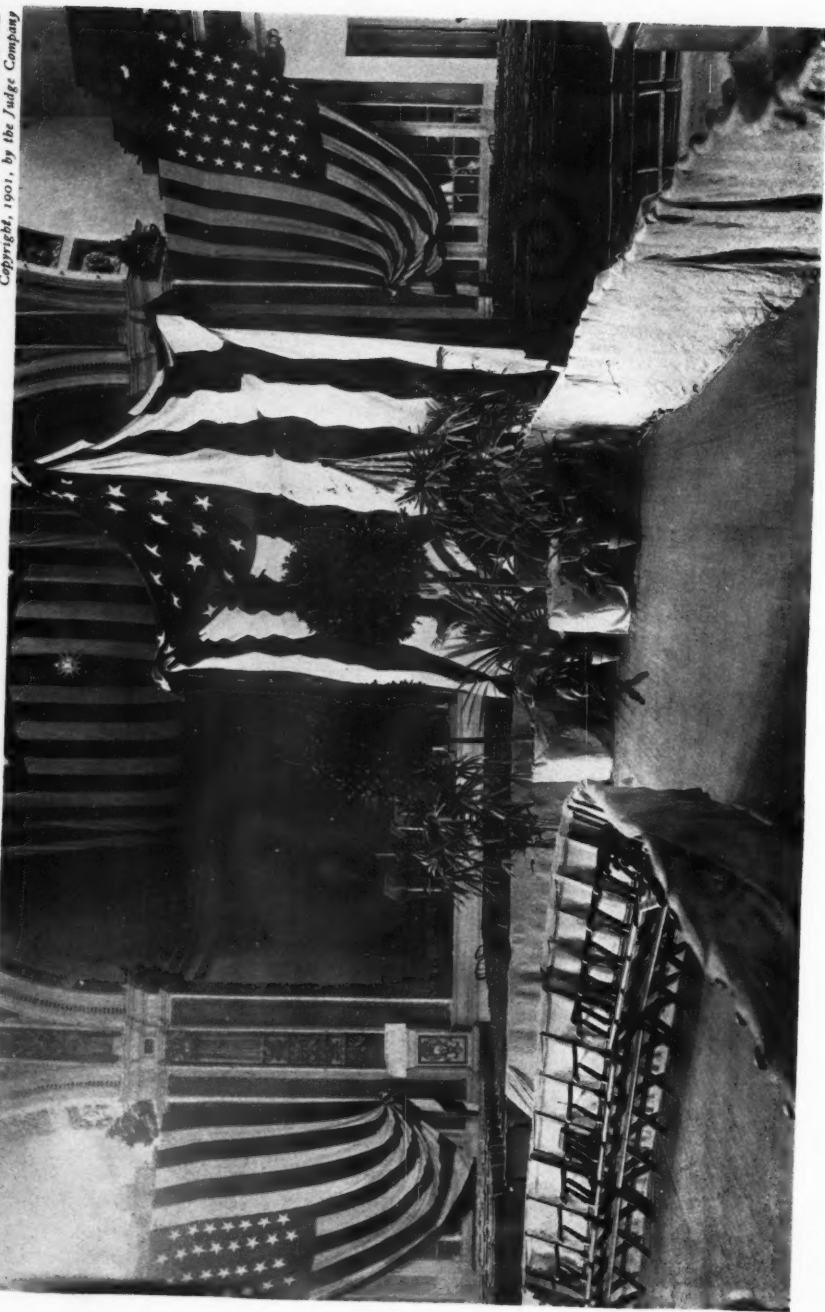
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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS PARTY VIEWING NIAGARA FALLS



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SHOOTING. THE PRESIDENT STOOD IN FRONT OF THE DRAPED FLAG AND BETWEEN THE TWO LARGE BAY TREES
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A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

Photo by Clivedenist

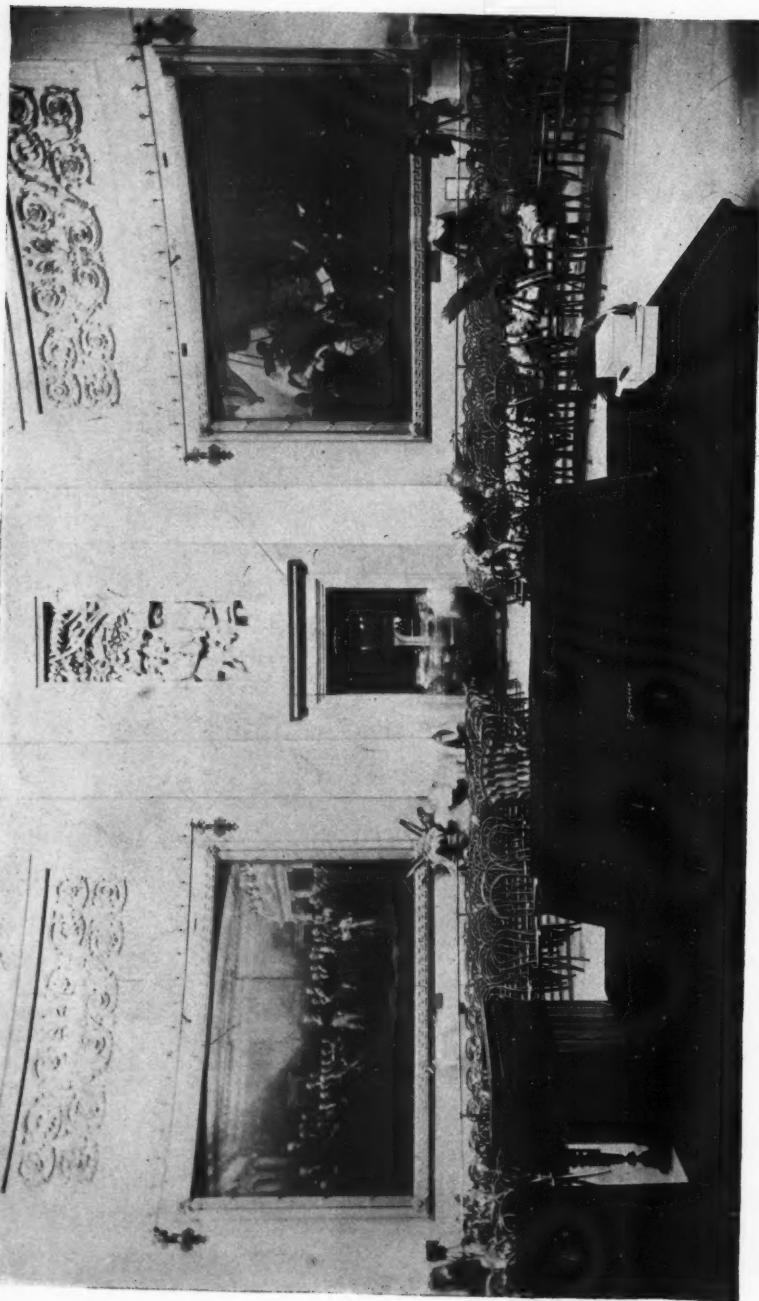
THE REMAINS PASSING THROUGH LINES OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS ON THE CAPITOL STEPS



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

Photo by Cineafinet

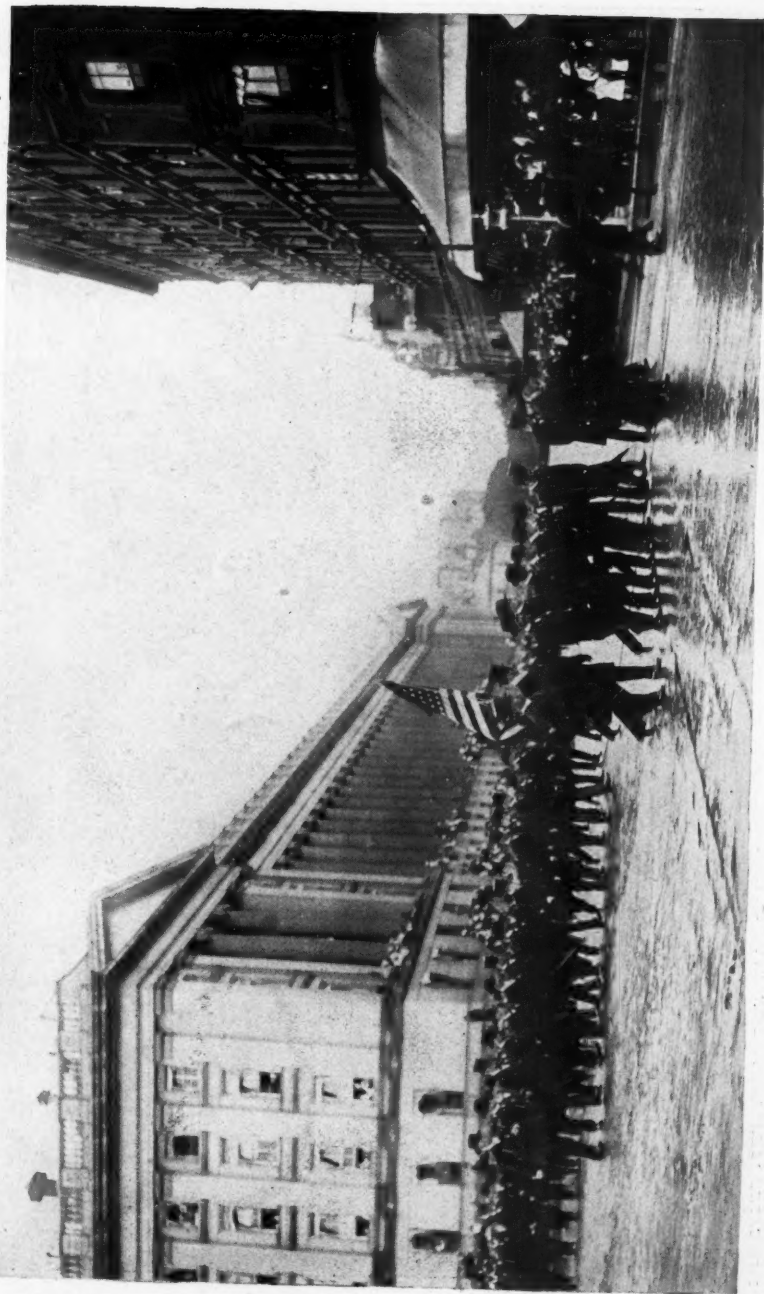
CATAFALQUE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

Photo by Clingman

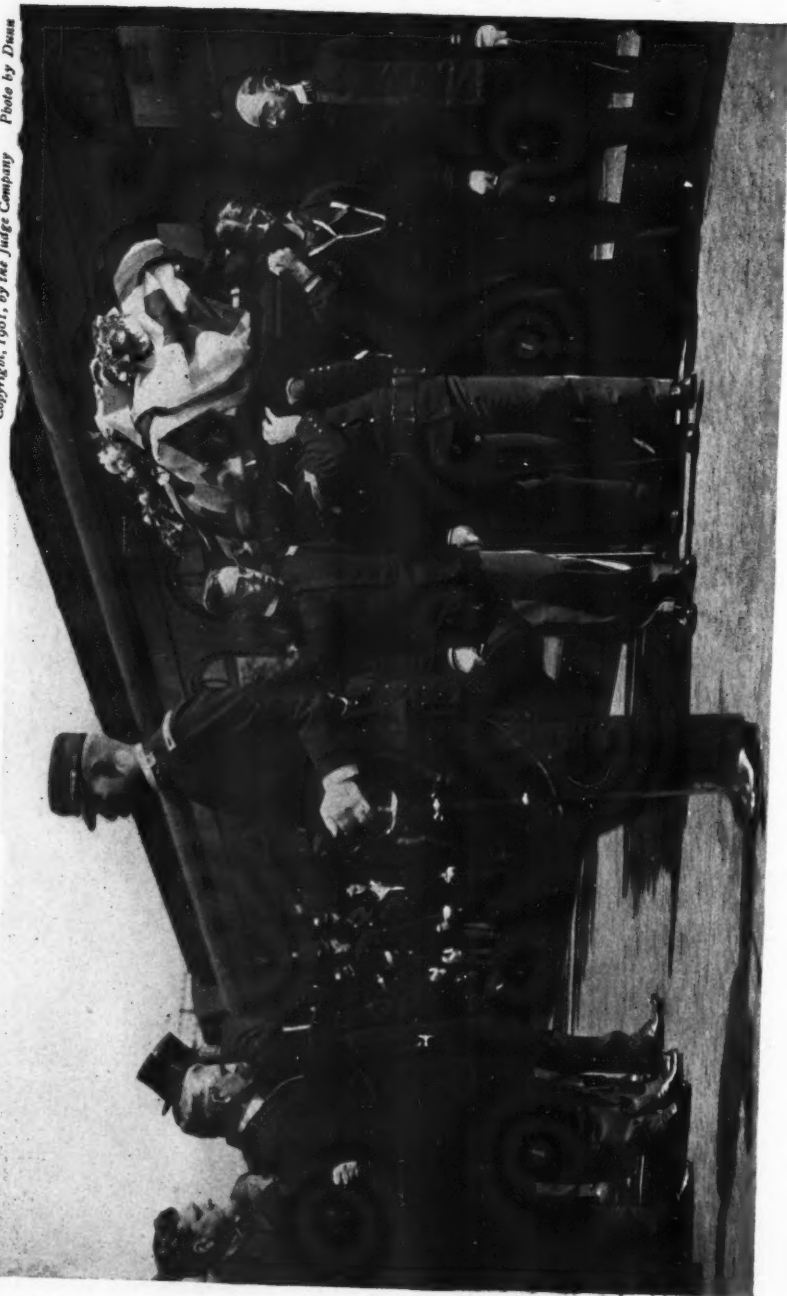
SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT WASHINGTON



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

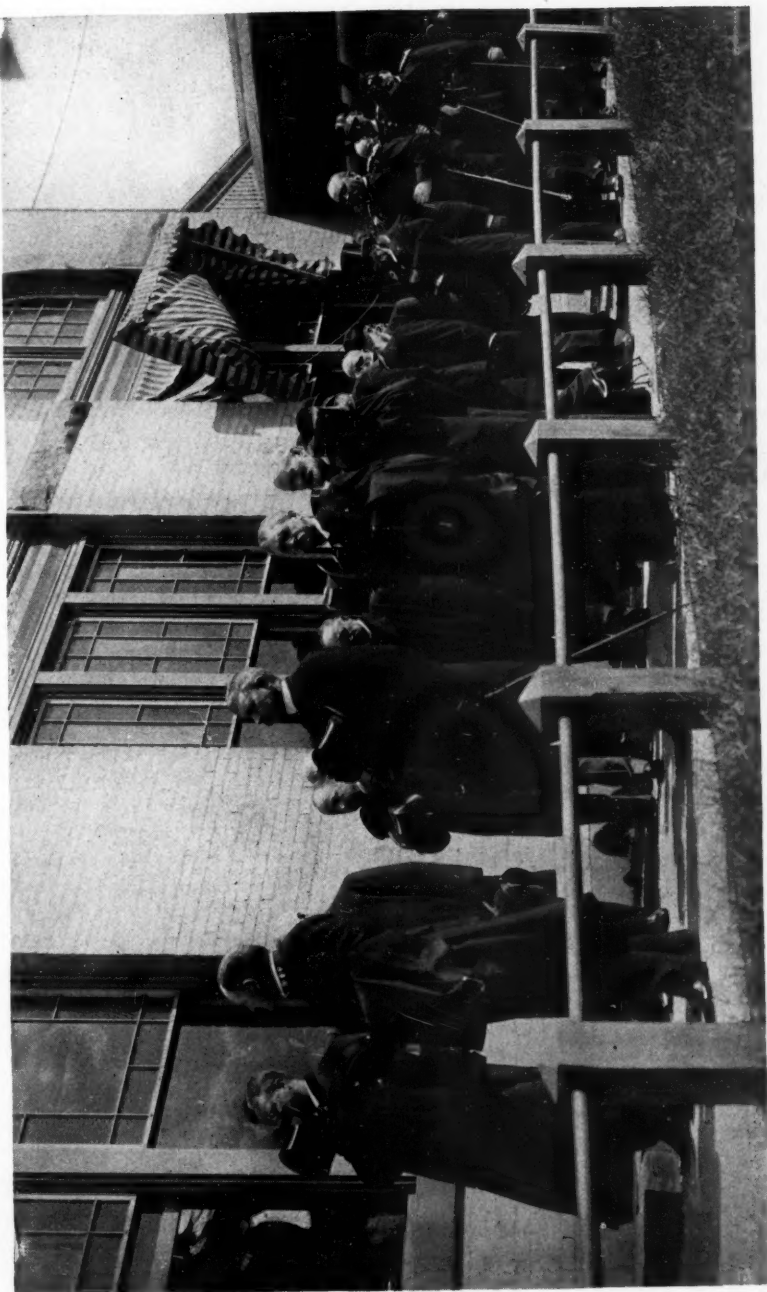
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THE CASKET LEAVING THE TRAIN AT CANTON



A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS CABINET LEAVING THE STATION AT CANTON, FOLLOWING THE HEARSE
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Columbia Triumphant

By NIXON WATERMAN

A NATION mourns. Across the sky
Has crept a shadow of despair;
The song is hushed within the sigh;
Columbia bows herself in prayer.

Ay, bows herself as bowed she when
The noble Lincoln sank to rest,
And Garfield, chosen son of men,
Slept with his hands across his breast.

Columbia, daughter of the skies,
Child of the free-born and the brave,
In strength and beauty shall arise
To wreath with love a new-made grave.



Still bright and brighter still shall gleam
Her splendid stars as each new sun
Shall yet fulfill the deathless dream
Of her immortal Washington.

Her precious past full-sanctified
By golden deeds on land and sea,
Shall sit enthroned with truth beside
The grander days that are to be.

McKinley sleeps. We shrine our dead
And bathe with tears their hallowed graves
While kissed with sunshine overhead,
"Old Glory", still triumphant, waves.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 1



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN I stood in the President's office at the White House during the now buoyant, now breathless moments of the last days of our late beloved President, what a flood of memories came upon me. The canvas-covered furniture, the cool, white matting, that has replaced the heavy carpets, the world atlas lying closed on the desk, the deathly silence and quiet only broken by the ceaseless ticking of the sounders in the "war telegraph" room—tears came to our eyes as we looked for the cheery, genial face to complete the picture; and yet the bulletins at that time were radiant with hope for recovery. There was the yellow-arm, revolving chair at the head of the table in the cabinet room, just down the steps. There were the ink well, pens and calendar just as he had left them when he departed for the old home in Canton.

Captain Loeffler, the veteran doorkeeper, was still at his post, and all who entered spoke in whispers of the suffering one. There was a rustle of newspapers in the secretary's room, where clippings were being made for the executive mansion scrap book; adding another chapter to the great portfolio. Outside, the flowers bloomed with all the mature radiance of autumn.

The White House was being repaired

for the comfort and convenience of the sweet-faced invalid mistress, on plans made during the happy Maytime. The painters were giving the portico and railing the finishing touch, and the newly gilded tops of the railing glistened in the September sunlight. Modest, home-like, unpretentious, there was a touch of the American devotion to home-making in it all; an expression of the ruling ideal

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY'S SECOND CHILD KATIE, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF THREE AND ONE HALF YEARS. Photo by Couriney, Canton.



of the man at the head of the nation, who was first and always for the fireside and the home circle.

* * *

The heartfelt world-tributes to the memory of William McKinley have no parallel in all history. A reunited country—a world's admiration: from every clime and class—every race and nation—come the simple tributes of affection, which no words can transmit; the subtle, inexpressible language of the soul.

Readers of "The National Magazine" can realize with what a heartache the record must be made—President McKinley is dead. In common with millions the loss comes to this writer with the full force of a personal bereavement. What a high inspiration for the myriads of the human race radiated from the gentle, unselfish, great heart, that will never cease to beat

in the spirit of love and helpfulness of humankind!

We look up through blinding tears and listen to the dying words echoing and re-echoing in human hearts and minds throughout the world:

"It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

September 6, 1901, passes into history as a black and bitter day, lightened only by the sublime courage and calm resignation of its martyr.

* * *

The personal side of the life of William McKinley was so perfectly and consistently blended with his public career, that he was an epoch-making force not alone in practical affairs, but also in the realm of the spiritual; and his life and career constitute one of the noblest examples for mankind in history.

THE HOME OF JOHN G. MILBURN, WHERE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DIED

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There is a tremble in the hand and a quiver in the voice of whomsoever one meets, in these sad days, that tells of the

It will require years of historical perspective to measure the full-statured, heroic and triumphant greatness of Wil-

LIBRARY IN THE HOME OF AINSLEY WILCOX OF BUFFALO, WHERE THEODORE ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE AS PRESIDENT

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death of a martyr president. The endeared wife and those who gather about the vacant chair at the hearthstone; every citizen of the great nation; the entire civilized world, aye, the human race, measures a loss in the death of the brave, gentle soul that passed away with such words as indicated the dominating purposes of his life.

liam McKinley, a president perfectly blended with the man as a pure type of Christian manhood; not only mature and well rounded in itself, but one of those personalities whose simple strength is a concrete inspiration and influence that will endure in the lives of millions of American citizens. The close range of vision makes William McKinley's life

and career a more positive and vitalizing influence upon the young minds of to-day than even Washington or Lincoln, because William McKinley is not on a pedestal, lent glamor by the lapse of years, but was only yesterday a living, breathing presence—a force—coming into personal touch with this time and this people.

* * *

The world echoes with praise of the perfect career of William McKinley. He was shot down while extending that warm, magnetic, helping hand that has done so much for humankind. The bullet was aimed at the heart that always beat

in sympathy for the wants of his fellow men and idealized the American fireside. And yet his work was not finished. Such a character was needed to impress upon human minds the highest and noblest ideals of life; he was a willing sacrifice to his country—yes, to the human race, to give the world an ideal sanctified in blood and everlasting love.

* * *

As the President and his wife left that beloved home in Canton on that bright autumn morning, they both looked back to view the newly re-painted and remodeled grey-tinted home, where they had spent so many happy years; now

PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY LEAVING THE TRAIN AT NIAGARA FALLS

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the repairs were completed, and with all the bright cheerfulness of bride and groom they talked of "our home." It

maker, who as the gallant, beardless soldier had won his bride, and kept sacred the altar vows by a life's devotion.

*PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS IN THE ESPLANADE
NEAR TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE, SEPT. 5*

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was in Canton that the sweetest and tenderest memories of their life clustered; it was there that their children were born; and there in sunshine and shadow, in happiness and sorrow, they had typified the ideal and sacred devotion of husband and wife.

One lingering look—yes, the last happy glance homeward for that noble home-

The startling crash of window glass in the Presidential car followed the welcome announcing the arrival in Buffalo. The presidential salute had come with the shock of an earthquake; the first thought of the man in whose honor it was given was for the invalid wife. Tenderly he took her in his arms and his assurance was enough. With her at his

side he was radiant and serenely happy.

"They had more powder than they thought," he remarked with a genial smile.

The salutes were fired too close to the car, and the shattered glass was revealed later as an evil omen of the shattered hopes of the world, while the people waited for news from the bedside of the beloved President.

"President's Day" dawned in the full-orbed splendor of Autumn. The air was rich with the fragrance of full fruitage. The golden month was at her best. "It's McKinley weather" was on every lip as a hundred thousand people started on their way to the Pan-American Exposition grounds to see "our President." Early in the morning the distinguished guests at the Milburn house on Delaware street were astir. The President carried the copy of his speech in his inside pocket and stopped during his brief morning walk about the grounds to jot down a new word or idea.

"I never have overcome the nervousness that comes over me before making a speech," he jocularly remarked, adjusting his glasses. That speech was the ripe thought of the greatest American statesman of the times—and is one that will live in history. It was the summarizing of an epoch in national destiny, while the swift-moving events which it recorded were still fresh in the minds of the people. It was an account of his stewardship to the American nation, fraught with inspired foresight and fragrant with love and affection for the people and the highest ideals of patriotism.

* * *

The carriage bore them through the crowds to the Triumphal Bridge and then in the full glory of the September morning, with the gay flutter of flags of all America and the dreamy haze of Indian summer settling over the esplanade and fountains, the people gathered to hear what was destined to be the farewell

address of the twenty-fourth president of the United States. There was a hush when he arose to speak, and the deliberation with which he wiped his eye glasses gave him time to overcome the nervousness that confronted him at the opening of every address. Raising his head and looking over his glasses in a kindly way, in full, rounded, measured tones, he delivered an address which was caught up and flashed around the world within a few hours of its utterance. It was an important message to the world and looked to the future. How gentle and significant was the scene; for nowhere have the peaceful achievements of the country been more thoroughly indexed than at the Pan-American. The throng that assembled on that bridge was an interesting study—truly typical of the country.

* * *

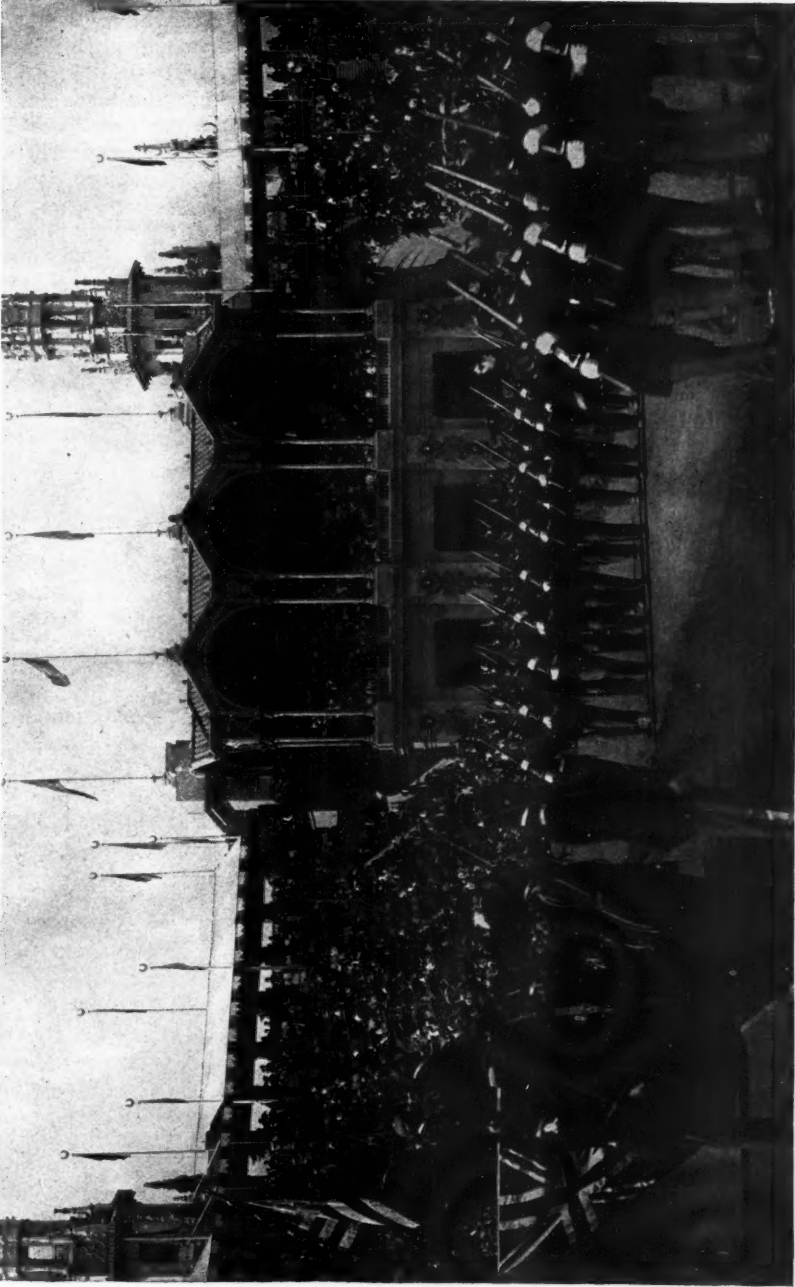
Citizens from all the various states and territories brushed elbows there; diplomats from the nations of the world, silk-tiled and conventional in black Prince Alberts. Orient and Occident were merged in that throng and everyone was thrilled. Thousands stood by patiently until the last words were spoken, although comparatively few in that vast assembly could hear what the speaker said. Little did any one think what precious, golden moments were passing!

* * *

Conspicuous in the crowd assembled on the Esplanade to hear President McKinley's speech, were several "National Magazine" badges, worn by delegates to the "National's" Pan-American Convention who remained to greet the President. He sent his regrets at being unable to attend the "National's" convention. Children were everywhere present, and gave vent to wilder enthusiasm than their elders. A pretty little maiden with fluffy hair demurely stood in her father's coat pocket, with her arms tightly clasping his neck, and from this exalted posi-

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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY REVIEWING THE TROOPS IN THE STADIUM ON PRESIDENT'S DAY



tion she was the first of her little group to see the President as he drove up.

"See! there he is! mamma, papa, mamma, there he is! Get up here, mamma; you can see just fine!"

The good natured crowd laughed at the childish enthusiasm.

"I want to see," came a pleading voice from a little boy who was digging his head in the coat tails of a man in front. A second later he was elevated to the broad shoulders of a six-foot giant and a tired little woman murmured a word of thanks to the stranger.

"Down with the boy!" shouted a man just behind, who was short in stature.

"Never!" came back the reply. "You can't down the American boy." And the short man cheered with the rest.

"Mamma, did you see? He wipes his glasses just like Uncle George. Oh, but

he must be a nice man." "Hush, my child," said the father, but the seed had been sown for a new thought in the mind of a grey-haired man standing near.

"That's just the way Lincoln used to do. It's the same thing over again; our greatest presidents are the humblest."

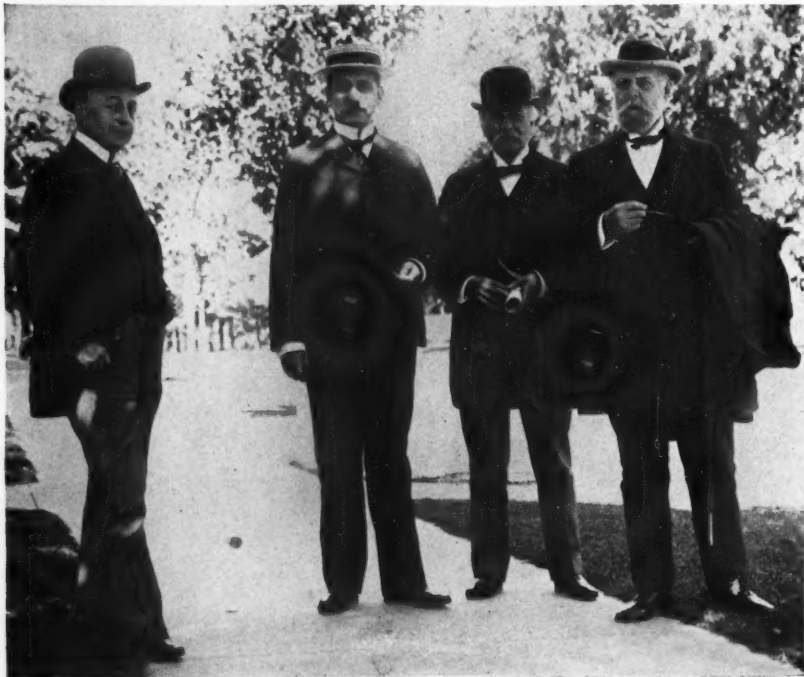
* * *

The party was driven to the Stadium. The presence of carriages on the grounds was a mark of the distinguished occasion. And yet do you know one of the ambassadors remarked that it was suggestive of a funeral cortege. The President preferred walking among the people, where it was possible.

Very sturdily he walked into the great Stadium under a scorching sun, to review the troops. The great, umbrella-bearing throngs rose to greet the President as he passed, and every

SECRETARIES GAGE, HITCHCOCK AND ROOT AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX,
A SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT BUFFALO

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outburst of applause was met with that graceful bow and sincere salute which was distinctly characteristic of William

steps of the stand, gravely dignified but happy-faced, his deep blue eyes glistened in the radiant noon-day sun. He gra-

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND JOHN G. MILBURN LEAVING THE NEW ENGLAND BUILDING, PRESIDENT'S DAY
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McKinley. It was an expression of patriotic and personal devotion seldom witnessed. Standing on the reviewing stand I was thrilled to the finger tips, and somehow the thought flashed over me: Is this the crest of the wave?

His last review will remain a vivid memory to the thousands in the arena. As the troops passed with that elastic, swaying quick step, keeping time to Sousa's new march, the "Invincible Eagle," the President's face beamed his pleasure and his coat was flying open as if showing the open hearted honesty of the man; he was somehow a part and parcel of the people, and it was the people who furnished the pageant for him rather than the troops. The diplomatic corps, representing all nations, caught the infectious enthusiasm and one member remarked:

"Such patriotism is an invulnerable bulwark of national strength."

As the late President ascended the

ciously bowed to the ladies on the stand.

"Are you fatigued," inquired a lady standing near me.

"Oh, no; I've had a good six weeks' rest at home," he replied in his cheery way.

As he turned to watch the troops, with the fingers of one hand he tapped the railing in time with the music, for if any one liked music it was our late President. Alert, attentive and always interested, he made every man in line feel that he was receiving personal greeting. And herein was one secret of the superlative strength of William McKinley; he was always interested, and his sincerity was never questioned, nor was there ever a partiality. Always poised for emergencies, never did a shadow of hypocrisy pass over that kindly face. When he turned and saw my "National Magazine" convention badge of red, white and blue, he smiled.

"The colors are right"—and then, al-

most in the same breath, were scattered those brief words and acts of kindness to scores of others which enshrine his memory in affectionate remembrance.

As the party passed out near the court of lilies, the homing pigeons were brought forth from the dove-cote and long and steadfastly he gazed at the circling birds, emblematic of the peace he loved. Peace, prosperity and happy homes were the watchwords of his career, from the time when he first took an official green bag as county attorney, until the last days of his life.

* * *

That evening, in the gentle twilight of fairyland glowing on the shore of Mirror lake, with the illuminated buildings and trees in the background, the President witnessed for the last time the glories of nocturnal splendor. Happy and cheerful, and as interested as when a barefoot boy at Niles, Ohio, when the Fourth of July pyrotechnics were in progress, he enjoyed every flash of the swift, shooting rockets and clusters of light in the cloud-banked sky. The flickering shadows and the dense darkness among the trees made some of his personal protectors tremble, but he seemed to have no consciousness of peril and discussed lightly the plan for the morrow, when he was to visit Niagara.

Ah, that most touching, last morning! From the vine-covered verandah he came, with Mrs. McKinley, to greet the splendor of the new day! With her coat on his arm, (no man was ever more devoted) he turned to greet even those who held the cameras. The grand old flag he loved made the background of the picture. Mrs. McKinley was hidden behind a parasol, and even there was the genial face of the President to say:

"I'll just have to let you have a picture.

What a happy day seemed ahead! Appreciative of every moment the President and members of the cabinet stood upon the banks of the greatest wonder of the world, and watched the water in its on-

ward rush to the sea. Thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of his wife and others, he had never a care for his own pleasure.

* * *

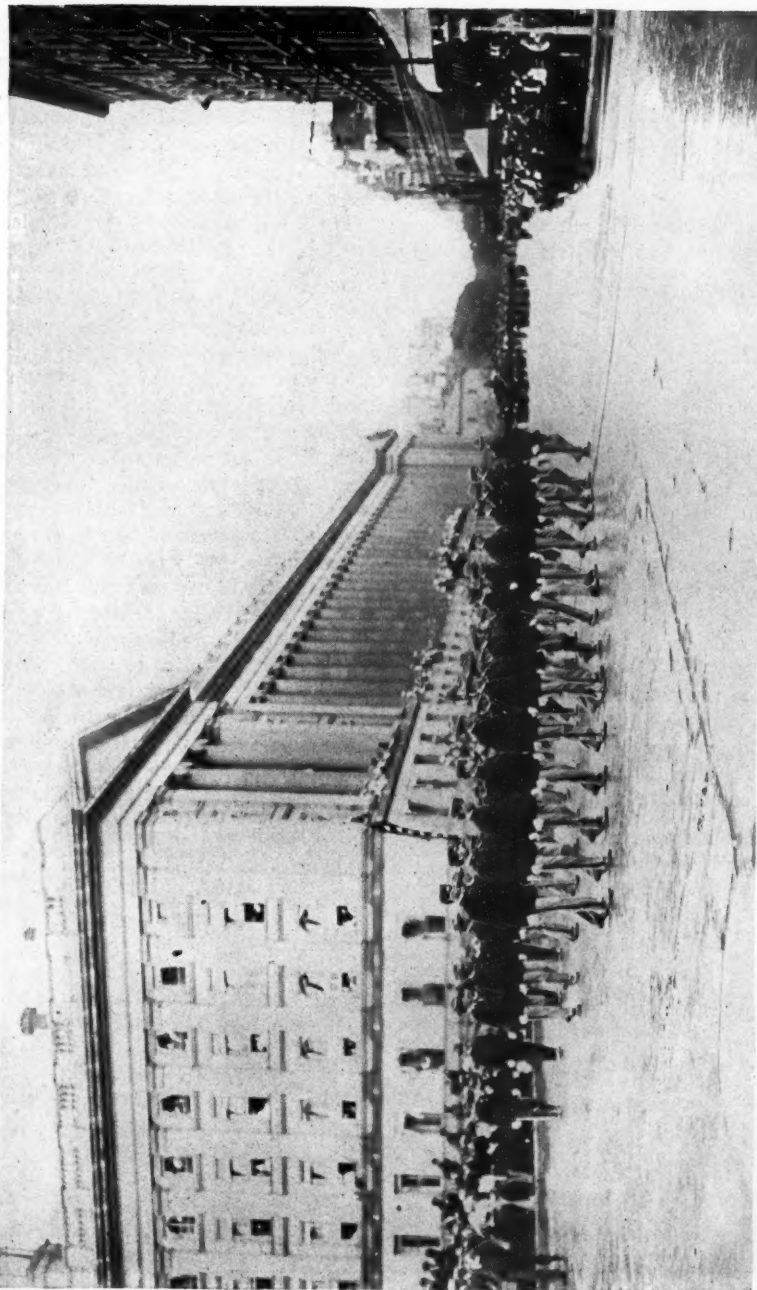
Just three hours before the fatal shot was fired, the President, for the first time in weeks, requested a picture. Quick as a flash it was taken by Mr. Dunn of "Leslie's Weekly," before the word was scarcely uttered. Attired simply in a silk hat and black Prince Albert, with a white vest, from which hung a simple gold fob, and his gloves, he looked every inch the great man he was.

The President's watch came out frequently, because if there was ever a methodical, punctual man, he was, and most anxious that the thousands at the Temple of Music should not be kept waiting. The train arrived at the north gate and the party was hurried past the Propylea and well into the midst of a sea of humanity, greeting him as he proceeded.

He wore an air of serious purpose, as he pressed onward, not to disappoint or keep the people waiting. The throng were packed against the door and had to pass in and out through an improvised aisle lined on either side with seats. Directly between the two stood the President, with Secretary Cortelyou on the right and President Milburn on the left. The President pulled out his watch again to see if he was on time, and looked about admiring the interior of the temple. Little could I think, as I caught a last glimpse of that beloved face among the hustling crowd, of the impending tragedy. Here in the gaities of dedication daysongs and chimes had gone forth; the Vice-President and Senator Lodge had spoken with Senator Hanna on the platform. Here, during the summer days, music lovers had gathered at the recitals given at this now fatal hour of four o'clock every afternoon. Here it was our Frederick Archer's magic touch had

Photo by Cincinnati

VETERANS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT WASHINGTON



brought forth the heights and depths of the "Pilgrim Chorus" from "Tannhauser." Here it was that the very artistic spirit of the Exposition centred—in fact—the magnet, the meeting point, the place where the sessions of all of the conventions and all special day exercises had been held. Here was where romance, comedy, music dwelt—and now deep-dyed tragedy stalked in.

* * *

The people began to pass forward, shake the President's hand and move on. In the twinkling of an eye it occurred. Standing within fifty feet were hundreds of people who did not know what had taken place. There were two shots in quick succession, about 4:12 p. m., but nothing was thought of that because it could easily be confounded with the shooting from Indian festivities outside. I saw vaguely a scuffle and my thought was, "Some drunken man." Then, when the President was taken to the inner side of the stage my first thought was that he had fainted from the fatigue of the arduous duties of the day. The people were stunned when the first ghastly whisper came across the room:

"The President is shot!"

Many would not believe it, but a few

moments later, when they carried a limp form out to the ambulance, with the crimson blood staining the white vest, the awful realization came. Men, women and children burst into tears, the hard, white lines showed first in a desire to mete out some adequate punishment to the cowardly assassin.

The frenzy was fearful to contemplate.

"String him up! Kill him!"

Czolgocz—Shawlgotch—the young Polish-descended, American-born Anarchist, was beaten down by soldiers and the Georgia negro waiter at the Plaza restaurant, who was in line, and before the dazed crowd had realized the truth, the officers tried to sooth them with the report that it was all a mistake; but very soon all knew that the President was lying in the Pan-American Emergency Hospital, wounded and near to death.

* * *

The deadly hurts were tended with all the skill that the President's own physician, Dr. Rixey, and a group of famous colleagues could bring to bear, and the distinguished patient was removed to the Milburn house, where his stricken but brave wife might be near him in any crisis that might impend.

"This is not our first battle, Ida," he

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY BEING CARRIED INTO THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL
JUST AFTER THE SHOOTING

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said to the sobbing woman at his bedside. "We have won more desperate cases than this. And though conditions

breath, praying, hoping against hope that he might rally and rise from the dark shadows that encompassed him.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND MR. MILBURN IN A CARRIAGE AT NIAGARA FALLS
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may be critical, if there were only one chance in a thousand I would accept that chance and, for your sake, hope to win." Then followed the days of hopeful news from that bedside, when it seemed as if the indomitable courage of the wounded man would conquer, and he would be spared to his people. The public fears grew lighter as reassuring bulletins followed each other twice or thrice daily.

What a wave of grief, almost of anguish, swept over the land when on Friday morning, September 13, just a week after the shooting, the correspondents camped in tents across the street from the Milburn home flashed to all the world the word that the President had had a relapse—that he was very low, sinking, and that the doctors had all but yielded the last hope. The world stood still with bated

But it was not to be. Recovering consciousness near the last, the dying man bade his physicians to cease the futile struggle. "Let me die," he whispered. He knew that he must go, and with the simple, sublime courage that marked him on the field of Antietam, he met the inevitable with calm and unruffled front.

* * *

In this interval of consciousness Mrs. McKinley was brought into the death chamber. The President had asked to see her. She came and sat beside him, held his hand, and heard from him his last words of encouragement and comfort. Then she was led away, and not again during his living hours did she see him.

The President fully realized that his

hour had come and his mind turned to his Maker. He whispered feebly: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the words of the hymn always dear to his heart. Then in faint accents he murmured:

"Goodbye, all; goodbye. It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

With this utterance the President lapsed into unconsciousness. He had even then entered the valley of the shadow.

Slowly the hours passed without visible change in his condition, but there was no more hope. There was only the tense waiting for that moment when the great soul should quit its house of clay. At two o'clock in the morning of Saturday, September 14, Doctor Rixey was the only physician in the death chamber. The others were in an adjoining room, while the relatives, cabinet officers and near friends were gathered in silent groups in the apartments below. As he watched and waited, Dr. Rixey observed a slight, convulsive tremor run through the President's frame. Word was at once taken to the immediate relatives, who were not present, to hasten for the last look upon the President in life. They came in groups, the women weeping and the men bowed and sobbing.

* * *

Grouped about the bedside at this final moment were the only brother of the President, Abner McKinley, and his wife; Miss Helen McKinley and Mrs. Sara Duncan, sisters of the President; Miss Mary Barber, niece; Miss Sara Duncan, niece; Lieutenant James F. McKinley, William M. Duncan and John Barber, nephews; F. M. Osborne, a cousin; Secretary George B. Cortelyou, Charles G. Dawes, controller of the currency; Colonel Webb C. Hayes and Colonel William C. Brown.

With these, directly and indirectly connected with the family, were those others who had kept ceaseless vigil—white-garbed nurses and the uniformed Marine

Hospital attendants. In an adjoining room were Drs. Charles Burney, Eugene Wasdin, Roswell Park, Charles G. Stockton and Herman Mynter.

The minutes were now flying, and it was 2:15 a. m. Silent and motionless, the circle of loving friends stood about the bedside.

Dr. Rixey leaned forward and placed his ear close to the breast of the expiring President. Then he straightened up and made an effort to speak.

"The President is dead," he said.

The President had passed away peacefully, without the convulsive struggle of death. It was as if he had fallen asleep. As they gazed on the face of the dead, only the sobs of the mourners broke the silence of the chamber of death.

* * *

The last honors paid the dead chieftain in Buffalo, in Washington and in his home city of Canton are still too fresh in the public mind to require full recital. Let it be recorded, however, that not one of the many and mighty triumphs of McKinley's life approached in scope or intensity his last great triumph won in death. Such an outpouring of love and devotion was never paid to the memory of any man in all the history of the earth. There was scarcely a dry eye among the scores of thousands that looked upon the nation's dead where he lay in funeral state, at Buffalo, at Washington and at Canton. In proudest palace and in humblest cot and tenement alike the sorrow of his people was profound. Men who had fought him hardest in life paid tear-wet tributes to his goodness, his loyalty to his country and his God. Never a man to evoke bitterness against himself, in this hour of his passing he compelled, by the sweetness and purity of his career, the unreserved love of all them that had opposed him.

The hand that sought to strike him down did but exalt him. It served but to throw into a stronger light those mag-

PAN-AMERICAN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL NURSES, PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ATTENDANTS



nificent qualities that made him the best and most universally beloved chief magistrate that America ever had.

* * *

One incident of the state funeral at Washington was perhaps more beautifully illuminative of the ties between McKinley and his people than any other memory of that sad occasion. At the start of the procession up Pennsylvania avenue, Monday evening, one wavering soprano voice back somewhere in the wilderness of people sang "Nearer My God To Thee," the notes of which were on the lips of the President as he descended slowly into the valley of the shadow of death. The affecting refrain was caught up by thousands of subdued voices, which carried it up the thoroughfare, keeping pace with the cortege till the hymn burst forth from thousands more who were banked in upon Lafayette square opposite the White House gates, making the heart swell and tears to gush from eyes that watched the progress up the circular drive under the port cohere. No wonder that later on Monday night Senator Louis McComas, of Maryland, standing on the curb near the temporary residence of the new president, remarked: "The sublime faith in which William McKinley died has done more for the Christian religion than a thousand sermons preached in a thousand pulpits on a thousand Sundays."

* * *

The funeral train, bearing the remains of the beloved President from Buffalo to Washington, and from Washington to the loved home in Canton, awakened an expression of national sentiment that has no comparison. The unanimous personal sympathy of the people, enduring privation and hardship in order to offer an individual tribute to the memory of the dead, was not adequately recognized in the newspaper accounts. The bells tolled, the people watched and waited in storm and darkness for hours, and all

hearts echoed one continuous refrain of their fallen leader's favorite hymns—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light. The telegraph wires were laden with eloquent descriptive stories inspired by the scenes en route to the state funeral at Washington, from the first trying ordeal at Buffalo, when President Roosevelt and the cabinet and the endeared friends looked upon the thin, placid face at the Milburn home, where the first simple services were held.

How fitting that the final tribute to the remains should be paid at the old home he loved so well; there among the scenes where the sweetest and tenderest memories of his life clustered. I never expect to witness again more impressive scenes. The hands of the city clock were stopped at 2:15, the hour of his death, and through the court house passed thousands of old friends from surrounding towns to look upon the face of one they loved until the pale glare of the electric light lit up the mourning draped walls. A soldier and a sailor of the United States stood at the head and foot of the casket draped with the flag which had waved so victoriously at the time of his first nomination for the presidency.

What a contrast with the thrilling scenes of '96, when the crowds came to do honor to the living, with huzzas—now hushed and silent. The modest little home, which I had visited a few weeks ago, and the new porch, which had been so proudly pointed out by the President, carried no semblance of mourning. An additional electric arc light glowed at the side of the house. The throngs passed noiselessly and with bare heads as the soldier sentinel paced the lawn, trampled by enthusiastic admirers only a few years before. The shutters were closed and thousands kept watch on the last night that this little home contained the mortal remains of the dead President. The flowers in urn and vase shimmered with the September

PRESIDENT, THEN VICE-PRESIDENT, ROOSEVELT MET BY INTERVIEWERS ON
LEAVING THE MILBURN HOME THE LAST SUNDAY OF PRESIDENT
McKINLEY'S LIFE.

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dew, as if they, too, were experiencing a grief at the loss. Most pathetic was the sight of the empty willow rocker, where he sat so many times, swaying back and forth in the pleasant autumn evenings. What a pathos in this home scene, and what a flood of recollections it awakened!—the summer Sabbath evenings on the porch when they returned from Washington, and the little girl played on the violin "Home, Sweet Home" and "Nearer, My God to Thee;" the cheery sight of the President taking his fair wife to drive, as gallant as a lover; the swinging walk up and down Market street, to and from a well-ordered and busy law office.

William McKinley came to Canton at the suggestion of a beloved sister, who taught in the public schools, who was an inspiration of his life, and who now sleeps in the cemetery where her distinguished brother rests in peace. Here was the stone church where the young lawyer had taken the vows which were sanctified by a life's devotion as a husband. And on another corner was the church in which he worshipped. In the fourth pew from the front, No. 10 in the centre aisle, was where he sat and loved to sing in full, round bass those dear old Methodist hymns which have cheered the souls of countless millions. Every scene in this busy little city he loved seemed in some way associated with him. I arrived by way of Massillon; the dusty road was fringed with vehicles bringing the people. Special trains from all directions poured in until it seemed as if there could not possibly be room for any more. The telephone and trolley poles were draped and there was not a house or habitation that was not in mourning.

The floral tributes have probably never been equalled. From every nation, from almost every organization, came these tributes—expressing much and eloquent sympathy in the language of heaven.

And yet, with all this expression of a world's admiration and affection, the love of the old friends and neighbors was the most impressive after all.

* * *

Vice-President Roosevelt, reassured by the hopeful bulletins sent out by the President's physicians during the first week, and having not the least doubt of the President's speedy recovery, had gone into the northern New York woods to hunt.

There the news of his chief's demise reached him. As rapidly as special trains could bear him on he rushed to Buffalo, where the members of the cabinet were assembled. He went at once to the home of his friend, Ainsley Wilcox, and at 3:39 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, September 14, he took the oath of office as President of the United States.

The scene, as witnessed and described by a staff writer of "The Boston Globe," was one of the most dramatic and awesome in American history, and will never be forgotten by the half hundred persons who witnessed it.

The officials arranged themselves in a semi-circle, the Vice-President in the centre.

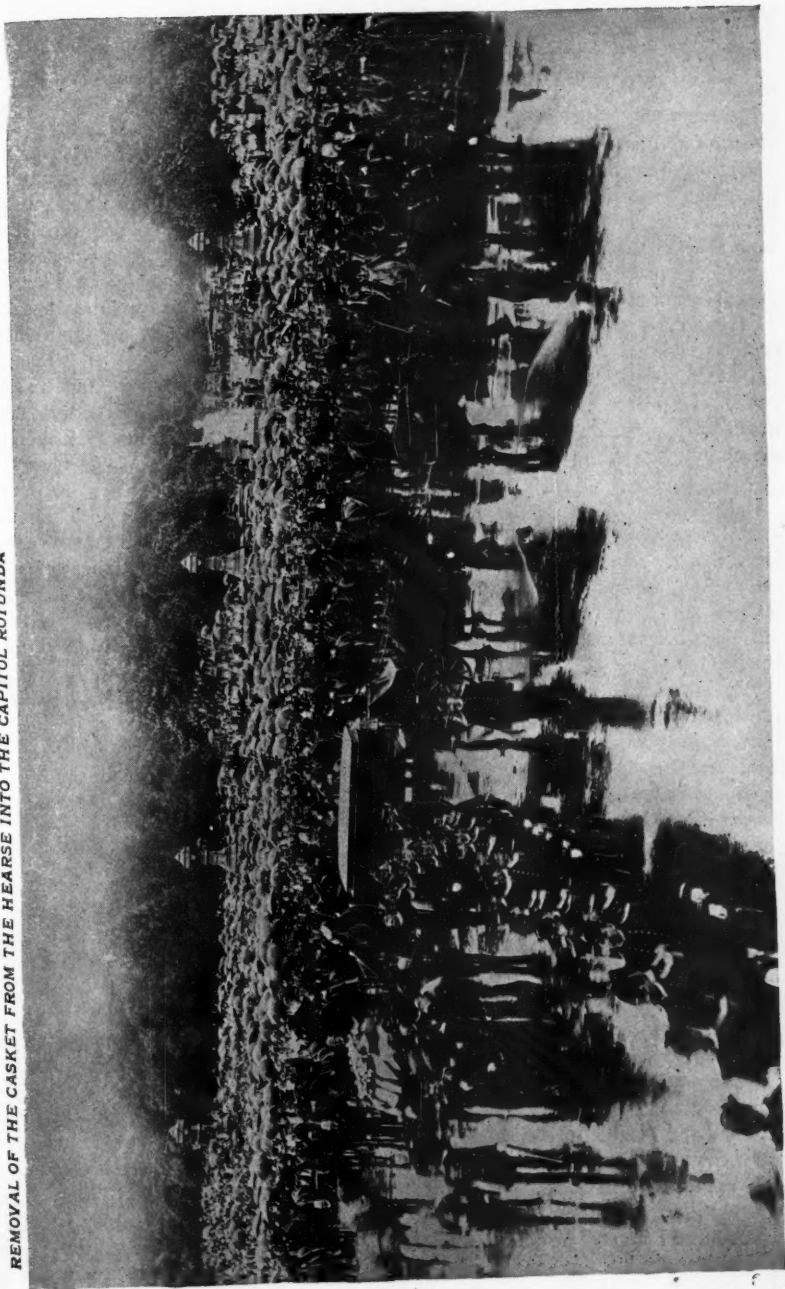
On his right stood Secretaries Long and Hitchcock, and the Vice-President's private secretary, William Loeb. Standing on his left were Secretaries Root, Smith, Wilson and Cortelyou and Senator Depew. About the room were scattered Ansley Wilcox, James G. Milburn, Doctors Mann and Mynter, physicians to the late President; Dr. Charles Carey, William Jeffords, official telegrapher of the United States Senate; Colonel Bingham of Washington, the newspaper men and several women friends and neighbors of the Wilcox family.

At precisely 3:32 o'clock Secretary Root said in an almost inaudible voice:

"Mr. Vice President, I—" then his voice broke, and for fully two minutes the tears ran down his face and his lips

Photo by Glindner

REMOVAL OF THE CASKET FROM THE HEARSE INTO THE CAPITOL ROTUNDA



quivered so that he could not continue his utterances.

There were sympathetic tears from those about him, and two great tear drops ran down either cheek of the successor of William McKinley.

Mr. Root's chin was on his breast. Suddenly throwing back his head as if with an effort, he continued in a broken voice:

"I have been requested on behalf of the cabinet of the late President—at least those who are present in Buffalo, all except two—to ask that for reasons of weight affecting the affairs of government you should proceed to take the constitutional oath of office of the President of the United States."

* * *

Judge Hazel had stepped to the rear of Mr. Roosevelt, and the latter coming closer to Secretary Root, said in a voice that at first wavered, but finally became deep and strong, while as if to control his nervousness he held firmly the lapel of his coat with his right hand:

"I shall take the oath at once, in accordance with your requests, and in this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of President McKinley, for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt stepped farther into the bay window, and Judge Hazel, taking up the constitutional oath of office, which had been prepared on parchment, asked Mr. Roosevelt to raise his right hand and repeat it after him.

There was a hush like death in the room as the judge read a few words at a time and the President in a strong voice and without a tremor and with his raised hand as steady as if carved from marble repeated it after him.

"And thus I swear," he ended it. The hand dropped by his side, the chin for

an instant rested on the breast and the silence remained unbroken for a couple of minutes, as though the new President of the United States were offering silent prayer.

Judge Hazel broke it, saying: "Mr. President, please attach your signature."

And the President, turning to a small table near by, wrote "Theodore Roosevelt" at the bottom of the document in a firm hand and at 3:39 o'clock Theodore Roosevelt began his career as President of the United States at the age of forty-two.

Secretary Root was the first to congratulate him. The President then passed around the room and shook hands with everybody.

The first act of the new President, his formal announcement calculated to reassure the industrial interests of the country, won the confidence of these great interests, and the toilers dependent upon them, and made it sure that the tragedy which had shocked the world would not be followed by the depressing effect of administrative uncertainty. The new President's first official act was to proclaim the following Thursday, September 19, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. In this proclamation he said:

"A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed not only against the chief magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

"President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow-men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

"It is meet that we as a nation express our abiding love and reverence for his

life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

"Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, September nineteen, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States.

"I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief."

* * *

Theodore Roosevelt, as stated elsewhere, is the youngest man ever called to the presidency of the United States. But he is remarkably well equipped by an unusual training to fulfill the vast and innumerable duties of that position. His career has been an open book to his

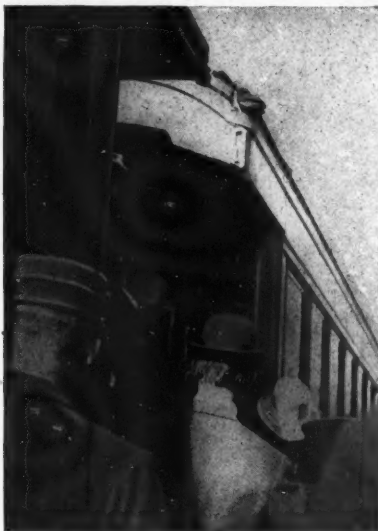
DR. RIXEY, THE PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIAN



fellow-citizens for many years past; as author, soldier and public servant he has been always essentially a vigorous, forceful, high-minded man—a natural leader. He aspired to the presidency,

and there were very many men high in the councils of his party who regarded him as the logical successor of President

MR. AND MRS. MCKINLEY LEAVING THE TRAIN AT BUFFALO
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McKinley in 1905. Now that the decree of Providence has called him to that succession, the great majority of his fellow-citizens share the conviction expressed by United States Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York, that "he will be a great President." He has given the clearest evidence of wise statesmanship by pledging all the members of President McKinley's cabinet to serve out their terms as if there had been no change in the head of the administration. It is conceded that Mr. McKinley, with his genius for executive affairs, drew about him one of the ablest and best balanced cabinets that has ever sat in Washington.

* * *

It is interesting and instructive at this time to read again the roll of the presidents of the United States, of whom Theodore Roosevelt is the twenty-fifth. The essential facts are set forth in the following table:

Name	Birthplace	Politics	Vocation	College	Age when first assuming office
George Washington*	Virginia	Federalist	Planter	None	57
John Adams*	Massachusetts	Federalist	Lawyer	Harvard	62
Thomas Jefferson*	Virginia	Republican (a)	Lawyer	William and Mary	58
James Madison*	Virginia	Republican	Lawyer	Princeton	58
James Monroe*	Virginia	Republican	Lawyer	William and Mary	59
John Quincy Adams	Massachusetts	Republican	Lawyer	Harvard	58
Andrew Jackson*	North Carolina	Democrat	Lawyer	None	62
Martin Van Buren	New York	Democrat	Lawyer	None	55
William Henry Harrison†	Virginia	Whig	Farmer	Hampden-Sydney	68
John Tyler	Virginia	Democrat	Lawyer	William and Mary	51
James K. Polk	North Carolina	Democrat	Lawyer	Univ. of North Carolina	50
Zachary Taylor†	Virginia	Whig	Soldier	None	65
Millard Fillmore	New York	Whig	Lawyer	None	50
Franklin Pierce	New Hampshire	Democrat	Lawyer	Bowdoin	49
James Buchanan	Pennsylvania	Democrat	Lawyer	Dickinson	66
Abraham Lincoln*†	Kentucky	Republican	Lawyer	None	52
Andrew Johnson	North Carolina	Republican	Tailor	None	57
Ulysses S. Grant*	Ohio	Republican	Soldier	West Point	47
Rutherford B. Hayes	Ohio	Republican	Lawyer	Kenyon	54
James A. Garfield†	Ohio	Republican	Lawyer	Williams	49
Chester A. Arthur	Vermont	Republican	Lawyer	Union	51
Grover Cleveland (b)	New Jersey	Democrat	Lawyer	Ann Arbor	48
Benjamin Harrison	Ohio	Republican	Lawyer	Miami University	55
William McKinley*†	Ohio	Republican	Lawyer	None	53
Theodore Roosevelt	New York	Republican	{ Lawyer } { Author }	Harvard	42

* Elected for or served a second term.

† Died in office.

(a) Democratic party of to-day claims lineal descent from the first Republican party.

(b) Reelected after Benjamin Harrison.

Meantime the peoples of the earth have poured in an avalanche of official and individual expressions of mourning for the dead. Let one who more powerfully than any other assailed the political policies of the living McKinley: let Arthur Brisbane, the editor of "The New York Journal," tell how the world pays tribute to McKinley fallen:

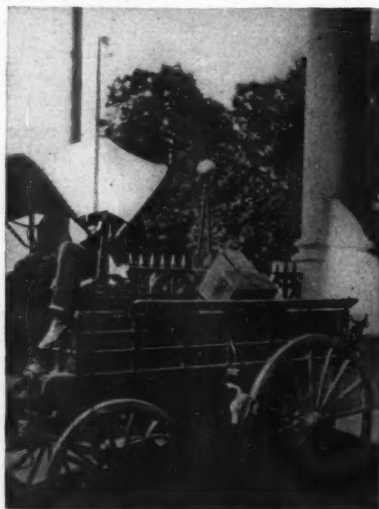
"It ends to-day.

"Fifty years of struggle and achievement, leading from obscurity to supreme power and fame, are rounded with a sleep."

"William McKinley has returned to the home of his childhood, never to leave

it again. The nation stands with bowed head while the beloved dust is committed to the soil from which it came.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S SIMPLE BAGGAGE BEING TAKEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE DEPOT



"The abounding activities of American life will pause this afternoon in a solemn hush.

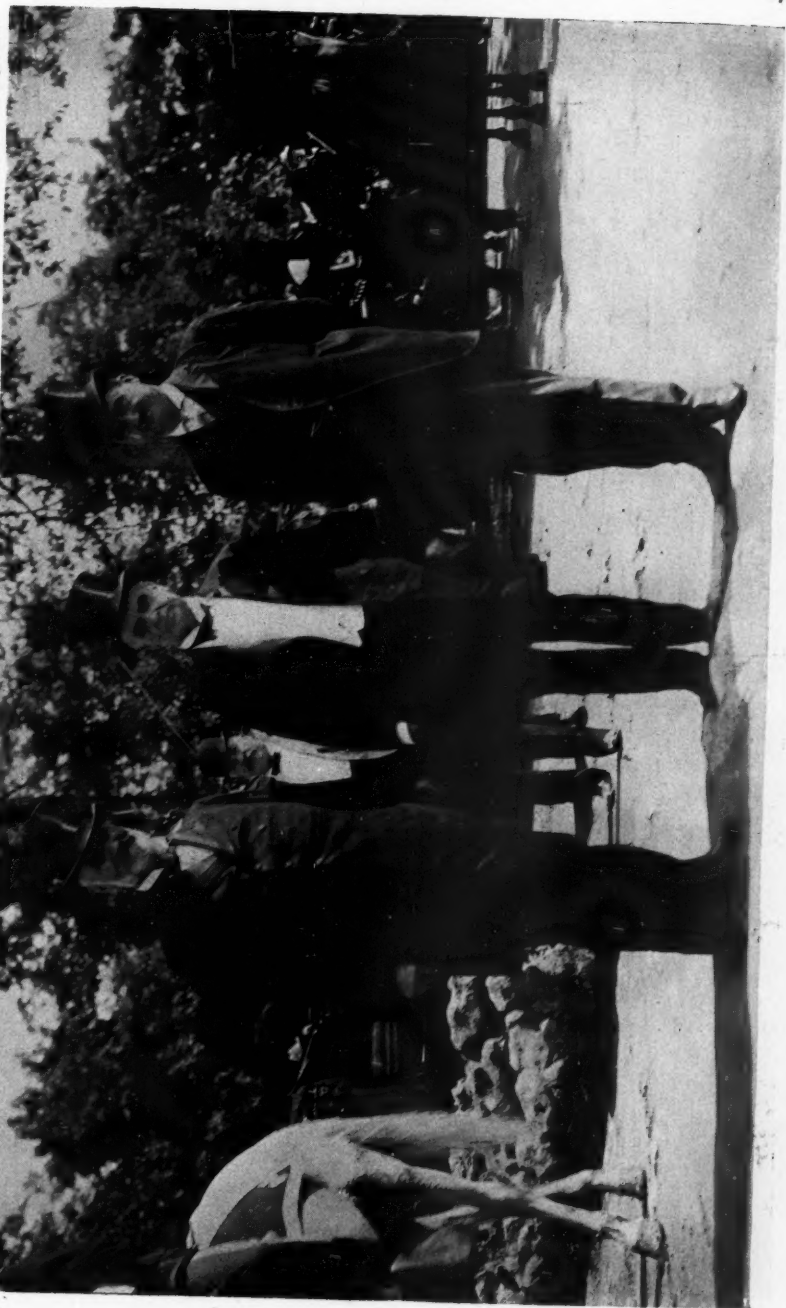
"The rocket flight of express trains will be arrested on plain and mountain, the screws of steamships will cease to throb, the tireless murmur of the bustling trolley will be hushed.

"And, as eighty millions of Americans stand reverently in spirit by the open grave, all the nations of the earth will stand with them.

"It is the most moving, the most

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, SECRETARY WILSON AND JOHN G. MILBURN AT NIAGARA FALLS

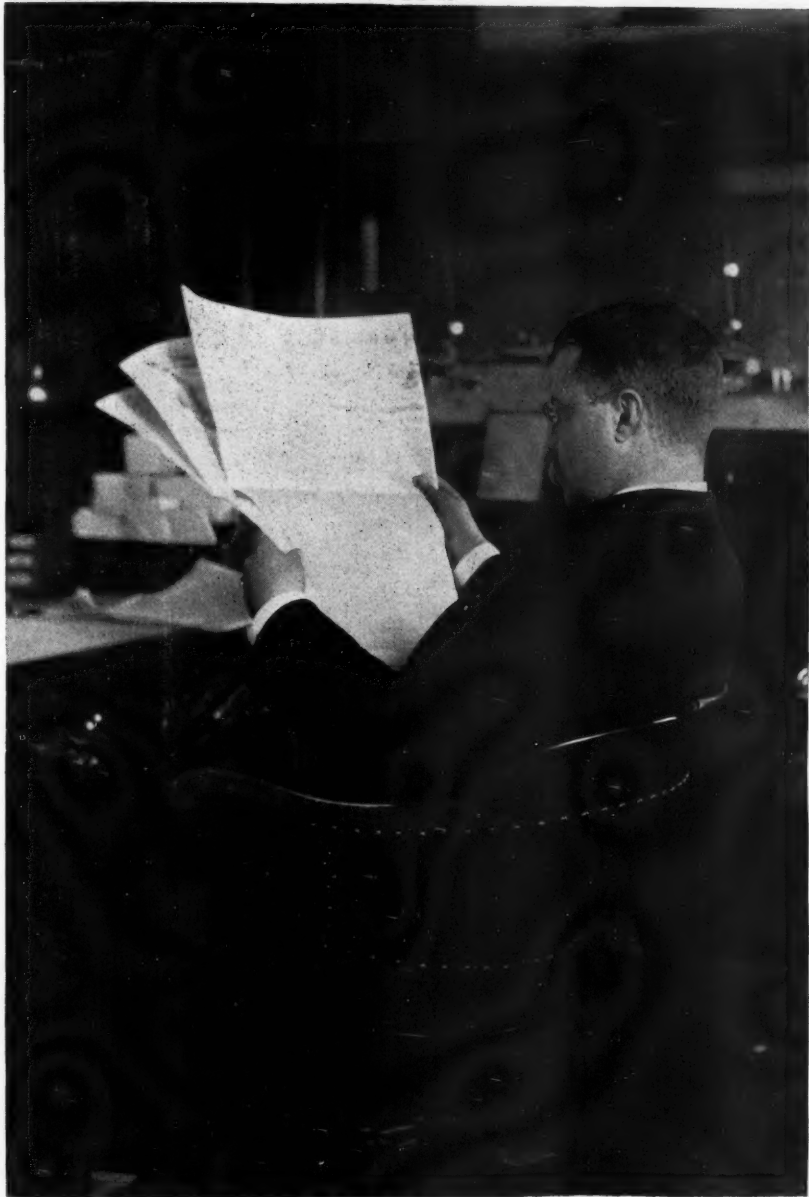
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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 25TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT HIS DESK



impressive funeral the human race has ever known.

"Never before has a body been committed to the tomb with so nearly the entire population of the globe as mourners.

"When murdered Caesar was buried, only the people of a single city knew what was happening.

"When Washington was laid to rest, the toiling messengers were still gallop-

offered to the manifold good qualities of President McKinley, but it is doubtful if any has put his finger with more certainty upon the mainspring of the dead man's character than has General Charles H. Taylor in his "Boston Globe," when he writes:

"Emerson says: 'If a man wishes friends, he must be a friend himself.'

William McKinley evidently believed this sentiment, and carried it out faithfully from the beginning of his life to the end. When thanked the other day by a man to whom he had been a good friend he simply replied, 'My friends have been very good to me.' A man who doesn't stand by his friends in religion, in politics, in business and in social life, in adversity and prosperity, has something lacking in his make-up, which prevents a successful and perfectly rounded life. President McKinley met this test in a superb and striking manner.

"I have always maintained that any man, no matter how rich or powerful he may become, no matter what positions of power he may hold, will, as he draws near the end of his life, find the most satisfaction in reviewing the acts where he has been helpful and kind to those who are weaker and poorer than he. President McKinley's life has been filled with acts of kindness which made up one of the brightest and most satisfactory pages of his busy life. He will be sincerely mourned by the American people as a whole, but his memory will be especially prized by the host of people whose burdens were lifted and into whose lives rays of sunshine came from the kind heart of William McKinley."

* * *

The mourners retire, and in the silence of her home the gentle widow bides with bowed head and aching heart. The hearts of her sisters in sorrow yearn to her, their prayers for her are unceasing at the throne of the Almighty God, who alone can solace the afflicted.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S CARRIAGE IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION
Photo by Clineinst



ing over muddy roads with the direful news of his death.

"The people of the United States were mourners at the tomb of Lincoln, but there was no cable to bring them into communion with the sympathetic hearts in Europe.

"But now the whole earth quivers with a single emotion. A shot was fired in Buffalo, and, as if by an electric impulse, flags dropped to half mast by the Ganges, the Volga and the Nile.

"The captive Filipino chieftain laid his tribute of homage upon the tomb of his magnanimous conqueror.

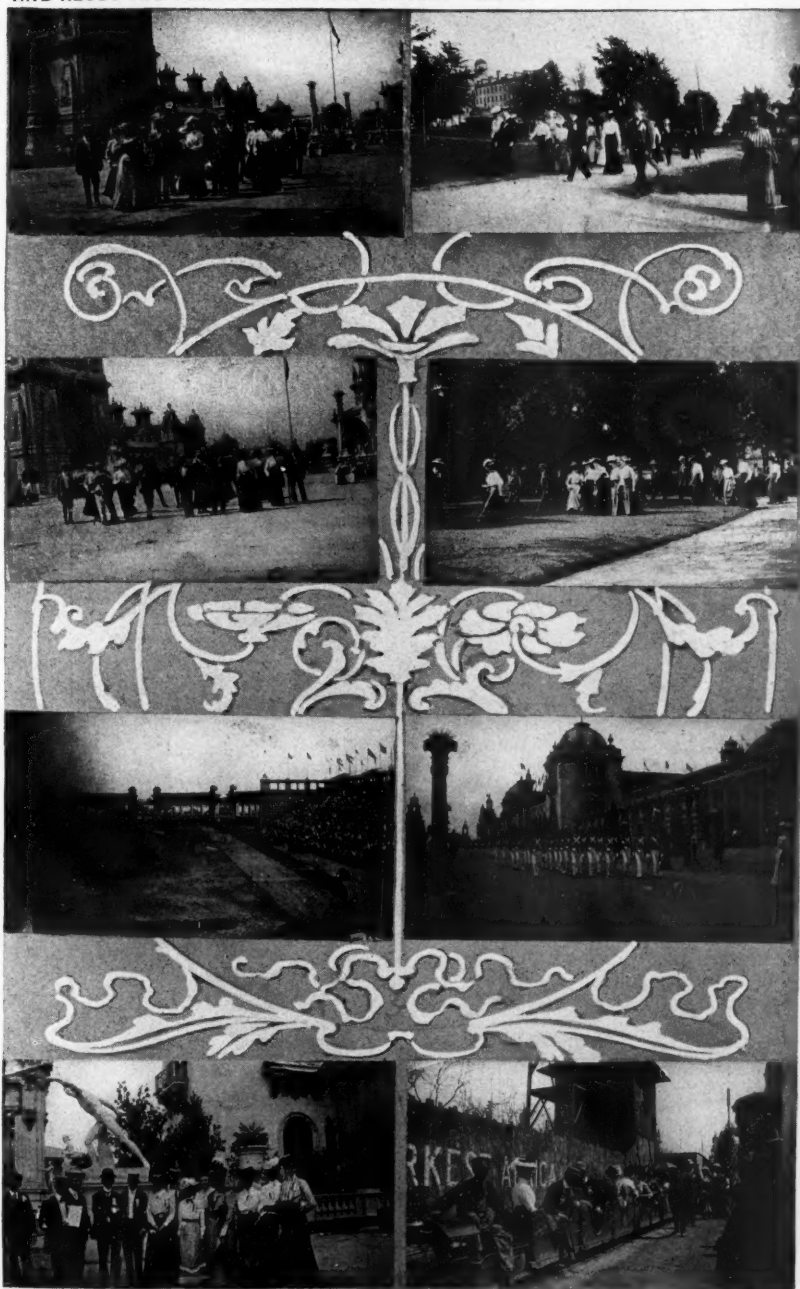
"Boer and Briton joined in sorrow for the distant ruler who had sympathized with the sufferings of both.

"All the world murmurs to-day: 'Rest in peace.'

"And the American people—his own people—to whom he gave his love and his life, echo reverently: 'Rest.'"

Testimonies innumerable have been

"THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE'S" FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION. SNAPSHOTS OF GROUPS OF THE DELEGATES AND SOME OF THE PLACES THEY VISITED IN AND ABOUT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. PAGE 113



"THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE'S" FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION. A QUORUM OF THE CONVENTION SITS FOR A PICTURE
COME OF THE DELEGATES SIMPLY HAD TO BE OFF SEEING THE SIGHTS



"In the Land of the Free"

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

IT was moonrise at Quint Lofton's stockade. The clear, silvery light was just beginning to fall on the fields, the tall dark walls and the low sinister looking buildings that those walls hedged about. The road in front of the stockade was empty and the great dogs that guarded the prison yard were asleep in their kennels. Away out across the bottoms, in the purple-gray woodland that capped the summits of the farther hills, an owl was hooting. All else was still, for the night was far spent and mankind rested from its labors.

In the narrow, dirty quarters where the contract laborers were herded it was very dark, for the wooden shutters were raised in front of the iron-barred windows and the stout double-locked doors were securely closed. In the guards' quarters, on the other side of the yard, a light was burning, but there was none here, and all within were asleep—all save Big Wes, who writhed on his straw-stuffed mattress, seeking in vain for an easier place whereon to rest his puffed and swollen shoulders.

Ten miles away, down in the edge of the hills where the straggling pines alternated with scrubby oaks and dense thickets of wild plum bushes, Big Wes had a little cabin. He was thinking of that to-night, and of his wife and his child.

His wife and his child—the woman who had followed him and clung to him through evil as well as through good report, and the little one who played on the cabin floor. He had not been as good to them as he might have been, he thought, but if ever he got out of this—if ever? Big Wes turned on his face and groaned—if ever!

The man was broad of back and of powerful muscle. Forty years ago he had been born "down on de ribber plantations," and there he had grown to manhood. There, too, he had married Shady Ann, the daughter of old Billy Wilson.

Big Wes had never been called a good negro. With his powerful physique and coal-black skin, he had inherited from his ancestors—ancestors who once were princes perhaps, in their own land—an indomitable will—a spirit which all his years of social subjection had been powerless to break. The white men do not like such negroes. They think them dangerous and prefer those who have learned well the lesson of prompt and unthinking obedience. So, when he had grown to man's estate, they tried to train Big Wes according to their ideas, but Big Wes refused to be trained. Then they disciplined him—with a ramrod—and in revenge Big Wes burned some barns, covering his tracks so well that, although people knew he was guilty, they could not prove the same to the satisfaction of thirteen men—the judge and twelve of the jury. Afterward they had let him alone; but they voted him "a bad nigger" and sooner or later "a bad nigger" gets into trouble. Therefore, old Billy had warned Shady Ann and tried his feeble best to prevent her marrying Wes.

Big Wes wondered if Shady Ann was thinking of all that, to-night—as he was; of how she had tied her clothes in a bundle and slipped away one moonlight night, up the "dreen" at the back of the cabins; of how frightened she had been; and of how he had met her at the edge

of the "hicker'nut woods"—it was in the "fall of the year," he remembered, and the golden rods were in blossom—and they had gone away to the "Justice's" house to be married.

He wondered, too, if she remembered how proud they had been when at last, for Big Wes was industrious, he had earned enough money to buy a little plot of worn-out land and to build a cabin upon it. And afterward, how hard they had labored to buy a few poor sticks of furniture and to pay off the mortgage on the cow. Sometimes they had even gone hungry. Big Wes wondered if Shady Ann was hungry to-night.

But they had paid the debt—to the last farthing—and had bought their furniture and after a while a little more land where Shady Ann could have her cotton patch "to tend" while Big Wes was away working at "day labor" on the neighboring farms, and then the baby had come. Big Wes groaned when he remembered the baby and tried not to think any more.

What a fool he had been—what a blind brute of a fool!—to trust a white man's word. He had wanted a mule and had lost—himself. How easily he had been entrapped—he who ought to have known better! And yet, everything had seemed so open and so fair. He had a little money, and when Lofton, this great man who farmed and dealt in mules and hired convicts from the state to work for him, had offered to sell him the animal that he wanted—to take what money he had and "wait on him" for the balance—he had seen no harm in accepting. And when Lofton had proposed and they had "signed papers" saying that he could "work out" the remainder that he owed, he had been almost jubilant, for now he could farm his own land and soon he would be independent! How could he know that Lofton's papers were cunningly drawn, and that, in the end, those who signed them came to be Lofton's slaves?

Yet it was true. For a whole year Lofton had waited, never calling on him for the work he had promised to do, and just a month ago Lofton's agent had come with a warrant, charging him with breach of contract to labor, and had taken, also, the mule. Had he not been so sure that his cause was just Big Wes would never have followed that agent to the justice's court; but he wanted his mule, he had paid his money for it and he was ready to work as he had agreed. Surely Lofton's man had made a mistake and certainly the matter would be set right in the magistrate's office. So he had gone along, somewhat indignantly, to triumph over Lofton and to bring back his mule.

But now, he saw his mistake. The magistrate was Lofton's man and had barely listened to the evidence before sending him here. Why here, instead of to the county chain gang or to the jail? Big Wes could not understand that.

Nevertheless he was here—had been for a month, and yesterday they had beaten him as one might beat a surly dog! Big Wes ground his teeth in a rage. Then, again, he thought of his home and his face softened. Did they know where he was? Were they well? There had been but little food in the house when he left them and the cow was dead. Were they hungry to-night and cold? He arose and paced restlessly the little space that lay open between the pallets.

II

In the low one-roomed cabin in the edge of the hills Shady Ann and the baby were fast asleep. The light wind murmured in the pines, the cold, clear moonlight stole softly in at the little glazed window and the dancing shadows cast by the dying pine knot fire played at hide-and-seek on the bare, rough walls and in the darkened corners. Over in the closet, that stood by the corner of the chimney and opened by a narrow door into the

larger room, the meal barrel was almost empty and a foraging rat coming upon the few remaining scraps of rancid bacon tasted but once, then left to seek for sweeter fare.

Clearly the prospect for breakfast was slender, but Shady Ann slept quietly and peacefully—indeed, almost happily—for the day past had been the day of good news to her. No longer could people come to her and pity her and say "Child, I told you so;" no longer could any one believe that her husband had gone away to other scenes and other women, leaving her to shift as best she might; for that day her father, coming by from his trip to town had told her that which he had heard there—that Big Wes was in Lofton's stockade.

How glad she was, then—glad to know that he was yet alive—for she, feeling in her heart that he had never willingly abandoned her, had thought of him as dead. She knew that the white men disliked him, knew that "bad niggers" sometimes vanished and were never found until, months afterward, some stream gave up a hideous, bloated corpse, with rope marks on its neck or bullet holes in its back.

But he was alive and to-morrow she would go to see him. Surely Lofton would not refuse her that. And if need be, she would mortgage the house and the little spot of land—the deeds had been made to her—and pay his fine or whatever it was for which they held him.

Yes, she would go to-morrow, so she had hurried and killed the one little chicken that remained of her flock—the rest had been sold that she and the child might eat—and had fried it that she might take Wes something from home. The cooks in those stockades were none too dainty, she feared. So, busied with her preparations, the afternoon had passed and night had come and now she was asleep, resting for her journey on the morrow. The firelight burned lower,

the moon mounted high in the cold, starry heavens, the gray rat scrambled and scratched on the closet shelves, and the child stirred in its cradle; but Shady Ann slept on with a smile on her face, for she was content to-night—content, after the long, long month of anxious sorrow.

When morning dawned Big Wes was silent and moody. Where was this thing to end? Would it ever end? He had asked Lofton yesterday and had been beaten for an answer. Was he not free? Of course he was. What right had Lofton to lock him up here and to work him under the guns of a guard? He had done nothing wrong—at least not recently—and even if he had what right had Lofton to punish him? The clanging of the stockade bell put an end to his reverie for he must go out, now, into the fields to his work.

It was a clear morning, cold and crisp and dry. Marshaled by their guards the plough gang harnessed their teams and drove out sullenly toward the fallow land which it was their task to break. Away off on other plantations they could hear the free negroes going out too to labor, with shouting and song, but there were no songs here. Out of the purple east the great red sun came slowly up to look on a rested world and the black mules greeted it with joyous braying, but the black men made no sign.

Round and round the widening circle of broken land they went on stolidly and silently, their eyes fixed on their plows and their teams huddled in a close driven gang. On the outskirts of the ploughed land the guards paced to and fro, their rifles resting easily on their bended arms. Out in the leafless thickets a flock of brown hedge sparrows now rested on the bare gray twigs like fragments of November leaves, now whirled about, as if blown by a gust, in sudden aimless flight. An hour passed and another—then Big Wes stopped.

In his imagination he saw Shady Ann

crying and his little one begging for bread. They had no right to keep him here. He was going home—back to his little rough cabin, back to Shady Ann and his child—he was going home—now!

He laid his plow carefully aside so that the next man might easily pass, and he loosened the traces of his mules. Then he started off across the newly turned furrows.

"Where yer goin', Big Wes?" called the nearest guard.

"I'm a gwine home," came the steady answer.

The guard shifted his rifle and cocked it.

"Halt!" he commanded sternly.

The negro stopped, turned half way round, and then walked on.

The guard hesitated a moment. It meant an indictment for murder. But who ever heard of a white man being hanged for killing a negro—especially a

stockade negro. The light of determination flashed in his eyes.

"Halt!" he called again.

The negro never heeded. He was going home now.

With a quick motion, the guard's rifle rose and a little spurt of blue flame shot from its muzzle. The negro stopped, grasped convulsively at the encircling air and fell backward on the soft earth.

The guard dropped his rifle and a wisp of blue smoke floated lazily off on the morning breeze. Then a woman—a woman with a little basket on her arm and a child on her hip—broke suddenly through the low scrubby bushes at the side of the field and ran stumbling to where Big Wes was lying. A little pool of blood had gathered beside him and his eyes were fixed and staring.

The woman screamed once, then stood gazing at the dead man, stonily. The child laughed and held out its little arms.

"Da-da," it said, "Da-da."

Ballad of Fall Fishing

A MAN who had a million bucks—or so the story runs—
Went out to scour the streams and fields with fishing rods and guns,
With things to drink in demijohns and things to eat in bales;
His outfit was the kind at which imagination pales.

Before him went, with like intent, the hero of my song,
A freckled child named Willie, whose other name was Long;
Willie was clad in nothing much, his fishing rig was cheap,
But he could make the fishes bite when they were sound asleep.

He sat him down forninst the spot where fished the man of gold,
And had the luck, as little boys have had it since of old;
Or whether he spat upon the bait, or whether he made a sign,
The fish came out in squads and shoals attached to Willie's line.

What thing his hapless rival said is not for me to pen;
It was, I think, the formula of luckless fishermen.
If any here has fished in vain, he knows what that may be;
The rest of you, that know it not, shall never learn of me.

MORAL.

The broker's fault was that he thought, with characteristic gall,
To gull the fish with patent hooks that had no bait at all;
He found that they were no such fish as he was used to meet
What time he made the million bucks in Russell Sage his Street.

The Reckoning

A Story of Mexico Under Maximilian

By MARK LEE LUTHER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

General Ravenscroft, overwhelmed by the downfall of the Confederacy, is attracted to Mexico in the hope of bettering his fortunes. He is accompanied by his daughter, Mary, and is shortly followed by his young cousin, Tom Sanborn, a civil engineer. The General's dreams of peace and plenty prove chimerical and he finds Maximilian's empire a hornet's nest of dissension. Sanborn, however, obtains employment in the construction of the new railroad from Vera Cruz. Among the new acquaintances of the Americans are Philip Strang, of the Imperial household; Don Hernando de Velasco y Rojas, a Mexican whose foible is his illustrious descent; and Ysabel, his beautiful, but selfish daughter. By Strang's invitation the Americans visit the palace of Chapultepec in the absence of the Emperor and, by a feminine manoeuvre practised upon Sanborn, Ysabel includes herself with the party. She is discovered rummaging among the Emperor's papers by Strang and is summarily ordered from the palace. The political situation grows more threatening and the Emperor falls under the domination of Father Fischer, an intriguing priest. On learning of the insanity of the Empress, he retires to Orizaba, meditating abdication. Sanborn meets him and at the instance of Strang represents the disquiet he has observed among the people. The Emperor determines to remain in Mexico without the support of the French, and Strang returns to the capital where he accepts an invitation to join the Ravenscrofts at their Christmas dinner. Sanborn develops symptoms of jealousy and solaces himself with the society of the *senorita*, who begins to view him as an eligible suitor. Shortly after the departure of the French, Strang comes to the Ravenscrofts' in search of Sanborn, and in a moment of confidence tells Mary the story of his life. Sanborn accepts a dangerous mission on behalf of the Emperor, and is overheard by the *Senorita* Ysabel while confiding the details to Mary Ravenscroft. Ysabel learns of Sanborn's mission and takes steps to defeat it. Ysabel's agent outwits Sanborn and get the gold he is sent for. Strang's agents capture the agent of Ysabel and obtain the gold. Sanborn asks Mary to marry him and she refuses. Strang learns that he has become heir to a great English estate, proposes marriage to Mary and is accepted.

XVII

Delilah

SANBORN'S informant was the General, who, all ignorant of the youth's harrowed vanity, insisted that he view Molly's engagement to Philip Strang as the most auspicious manoeuvre of Dan Cupid since Adam courted Eve. He heard the news without surprise, feigned transports for the General, wrote a cold note to Molly, and avoided Strang. He felt it keenly. It was not one last straw, but a bale added to the back-breaking burden of his disgust. He had not seen her since the day he taunted her in the *patio*, and the fact that she had so promptly put the seal of truth upon his random accusation,

made him the more reluctant to meet her. The passionate resentment which had stung him waspishly throughout the Puebla undertaking, was becoming an abiding ulcer; while the memory of the journey itself, redounding so little to his shrewdness and so much to Strang's, was of a wormwood quality which a gross of bronze medals could not mitigate.

As he promptly recognized, the most promising instrument of retaliation and, logically, consolation was Ysabel; and the thought was sweet. What he had learned of her had not repelled him. To know that she was an emissary of the Liberals merely brushed the bloom off the peach; it did not taint its flavor. Indeed, the knowledge of her cleverness rather enhanced her fascination, despite his prejudice against brains in a woman's keeping. He began to paint her as a sort of Juarist Jean d'Arc, never doubting that her daring blow had been struck solely in behalf of party. That she had failed did not matter; he, too, had failed and likewise to the glory of the man Strang; it was a tie between them.

But one consideration deterred a headlong desertion to her standard; he was doubtful of how much she knew. That affair of the dividing wall was awkward. He balked at the notion of proposing to a woman who has overheard your rejection at the mouth of another. But had she? From Ysabel's manner he could deduce nothing. When he first presented himself on his return, she received him warmly, even effusively. She had urged him to come frequently and he had gone. She had aired her most tak-

ing blandishments and thrown sops to his self-love as a woman only can. The fruit seemed ripe for plucking, ready to fall at a touch; yet he hesitated unbelieving. He could not surmount that lamentable wall. He strove to recall that miserable hour with Molly in all its details, but drew no satisfaction from taking thought. He remembered that they spoke partly by the wall and partly in the pathway to the house, but where the talk of Puebla ended and his avowal began he could not sharply determine; latterly in the interview he had been too much in earnest for posturing, and his recollection of his movements was exasperatingly obscure.

As the doubt preyed upon him, the wall itself came to exert a pernicious fascination. He felt an insensate desire to locate the exact spot where the senorita had listened, and examine its acoustics. Whenever he was in the garden his eyes ranged the vine-clad length of the barrier, searching out the accursed place. It was not difficult to find, for the brook was placard plain enough. He saw how the shrubbery masked the spot and tingled to penetrate it. Finally the opportunity fell to him. One day Ysabel sent him alone into the garden to await her coming. He made his way to the brook with feverish haste and popped like a frightened rabbit into the leafy retreat. It was an innocent seeming bower; the brook had whipped away all material traces of the morning cigarette and its aroma had long since drifted up and out beyond the branches over head. Sanborn listened for an instant and then, even as Ysabel before him, went down upon his knees beside the wall. If someone would but speak there now! As if in answer to the unspoken wish, came a sound of birds splashing and twittering at their bath in the sunny ripples beyond; it was as distinct as if at his side, and he rose with a muffled groan.

He perceived that the moist earth had stained his knees and rubbed at them ineffectually with his handkerchief, wondering how he should excuse them to the senorita. He hastily decided that it behooved him to let the sun do what it could with them before she came, and stepped without. Ysabel stood watching him not ten paces away. He stopped open-mouthed, the blood surging painfully through his face. She surveyed his earth-stained knees with an unfathomable smile.

"It—is it is very pleasant here," he stammered inanely.

"That is the place, senor," she said smoothly.

"The place?" he repeated.

"Where I overheard you," Ysabel calmly explained.

He could have fled in complete funk at her audacity.

"You have ached to see it this fortnight past," she went on. "So I decided to let you."

Sanborn had no answer; she was unanswerable.

"It was a natural curiosity," she added with a reassuring smile.

He pulled himself together by a titanic effort.

"Suppose we have a frank talk," he suggested. "That is, if your aunt—"

"The senora is enamored of her jam pots to-day."

She led him across the garden to the arbor; the same spot where she had laid her plans with Nunez, as she recalled. She seated herself with a due regard to personal comfort and the graceful disposition of her skirts, and Sanborn prepared to assume an uneasy station before her. She indicated a seat at her side.

"When I talk to people I like," she said, "I want them near me."

She winged the shaft with her softest smile; never was masculine target more grateful.

"Why didn't you suggest this frank-

ness a month ago?" she asked. "Why," he said helplessly. "I—I don't know."

"You were of course aware that I knew of your little talk behind the wall?"

"Yes," he admitted miserably.

"And I knew that you knew. Yet day after day you made yourself uncomfortable in pretending ignorance. Why should such a trifle mar our friendship?"

"Trifle," he echoed.

"No more," she responded lightly.

"If you do not mind, why should I?"

"You—you don't mind!"

"Not the thousandth part of a *centavo*."

"You are not displeased that I—"

He stopped, gloriously illumined. It flashed upon him that they spoke of different things. To him that pestiferous matter of the wall had come to mean but one distasteful thing; his luckless proposal to Molly. To Ysabel, obviously, it signified the Puebla fiasco. He wondered how he might establish this welcome truth beyond reach of doubt.

"Do you know that you are one of the cleverest women in Mexico?" he asked.

She bolted the flattery with a perfunctory disclaimer.

"From a mere fragment of conversation which chances to drift into your garden, you construct a plot which almost outwits an emperor. It is wonderful. From a mere fragment, too," he reiterated tentatively. "A mere fragment."

"Yes," she answered complacently. "It is so. There was little of it. You went away very soon."

He choked down his bubbling joy.

"I am a bit curious," he went on, striving to speak with unconcern. "Tell me: what was the last thing you heard me say?"

"That you would leave that afternoon."

He lay back in his seat in a simmer of delight. There was balm in Gilead after all. With Ysabel in ignorance of his cropper at Molly's feet, he saw him-

self unhandicapped for the race. One thing only bridled his desire for immediate action; it was the senorita's extraordinary frankness. That she, who so lately matched him in political intrigue, should discuss the affair with openness was inexplicable.

"You are puzzled about something, senor," she observed, watching him intently from behind her lashes.

"Yes," he acknowledged, turning eagerly. "I am puzzled about you."

"I, senor? I am simplicity itself."

"Why did you send me into the garden in that way?" he asked bluntly.

"To tempt you to do what you did."

"But why did you wish me to do it?"

"To simplify our relations. You have learned that I am interested in the fortunes of the Juarists. More than that, you know that I undertook to thwart a mission which you good naturedly assumed for the Imperialists. Notwithstanding this knowledge, you have remained my friend and have visited me repeatedly; and I am glad. Neither am I changed. Our brief struggle was not personal; it was political, and should not be permitted to come between us. Nor has it. Frankly, I like you better than before."

She fluttered her warm palm in his for an instant as she ended, and the youth caught it to his breast, his subjugation complete. She allowed him to retain her hand for a moment and then drew it gently away. She saw that he was hers when she should choose to wind the reel, but she was in no haste; the supreme joy of angling does not lie in contemplation of the landed fish. Besides, there was work before her; there were things which puzzled her, too. Beneath her lazy calm she harbored a hot and vengeful hatred for Strang for outwitting her; since she unhesitatingly gave him the credit of the achievement. She had not minded the checkmate at Chapultepec particularly; it was diamond

cut diamond and she paid admiring tribute to his intelligence. But to frustrate the Puebla scheme, which was to swell, not the Juarist treasury, but her own lean purse, was unforgiveable. What chiefly perplexed her was not the source but the method of her undoing, and she proposed to worm it from Sanborn.

"In a way it was not unentertaining, that Puebla business," she remarked musingly.

"Did it seem so to you?" he asked with sarcasm. "I did not find it so."

"Poor fellow," she sympathized. "To be sure not. You had your labor for nothing, while I—well, I had the pleasure of bestirring the Imperialists at least. They had to move quickly."

"And they did," he could not resist adding.

She received the reminder of defeat smilingly.

"A clever man, the Senor Strang," she rejoined carelessly.

Sanborn tripped neatly into the spring.

"You knew then that it was his doing?"

"To a certainty," fibbed Ysabel, her eyes sparkling. "He is very ingenious, the Senor Strang, but he cannot cover all his tracks."

"With such an opponent especially," glozed the youth.

"Yet he outwitted me," she returned with calculated modesty.

"That's what bothers me," observed the dupe with welling loquaciousness. "I can't understand how it was that you who could map out such a campaign as you did, even to its least details—that pigskin idea, now, was clever—should have neglected the home defences."

"Yes," said Ysabel eagerly. She was following vaguely, but divined that the trail was warm.

"Did it really never occur to you that they might think you dangerous enough to be watched?"

"No," she replied truthfully.

"Since you knew that Strang suspected your connection with the Juarists what more natural? I cannot understand it."

"Nor I," said Ysabel fervently. "It was unpardonably stupid of me. Who was it?"

"Who?"

"Who spied upon me?"

He took alarm at her tone, suddenly aware that his position had become rather double-faced.

"I don't know," he replied with relief. "Strang never told me."

She perceived his qualms and velveted her claws.

"I want you to find out for me," she said coaxingly, bringing her eyes into action with tremendous effect.

Sanborn wavered.

"I don't know that I ought," he argued weakly. "Why do you care? It is all over now."

"Call it a woman's curiosity. You play a game of cards and lose; yet you take a satisfaction in reviewing the game: Where once you lost, another time you may sweep the board. Oblige me in this—Senor Sanborn. She lingered over the name with a caressing note. "Are you so attached, then, to the Senor Strang?" she goaded, seeing him hesitate.

"No," cried Sanborn. "No."

Ysabel leaned toward him, her hand on his, her breath against his cheek.

"For me," she whispered.

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "Yes, yes, yes."

XVIII

"The Song of Songs"

He would have proposed to her then and there had not the Senora Ramirez's usually dormant sense of responsible duennaship prompted her to amble into the garden. It was a fortnight before he found another opportunity to speak with her alone, and in the interim some history was made.

Imprimis, the capital is startled one morning by the jingling spurs and bridle-reins of a thousand horse. Marquez has penetrated the enemy's steel girdle around Querétaro and has pressed through for reinforcements. This is the 27th of March. Money, men and munition; these three things is the Emperor's representative to obtain. He sets himself to the acquisition of the first all readily enough. The cabinet undergoes throes of change and a new minister of the treasury levies upon the city for the empire's weal. His method is drastic, but effectual; there is no concession to individual will; no one may measure the temperature of his patriotism for himself; the thermometer is official; the minister of the treasury thoughtfully attends to that; the substantial citizen is not besought what sum he will contribute; he is told what, will he, nil he, he must give. Then Marquez, vice-emperor, almost, and swollen in consequence, thirsts for individual initiative and thinks to champion Puebla and match his wits against Diaz. The relief of Querétaro and his Emperor to which he pledged fealty do not weigh in the scale; now that he is out of it, he is easy in mind with regard to the "mouse-trap." After three days he leaves Mexico on his self-imposed knight-errantry; five days later Puebla falls; the 10th of April witnesses his rout; and the morrow beholds him tumbling back upon the capital. On the 12th the Liberals skirmish in the streets of Tacubaya, whither Sanborn, suddenly enamored of suburban life, has hastily withdrawn; and the siege of Mexico is begun.

General Ravenscroft promptly offered his cousin the shelter of his roof, which the latter awkwardly declined, pleading that he had engaged lodgings with a family living near the Alameda. That they were recommended by Ysabel he did not see fit to divulge. Her name had come to wear too intimate a con-

notation to fall trippingly from his tongue. Sanborn was biding his time. The auspicious moment came with the near approach of war. The day after she calmly surveyed the fighting at Tacubaya from behind her shutters, Ysabel decided to wind the reel and in the drowsy mid-afternoon, when both Don Hernando and the senora had shut themselves in their rooms, she maneuvered an unchaperoned hour with Sanborn in the arbor. She had dressed for the part with care, and her wonderful bloom glowed with soft warmth in its setting of flame-colored silk under black Spanish lace; in her hair rode the hibiscus flower like a great red star. The impression of her oneness with tropic nature was a familiar thing to Sanborn, but it struck him now with added emphasis; she seemed as harmonious a part of the opulent garden life about her as were the gaudy-plumaged birds of the lowlands an essential part of the untrammelled growth of the jungle. The spicy breath of the garden with its mingling of rose and japonica and violet and jessamine, seemed to him the atmosphere best suited to this splendid flower in human form; as perhaps it was.

"Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks."

The words of the Song of Songs, which is humanity's, thronged his memory as he looked upon her; to such a one might Judah's king have sung:

"How much better is thy love than wine and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

"Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

"A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

"Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

"Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;

"A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon."

With the spell of her beauty upon him and the witchery of the old words in his brain, the youth stammered out his incoherent appeal and believed his intoxication love. Perhaps he was right; it were a wise man, a scientist at very least, who shall deny it; and with his denial, let the wise man define love.

Ysabel's response was characteristic. There hung from the trellis above her head a cluster of azalea. She plucked a single flower and slowly stripped it of its petals one by one. With the despoiled stems she struck him lightly on the cheek.

"It comes 'yes,'" she said, and let him kiss her on the mouth.

"If you had seen the omen coming 'no?'" he asked.

"I should have pulled two petals," was her answer.

She was too astute to intrude practicalities into that rarefied air and presently sent him away with the rosy flush of triumph fresh upon him. He touched reality more nearly on the morrow in the interview with Don Hernando, whom Ysabel had diplomatically forewarned.

"Her choice is my choice," said the father gently. "Where her heart goes, mine follows."

Yet beneath his gentleness was poignant disappointment. Of Sanborn's material pretensions Ysabel had given him the General's rose-colored account, something heightened by her own imagination; and on that score, to Sanborn's infinite relief, Don Hernando quibbled not at all. For the sentimental descen-

dant of Gonzalo de Sandoval the rub lay elsewhere. As he had surrendered to her disregard of convention in a thousand other ways, so he had long since given up the thought of arranging a suitable marriage for Ysabel as did other fathers for children more dutiful. The choice was to be hers alone. Nevertheless, in his heart of hearts Don Hernando had cherished the image of an imaginary suitor whose unknown counterpart he dearly hoped might yet find favor in her capricious sight. His physical endowments were shadowy, this ideal candidate, and to his estate Don Hernando gave little thought; yet one attribute was immovably fixed. He should bear some sounding Spanish name which had clanked in polysyllabic pomp down the ages to what present issue should please heaven and outraged heredity. For the Senorita Ysabel de Velasco y Rojas to become Mrs. "Tom" Sanborn was a woeful falling off.

"It is an honorable name that she will put away," he said mournfully. "My own is not dishonorable," Sanborn rejoined with dignity. "It is true I can smell out no titles in my descent, but honest men have borne the name."

Don Hernando waved a deprecating hand.

"That matters not so much, senor," he answered magnanimously. "My own great ancestor was not born of the highest rank, yet no nobleman in all Spain had honor less sullied or greater intrepidity of soul. I asperse no man's descent, senor, yours least of all; yet I am proud of my name and grieve that I have no son to whom I may transmit it stainless. With me, alas, must it end, although through my daughter my blood may flow on to quicken generations now unborn."

Sanborn was silent, uncertain how to answer him. Don Hernando bent upon him a dreamily questioning look.

"Are you, too, attached to your

name?" he asked at length with a certain timidity.

"More or less. I suppose it's human nature."

The descendant sighed.

"Then it is impossible," he said dolefully.

"What is impossible?" queried the American, puzzled. The topic seemed to him absurdly inconsequential.

Don Hernando shook his head with gentle melancholy.

"It is indeed human nature. I will not ask it of you."

"Few things come unasked," Sanborn reminded tritely, curbing his impatience at the Latin's indirectness.

Don Hernando brightened.

"Then I will presume," he declared. "I will be bold. What say you to the name Velasco y Rojas, senor?"

The young man stared at him uncomprehending.

"I have always liked it," he replied civilly.

"For yourself, senor, for yourself?"

"For myself?" cried Sanborn. "You mean that I shall assume it for myself?"

"It is not without precedent," said the Spaniard with a bow.

Sanborn strangled an impulse to laugh, for Don Hernando's face was gravely expectant. He hastily decided that the queer proposal was not to be flippantly dismissed and momentarily weighed its possibilities.

"All that I have shall one day be hers and yours," added Don Hernando. "I would that the name might accompany the inheritance."

Sanborn rapidly balanced the possible material gain against the probable derision of his friends and family, and for an instant swayed pendulum-wise between them. Then came an inspiration.

"A great man once said that every human benefit is founded on compromise," he replied slowly, "and I see no reason why we should not try it here.

It is your wish, senor, that those in whom your blood endures shall bear your name?"

"Yes, senor."

"And is it not a common custom among Spaniards to add the mother's name to that of one's father?"

"It is very common. Witness my own, Velasco y Rojas."

"Then it seems to me that this question of name will be satisfactorily adjusted by the arrival of your grandson."

"Grandson, senor?"

"It will be my choice," pursued Sanborn coolly, "to name him Hernando Matias Sanborn Velasco y Rojas, and, should his honored grandparent so elect, I shall interpose no objection to striking out my name altogether and substituting Sandoval."

For an instant Don Hernando hesitated, and then, in his impulsive Spanish way, he folded the young man in his arms, saluting him on either cheek.

"Son of my old age that you are," he exclaimed, "the thought had never entered my head."

He clapped his hands for a servant and ordered wine.

"We will drink—to the grandson," he said.

The incident rather touched the young fellow, but Ysabel saw in it only fresh cause for ennui.

"Shall we never have done with Gonzalo de Sandoval?" she queried wearily.

"It astonishes me that I was not christened Motilla."

Her lover kissed her pouting mouth and assured her that he should worship her under any name.

"When we are married you will cease work," she announced presently.

Sanborn laughed.

"For the matter of that I have," he returned. "The company has had nothing to occupy me since the new year."

"I mean resign," said Ysabel.

"Why?" he asked, turning to look at her.

"Because I want you to myself. We must be free to go and come; to travel, to enjoy life. Why should you work?"

"Why, indeed, if you do not wish it?" he responded unselfishly. The thought of a life of leisure with the companionship of an heiress was not unpleasant. "Your father's Cuernavaca estates must be very valuable," he said not without relevance.

"He has told me something of their value," replied Ysabel with a countenance devoid of guile. "He holds this Tacubaya establishment of little worth in comparison."

Sanborn was vastly impressed.

"Your estates in the Carolinas—it is so named, is it not?—must also be great?" she asked in turn. "The Senor General has told me that your family counts its acres by thousands."

"Oh, yes. By thousands," he assented hastily, and wondered if the General could have added that it was chiefly worthless mountain land.

"Covered with plantations, no doubt," said Ysabel innocently.

"Plantations and other things," he answered disingenuously, and thought of the wastes of scrub pine and rocks.

"We will visit your estates some day," she planned.

"Some day, to be sure," he responded dubiously.

"One other thing you will do for me," she cajoled. "You will become a good Juarist. The empire cannot live."

"I am a pretty good Juarist already," said he.

"You must be a better one. You must help me in my work for the cause. It will not be a thankless labor like that of the imperialists. When Juarez comes again into the National Palace you may claim your reward, and I will help you to obtain it. Why should you not be one of those to rule Mexico?"

The notion fired his fancy.

"What am I to do?" he demanded zealously.

She regarded him searchingly without answering. He smiled docilely into her eyes.

"I love you," he said.

She put away his caress.

"What did you find out from the Senor Strang?" she asked.

Sanborn colored.

"Nothing," he answered reluctantly.

"You promised."

"And I tried. I could get nothing from him."

He did not see fit to relate his humiliating rebuff at the hands of Strang, whom he had clumsily button-holed a few days before in the city. Ysabel tapped him reassuringly with her fan.

"It does not matter," she told him.

"It is enough that you tried. I know who spied upon me."

"You know?"

"Beyond doubt. It was Benita. It could have been no other; she left my service immediately after the Puebla affair. I did not suspect her. I thought her too stupid for a spy." "You will not punish her," urged Sanborn compassionately. "She is not worth your while."

"No," said Ysabel slowly. "I am well quit of her. She could have been but a tool; it was the brain of the Senor Strang which thought."

"Bah," he cried uneasily. "Let us forget it all. When will you marry me, Ysabel?" He sought to imprison her hand, but she held aloof, and he abandoned the effort.

"When you shall have helped me," she replied.

"Why mix our politics and love?"

"When you shall have helped me," she repeated steadily.

"How?" he asked with dry lips.

"Show me the way to worst the Senor Strang; then I will marry you."

XIX

Containing the Reflections of the Under Dog

"With my large family and scant income," wrote Sanborn's father, "I assure you it puts me to the pinch to send the remittance which you ask. I have no doubt that your necessity is real, but I own to a twinge of disappointment that you should require help. Latterly it has been a source of relief to think that one of the brood at least was self-supporting. If Mexico is too turbulent for railroad building, you would best try another field. There is plenty of work to be had out West."

"Out West!" The notion of dragging a surveyor's chain across treeless stretches of prairie with coyotes for company was peculiarly distasteful to one but just come from the creature comforts of Don Hernando's flowery villa. It was growing dusk and he leaned from his balcony idly watching the shifting life of the little Alameda over the way. Some officers of the besieging army loitered among the trees ogling the women; and he who made the bravest showing was decked out with the spoil of the Imperialists. It brought the war nearer to Sanborn and set in motion an unwelcome train of reflection; he thought of his own brief commerce with the Emperor's party, of Strang, of Ysabel and her mandate. He re-entered his chamber and threw himself moodily upon his bed.

It was an unpleasant task that she had set him, but he saw no alternative. Clearly he must marry; his father's letter decided that, and furthermore he himself wished it. He persuaded himself that he loved and with surpassing fervor; and the fact that Molly had lately inspired a similar conviction counted not at all; she, too, had had her predecessors, each wearing the mint-stamp of the gentle passion as he conceived it. Nor did it matter that the warmth of his regard for Ysabel was manifestly heigh-

tened by her seeming wealth and his own necessity; indeed he rather made a virtue of the accident that he was not to marry for money alone. The ambition was wholly meet; it was the manner of attainment at which he stickled. Why should she choose so to hedge the rose with thorns? Why was she so bitter toward Strang? As he lay there in the gloom, the memory of a forgotten conversation with Nunez recurred to him. He recalled that the Cuban had once adverted to Ysabel's dislike of Strang.

"Some women," Nunez had generalized, "usually beautiful, are so constituted that one insignificant atom of indifference will foul the whole honeyjar of men's adulation."

The idea was illuminating, if distasteful, and Sanborn began dimly to comprehend that an overweening vanity needs no very profound motive for a resentment as lasting as it is bitter. Divers forgotten inuendoes, trifles of manner, and shadings of speech thrust up their unwelcome nettle growth in his memory to substantiate the new found theory. Ysabel alone, however, could have told him how near he shot to the mark in his explanation of her feud with Strang; for whatever he or Nunez might surmise, she only knew with what persistence she had spun a web for Strang in the early days of their acquaintance. But he had broken the gossamer threads in his brutal British way and had heeded her beauty no more than that of some comely peon girl who has flowered from an adobe hut like a lily from the mire.

To disregard her proffered favor were offense enough; to ignore her beauty swelled the injury to sufficient bulk to fire another Troy. Sanborn's jealous fancy gave him a certain divination of this which could not but rankle to the prejudice of Strang.

Presently the Puebla failure, a ghost which memory refused to lay, arose to

mock. With chagrin he reviewed a part of its unheroic history which he had told no man; the humiliating story of his return. He could see himself toiling along a dusty highway which wound among the foothills fairly within sight of the capital, while behind him plodded his servant leading a pack mule laden with the cumbersome surveying instruments with which he had thought to effect such a clever play in the game for the Emperor's gold. With merciless visualization he summoned up the little clump of cactus and mesquite from behind which had swept a marauding band. He could recall each swarthy, unwashed face and their flouting laugh as they stripped him to his very underclothing. Horse, saddle, mule, instruments, money, clothing, everything was taken from him, even his servant with whom they claimed old acquaintance and bade follow them to some country *fonda* for a carouse. With a flood of anger he heard again the jeer as he begged for his trousers, at the least, and the laugh which went round when one of them tossed him an Imperialist newspaper in lieu of his garment. He reddened in the darkness as he pictured himself slinking to the nearest village where he had persuaded a trusting Indian to lend him the miserable rags wherewith he had made a surreptitious return to the city. He could not bring himself to recount this incident to anyone. There was nothing romantic in its details; it could only broaden the mouth of the listener, and derision of himself Sanborn could not abide. To Strang least of all would he have told it, for to Strang, above all, he felt that he owed his humiliation.

He sprang up from his bed and struck a light. It was a quarter past nine o'clock. He hesitated for a moment and then made ready to go out, resolving to call at Don Hernando's should the household be yet awake. He craved diversion and looked to Ysabel to fur-

nish it. In the Alameda he encountered a Liberal officer of his acquaintance; one of the group which had passed his window earlier in the evening.

"How fares the siege?" Sanborn asked him idly, after an exchange of civilities.

"Excellently," said the soldier. "We have them neatly trapped. Tacubaya, Chapultepec, Guadalupe, every gate and causeway of the city is stopped. Time will do the rest. We need but wait."

"And outstare petticoats in the Alameda?"

The Mexican laughed knowingly.

"A soldier's perquisite," he rejoined. "Since brass buttons draw the enemy's fire in the field, what more just than that they should attract something softer than bullets elsewhere. Try a uniform yourself, *senor*."

"I have worn one," answered Sanborn, "but it was raggeder than yours."

"Then try ours," bantered the man.

"Our day for rags is passing. There are still some good coats left among the Imperialists; Maximilian's for example. Enlist and be clothed."

The soldier's raillery suggested a moment's serious questioning as he walked on. Why should he not offer his sword to Diaz? The Liberal army was not lacking in American recruits. If he meant to rise through joining fortunes with the Juarists, why not do it openly? It suited him better than Ysabel's tortuous methods. Nearing his destination, his eye was caught by the figure of a man rapidly pressing on before him with a certain swinging decision that reminded him of someone; close upon the impression came the conviction that that someone was Strang. He hurriedly followed. If the cloaked figure entered the Ravenscroft's there was no mistake. It reached the corner where stood the General's house, flanked on the one side by a side street and on the other by Don Hernando's garden, and Sanborn, courting the shadows,

strained his eyes to watch; the man unhesitatingly chose the side street. Disappointed, Sanborn slackened his pace. Then a thought drove him on. The way was darker now and arched with trees, but where the wall ended a silvery pool of moonlight unmasked the entrance of a sombre lane into which the man turned. In that instant Sanborn saw his profile; it was surely Strang.

Sanborn halted. He dared not follow into the light to spy out the lane, but he listened intently for a signal from the garden which he made no doubt the Englishman would presently enter. Then came a sound of footfalls on the pathway leading to the house.

"To see her," thought the youth. "He has risked coming through the lines to see her."

He felt a transient gleam of admiration for the man's daring, which a blacker thought extinguished. He vacillated. Then a fitful breeze passed over the neighboring gardens and smote his nostrils with a heavy tropic perfume; it was as though Ysabel had brushed him with her garments. It was a trifling thing, but sufficient to kick the beam. His moral somersault complete, he turned upon his heel and strode toward Don Hernando's door. As he awaited the coming of the servant at the gate, his eye traveled to a window which he knew to be Ysabel's; it was alight. Visibly startled, the Senora Ramirez received him in the *sala* with tedious apologies for the absence of Ysabel and Don Hernando, both of whom, she explained, had gone to bed. The happy circumstance of her own late hours was palpably due to a French novel, the title of which

she studiously concealed from Sanborn.

"Ysabel," said Sanborn abruptly. "I must see Ysabel."

"But, senor—"

"She is awake. I saw a light.

The senora arched her brows.

"The senorita will have disrobed, senor."

"Nevertheless I must see her," cried Sanborn, fretting at the delay. "Be good enough to send her my message."

The servant brought word that as she had retired for the night, the Senorita Ysabel must request the Senor Sanborn to come to her in the morning. Sanborn wrathfully snatched a card from his pocket and pencilled a single word; it was "Strang."

"Give her this," he said to the peon.

The senora hastily interposed.

"I myself will take it to her," she volunteered. In the *corredor* she read it and was none the wiser.

A minute later Ysabel walked into the room; she was completely dressed, even to the hibiscus flower in her hair.

"You had not retired," he reproached. "You put me off because it was your whim?"

She ignored his questionings.

"Explain this," she ordered, tapping his card.

"It means," he began, and paused, his eyes on hers. "It means what it means," he added shortly. "Tell me this: If I can show you how your dear Strang may be captured within our lines, will you marry me when I choose?"

For an instant she looked him through and through.

"When you choose," she assented.

"Then I choose a week hence," he said.

(To be continued)



Under the Moon

By YONE NOGUCHI

THE autumn night had a sad impressive beauty.
I turned my face as a flower,
From the indolence: the sweet mystery of indolence
Whispered me an alien legend. I, with lips apart,

PORTRAIT OF YONE NOGUCHI, FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY
G. YETO OF NEW YORK. MADE FOR "THE NATIONAL
MAGAZINE."



With the large eyes of the fool, stood
As one fresh from a fairy dream:
The ecstasy of the dream was not yet dry
On my face. The strangest stillness,
As exquisite as if all the winds
Were dead, surrounded me; I idly thought,
What a poem and what love were hidden behind
The moon, and how great to be beyond mortal breath,
Far from the human domain. My moon-fancy,
Aimless as a breeze of summer eve,
Drowsy as a rose of Spring morning, has passed:
My fancy was a fragrance as from an unknown isle
Where Beauty smiled her favorite smile.
How glad I was, being wounded by

The beautiful rush of yellow rays!
The sad sobbing charm of the moon
Was that of the face of an ancient fairy.
The moon gracefully kept her perfect silence
Until a greater muse shall restore the world
From demon's sword and unworthy death.
I was in the lullaby of the moon,
As a tree snugly wrapped in the mist:
I lost all my earthly thoughts.
The moon was voiceless as a nun
With eyes shining in beauteous grief:
The mystic silence of the moon
Gradually revived in me the Immortality.
The sorrow that gently stirred
Was melancholy-sweet: sorrow is higher
Far than joy, the sweetest sorrow is supreme
Amid all the passions. I had
No sorrow of mortal heart: my sorrow
Was one given before the human sorrows
Were given me. The mortal speech died
From me: my speech was one spoken before
God bestowed on me human speech.
There is nothing like the moon-night
When I, parted from the voice of the city,
Drink deep of the Infinity with the peace
From another strange sphere. There is nothing
Like the moon-night when the rich noble stars
And maiden roses interchange their long looks of love.
There is nothing like the moon-night
When I raise my face from the land of loss
Unto the golden air, and calmly learn
How perfect it is to grow still as a star.
There is nothing like the moon-night
When I walk upon the freshest dews,
And amid the warmest breezes,
With all the thought of God
And all the bliss of man, as Adam
Who was not yet driven from Eden, and to whom
Eve was not yet born. What a bird
Dreams in the moonlight is my dream:
What a rose sings is my song.

The Scarlet Thread

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE wandering winds, the midnight stars and the swirling, driving storms guarded the grave of Moses in the lonely valley. Beside them only the angels kept watch and ward; for no human eyes had seen when he laid him down to sleep in the fierce, wild solitudes of the mountains of Moab.

One thing, however, the eyes of the children of Israel did see, and that was Joshua, the son of Nun, at their head in the place of Moses. Another sight stirred them, too—a wilderness of forty years of tangled trails behind them, and before them a river, beyond which, in the foothills, gleamed the white walls of Jericho, the first stronghold of their promised land.

Those walls must be razed, that city taken. But who knew the approach through the hills, the gates and the strength of the garrison? Joshua was bold, but he was cautious; he would not advance against an unknown foe; therefore, pitching his tents at Shittim, he sent out two spies, and waited there in camp until they should return. It is with the fortunes of these two spies, and a house in Jericho, across the window of which a scarlet thread was stretched, that this ancient story deals.

River and hill and city were all one in the darkness that lay across the land as the two men swimming the Jordan a little way above the guarded ford, and making a detour through a swamp, struck the road behind the sentries, and started toward Jericho.

They marked the width of the road, its length, and the point where it branched to the south, as they went along. Near the city, on the east, they found a clear, level spot where the host

might camp. They ran together round the walls to measure them and to find the gates. And finally, with a clear, accurate map of the approach and surroundings in mind, they set themselves to find an entrance to the city, for as yet their mission was barely begun.

The Spies Enter the City

Every gate was barred, of course; it was long past the setting of the watch. But the city was not asleep. Indeed the two spies had had to dodge and creep and hide all along the road; for parties of soldiers were coming and going continually. Noise of moving feet, of heavy wheels and a murmur as of voices, broke over the walls. At the gates, bands of armed men were leaving and entering, and the spies, slipping unobserved among a company of these, went through into the streets.

But they were scarcely within when the torch of one of the band was lifted directly over them. The light flickered, then flared in the wind and fell upon the strange faces that no dress could conceal. The man with the torch had no time to cry out. With a lightning blow he was sent sprawling upon the stones, and the spies, in the confusion, disappeared in the deep shadow along the row of houses.

They were safely away before the soldier got his wits enough together to explain. But the alarm was sounded; news was carried hurriedly to the King that spies from the Israelitish camp had entered the city; and the search was begun. Soon the streets were glaring with flaming torches and echoing with shouts and tramp of feet.

Meantime the two spies, with eyes and

ears wide open, had followed the news-bearer to the palace, and from there had hastened after the courier to the garrison, seeing at every turn the thousand things for which their captain waited. But what counted all if they were taken?

But how in this maze of strange streets were they to elude their pursuers, and how, with every gate barred, every foot of wall watched, were they to make their escape?

The soldiers were running toward the walls, out into the darker, denser portions, posting guards at the corners, sending bands down the alleys and into the gardens and courts.

Not that way then; but back toward the palace; back boldly into the open, where there was least chance to hide, and, at the same time, least expectation of their hiding.

A little group of citizens were hurrying along in the direction of the palace, asking excitedly what it all meant. The spies fell in with these and passing under torch after torch without arousing suspicion, were nearing the open court of the palace when a woman stepped out of a dark doorway and joined them.

They Meet Their Deliverer

A stream of light from an open window fell aslant her uncovered face and neck, and gleamed across the jeweled bracelets around her beautiful bare arms. A moment only and the light was gone, but the company had seen her, beautiful, luring, evil; and the men of Jericho gave room and went by; but the spies, by a common impulse, stopped as she spoke.

The plan had flashed upon them as a single thought. It was a desperate risk; but it was a hope and if it failed—they could be in no sorer straits. *She* must save them. They knew the woman would discover them. The creature was at home in the dark; she knew every man in Jericho. She had been the first

to hear of the entrance of the spies; and, surely enough, despite the darkness, she recognized them instantly, and—she also recognized the glitter in the palm of one of them, as the glitter of gold. There was just a step of hesitation, a moment of doubt and dread, when the second spy reached quickly and opened a hand-ful of gold to pour into her own or upon the street. It fell with a glint and muffled chink into both of hers.

"And still there's more," he whispered. "Only be quick, get us out of here, anywhere, anywhere. Save us and we'll give our lives for yours."

She understood. It was more than gold she was playing for now. The confusion and terror in Jericho since the appearance of the Israelitish host at Shittim was ominous. Disquieting rumors for a long time had been coming in of the victories of this new people. They were driving all before them; they were on the march for the Jordan and the land of the Canaanites. It was plain even to the woman that it would fall from fear at the sound of the enemy's trumpets. Her life was only one among the thousands; but it was more than all the thousands to her. This was her chance against the day of doom. As her hands closed about the money she sent a peal of laughter ringing down the street. One of the men who had just passed, turned and saw her following with two men. When he turned again, a second later, the three were gone. They had slipped into a narrow lane, and led by the woman, were speeding as swift and silent as shadows across the city. This was her hour, her haunt, and these her paths.

She had already guided them half way from the palace to the walls without once bringing them out upon the open streets, and was hurrying along a garden when a dozen soldiers turned the wall just ahead of them. There was no time to flee; and no chance; for there were

feet upon the street at the other end.

With a word to the spies to follow close to the wall she ran forward, as if to meet them and slipped her hand through the bars of a gate, that had often opened to her before, and standing a moment by the post until the two men had come up behind her and passed through, she followed herself, just as a torch of one of the band revealed her. They had seen only a woman. She had smiled and disappeared. But the gate was barred; and they pushed on in search of the spies.

Trapped by the Soldiers

It was more than an hour later that the woman knocked softly at a low door at the extreme south of the city. There were light footsteps upon the stair; the bolt slipped and a little maid, with a flickering, earthen lamp, received them. They were safe. Not a soldier in all Jericho would think of looking for spies here. And they sat down to rest and eat.

But the little group of citizens, who passed by the woman near the palace, had gone on to the garrison for news. The companies that had been sent out were coming back. There had been no sight yet of the spies, one of the soldiers was describing their appearance. The speaker was the man who had first discovered them and got the stinging blow in the face. The citizens were listening. Suddenly it struck one of them that the two men who had turned away with the woman in some way answered this description. And after all, who were they? He did not know. And when did she join them? They were the spies he was sure. The soldier repeated his account at the listener's request. They were the two!

No time was lost in crossing the city. The soldiers knew the way and the house. The spies had already passed in before the company from the garrison set out; but they had not yet refreshed

themselves when the sound of rapid running woke the street, followed by voices and a loud rapping on the door. Caught! Trapped! One look told them that it was not a plot by the woman. Her face was pale, her eyes burning, her lips set. The men were at her mercy. But she had not led the guards of the King a chase across the city to be caught like a fox in a den.

There was a narrow door at the rear of the room. She hurried them through this, and up a narrower stair of huge, rough stones, to the roof. It was covered deep with stalks of hemp drying here in the sun and softening in the dew. They saw her plan. It took only an instant to cover them, and she was back, hastening with a face of smiles to open the door to the street.

She was calm, radiant, too lovely to be disbelieved, and her greeting at the threshold—for the leader had knocked here before—caused him to forget, for a moment, the reason why he was there.

"Bring forth the men," he said, looking hard into the deep, dark eyes of the woman, "the two whom you met near the palace. They are spies from the camp of the Israelites."

"Were they spies?" she cried with alarm upon her face. "Those two strangers? Yes they were here and supped with me. But about an hour ago, when the gate was opened for the soldiers to pass out, they departed with them. Which way they took I know not. But from what I heard it was toward the Jordan. If you hurry you can overtake them, I am sure. And," she half whispered to the leader, "when you return, stop and taste my wine."

It was too frankly, innocently, naturally told to be doubted. The gate was near, for the house of the harlot was against the great wall, and the company passed through, dividing in order to cover both roads to the river.

She stood at the door until she heard

the creak of the heavy hinges and the thud of bolts as the gate was shut, then bolting her own door she went immediately to the roof. She had won again; but the troop would be back.

They Escape From the City

"They are gone," she said, and the two men crept from the piles of hemp. The woman carried a long, heavy cord in her hand. "See?" she continued, leading them to what seemed the coping of the roof. And they did see. Lo! they were not only upon the roof but upon the top of the wall of the city. Below them lay a deep, dark valley; yonder in the starlight loomed a mountain, and the woman, pointing down the valley to a dozen flaming lights, said: "There go your pursuers who were hammering just now at the door." They were moving toward the river.

One of the men reached to take the rope, but she drew back.

"Listen," she began. "This rope will carry from this window in the wall to the ground. I can save you; but I will not until you swear. I know that your Lord has given you this land. Your terror is fallen upon us; for we have heard how your Lord dried up the waters of the Red Sea, and what you did to the Kings of the Amorites, Sihon and Og, on the other side of Jordan. Our hearts melted; for it is your God, and he is God in heaven above and in earth beneath. Therefore swear by the Lord, since I have showed kindness to you, that you will show kindness to me and my father's house; give me a true token that you will deliver our lives from death."

And they answered: "Our lives for yours. We swear. When the Lord gives us the land we will deal kindly and truly with you. This shall be the token. When we enter the city bind a

scarlet thread across this window from which you let us down; bring all your father's house within. If any one go out into the streets, his blood be upon his own head; but whosoever shall be with you in the house, his blood be upon our head if any hand touch him."

The oath was made, and as she lowered them to the ground without the wall she added:

"Get to the mountain and hide three days until the pursuers return."

It was good advice. Every road and thicket near the river was watched; but after three days the men were recalled and the hunt given up.

When the spies finally reached Shittim and rehearsed their tale to Joshua he exclaimed:

"Truly the Lord has delivered the land into our hands; for the people faint because of us."

It was the seventh and last of the strange, terrible days of the siege of Jericho, that two young men, riding about the walls, pointed out to Joshua a window, high up, across which a scarlet line was bound. He saw, and riding back, gave command that the accursed city be burned to the ground, that every man, woman and child be slain, adding, in tones that were heard by the assembled multitudes:

"Only Rahab, the harlot, in whose window is a scarlet thread, let her, her father, mother and all her household be brought unharmed to me."

And when the walls fell, and the flames shot up over the doomed city two young men, the spies, ran quickly to a low door in the street against the wall where a scarlet thread showed in the window, a pale but beautiful woman met them, and with others from the house, passed out of the open gate from the terror and death to the camp of the strangers at Gilgal.



The Passing of the Little Peoples

By FRANK PUTNAM

First Stranger—"Where is your home?"

Second Stranger—"I do not know; at present I am stopping on the earth."

*"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation
of the world."*

THIS is the era of the passing of the little peoples. This the era of the passing of competition. This is the era of the unification of tongues, the abolition of frontiers, the simplification of government, the transfusion of ideas and identities.

There *is* to be a federation of the world. It is to come when all men know and obey natural law; when all speak one language; when all are in fact brothers; when, in brief, education has become enlightened and universal.

This is the law.

Man is a stiff-necked animal. When the finds what he deems his personal interests clashing with the law of the evolution of the race, he dies fighting. But he dies. The law stays on, working.

Man is at once the victim, the instrument and the beneficiary of the law. A handful of Dutchmen tire of conditions at home. They go to South Africa. They battle with savages, with wild beasts, endure cold, hunger, heat, starvation. They draw sustenance from the dug of the earth, build homes, erect shrines to their own peculiar God; enslave the conquered race, set up bars against men of other nations. They decree that none but themselves shall enjoy what they have seized over the corpses of the naked black aborigines.

A party of Englishmen, inheriting a lust for gold mines, as other men inherit a lust for whiskey, learn that the Dutch have found yellow metal in their territory to the north. Following the rumor as a hound follows a warm trail, the English rush to the gold fields.

The Dutch foresee English domination, and prepare to die fighting. They do not expect to die. They expect to win. They make the usual error of the little peoples. They are up against the law of the evolution of the race, but they do not know it. The English are the agents of the law, but it is doubtful if they know the part they play any better than the Dutch. Both sides proclaim organized murder, and the slaughter begins.

*(The little nation died fighting. Dis-
membered limbs are still twitching, but the
issue is decided.)*

The little people has passed. Competition between it and its big neighbor has ceased. Frontiers have been abolished. One government has been substituted for three. Unification of tongues will follow, and the transfusion of ideas and identities, as Dutch and English intermix to make a people greater than either.

Rage and pity fill us as we behold the bloody spectacle. We too fail for the moment to see the working of the law. We see only the hatred, the misery, the anguished last gasp. We plead with men to be brothers. We have forgotten that man *is* a stiff-necked animal, and will rather die fighting than amalgamate peacefully. The law permits him to take his choice of methods.

Education holds aloft her torch and

points a finger back to the innumerable lessons to be drawn from history, of the working out of this law of the evolution of the race. But man is as yet too closely tied to the earth—to the daily struggle for bread and shelter—to receive education. His world is bounded by the boundaries of his state; he cannot read the lessons on the scroll of time. So he chooses to die fighting.

Science will in due season give him more liberty from toil; he will have time to lift his eyes to the light. He will then read the lessons, and choose the wiser way.

The Czar proposes a tribunal for international arbitration, and for the disarmament of nations. The stiff-necked animal sniffs at the idea—and stalks away holding his rifle with a tighter clutch. He is still too much of a barbarian to receive the truth.

But he wishes to be free.

That desire is the divine assurance of the salvation of mankind; for Almighty God never implanted in the heart of man any desire which man may not in time possess by deserving it.

The great hairy arms of Russia are hugging the life out of Finland. This is a tragedy as heart-rending as any in recorded history, but it is the execution of the law. So with the United States in the Philippines, England in Dutch South Africa, Japan in Formosa. The sympathetic heart cannot but bleed at sight of the needless sorrow of it all—needless if men were prepared for better ways; but it is the law, and in man's present state it is as unescapable as death.

Seven thousand years ago, in the country that was on the site of Chaldea before Chaldea became a nation and a name, a king built a great hall, in which to keep the records of his reign. His historians made hieroglyphics upon the surfaces of pieces of soft clay. The clay bits were baked, and the king had a library of bricks. Some useful scientists

dug up this library yesterday. They say the records on the bricks are mainly of wars and fighting.

During the Dark Ages of Europe, monks toiled with scrip and stylus, laboriously, through long years, preserving the learning of their time—mainly a record of religious dreams and aspirations, and of the processes by which the church served the law.

Gutterberg took an impression from movable types, and the book was born. Learning, theretofore the exclusive possession of the few, was thereafter to become the birthright of all. The second child of the types was the polemical pamphlet. The author of "Robinson Crusoe" wrote them. (DeFoe was far from deeming this immortal classic his best work.) John Milton thundered in the pamphlet—on both sides of the great issues of his day, suiting his message to the views of the changing heads of state. (But in this case as in all others, the good he did survived him—his magnificent and unanswerable argument for freedom of speech.) The third child of the types was the paper issued periodically, for the purpose of recording the things man did and thought.

Thought has no life until it be expressed. Free thought, expressed in a free press, gains and guarantees human liberty. Tom Paine knew this. Sam Adams knew it.

(Grand old Sam Adams! Greatest of all the Adams tribe. I came to Boston, a stranger from the West, wandered hesitatingly about amongst the round-shouldered, hump-backed city blocks of the down-town section for a week or two, grumbling in a low monotone—until I found Sam Adams standing, in bronze, in a market place. My hat came off instant—er—to Sam Adams and to his town. This monument records the fact, overlooked by most of us—Sam being overshadowed historically by the factitious importance of his lesser relatives

who sat in the White House—that Samuel Adams “organized the Revolution.” Great is the city that recognizes the worth of her great sons!)

Morse makes the lightning carry his message over a short land wire. Field stretches the wire across the bed of the Atlantic, and sends a greeting to Europe. Others lay wires around the world, and the messages they carry, whether of trade or religion, or of the day’s news, are the agents of the law that decreed the unification of mankind, the abolition of frontiers, the transfusion of ideas, and the merging of all tongues into one tongue.

Watt harnessed steam. Fulton made it drive his boat down the Hudson river. Commerce multiplied Fulton’s boats, improved the breed, and sent its fleets into far waters hitherto too widely separated by time to be profitably traded in. Unsuspected by the skippers, Education was a part of each cargo. The law was at work here.

The press, the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph and the cable have knitted and are still knitting the peoples of the world closer together, making each more and more, as time passes, responsible to all for the righteousness of its acts. The new knowledge obtained by one people speedily becomes the property of all. They that turn their faces to the past and refuse to learn, die. Their sons learn. Now we shall conquer the air. First—the pity of it!—we shall have “the nations’ airy navies grappling in the central blue;” but later, in the era of enlightenment and universal education, we shall see “the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails, pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.” Earth, sea and sky will have been made the agents, with all their powers, for the diffusion of the knowledge of the divine law, for the unification of peoples and of tongues and the abolition of warfare of whatever sort.

The pace of Progress constantly accelerates. New powers produce in a day what formerly required a year or a century in the making. The mills of the gods no longer grind slowly, though they still grind exceeding fine. Our children’s children will see all the republics of the two Americas united under one banner—the first banner of freedom held aloft on this continent. The little nations will pass. Let us pray that they may pass in peace, gladly, taking their part in the new order—as bondmen coming into an inheritance long withheld. Our grandchildren may see a president of Pan-America from the state of Ontario, or the state of Chile, sitting in the White House; or a vice-president, at any rate. If the new states do not come in peaceably, they may have to wait a long time, as the Southern states have waited, and are still waiting, to see one of their sons given the chief magistracy.

I prefer not to record prophecies concerning what changes are to take place in Europe and Asia. You are all so blessed touchy on the point of race pride. And, anyway, you and I will not be here to see the greatest of these changes. There will be wars, and death struggles, and some that are mighty now shall be laid low, and absorbed by younger and more vigorous peoples; and the end of it all will be unification, the abolition of frontiers, the merging of many tongues into few and finally into one: in a word, brotherhood.

The black continent will be opened, and the light let in. They that stand in the way of the law will perish. From Cape to Cairo the land of the slave-built pyramids will be filled with a happy and a free people, enjoying the highest civilization and the freest intellectual intercourse with their free brothers in America, Eurasia, Australasia and the remoter residences of mankind.

It will be bought with a bitter price; but it will be worth the price.

The Three American Musketeers

By WILLARD DILLMAN

THE day of conjecture had suddenly passed. War existed between the United States and Spain. A call went over the country for volunteers. Our little town of Humboldt furnished three soldiers.

Clarence Hawkins sat in the kitchen, reading a copy of "The Humboldt Mail" that was still damp from the press.

It gave an opinion, based upon reports in the daily papers, that South Dakota would be called upon to furnish a regiment of cavalry.

"Oh Clarence, air we raley gon to hev war?" asked his mother anxiously. "Oh I can't bear to hev yi read them things. You ain't old enough to go, be yi, Clarence? You're nothin' but a boy yit."

"I guess I'm just about the right age, far as that goes, mother," the lad answered. "Cavalry! Let's see, you were in the infantry, weren't you, dad?"

"Yes, my son, an' we got the heft of the fightin'," said his father.

"Wy Clarence, don't talk thataway," said Mrs. Hawkins, who had become suddenly alarmed. "I hope yi don't think of goin'."

"I don't know as I do, mother," the boy answered in a serious, mature tone that he had never previously employed. "Yes, dad, I believe from what I've read, too, that you infantry soldiers had the toughest fighting. And now that's the reason that if I went I'd rather enlist in the infantry. Because the infantry bears the brunt of the battle. I'd want to do something. I wouldn't *want* to go, but if I *did* go, you bet I'd want to earn my money. I wouldn't want to just parade all the time."

"Wy Clarence, you talk jest like father

did, way back there in '61," said Mrs. Hawkins. "He talked jest thataway, an' he went. He come home on a furlough once, an' then he went right back, an' never come home agin. Oh Clarence, I can't bear to hear it."

"The boy talks jest like I *felt* in '61," said Mr. Hawkins slowly. "I know you couldn't a held me away from war with tongs, er a log chain. An' I know, too, that ef I'd a *staid* out, I'd never hed no respect fer myself sence. Now I' blieve this is a jest war, if they ever was one. I do hope Clarence wunt git the notion of goin', but ef he does, mother, I wunt try to hold him back. An' I think that's the old American idee."

"Oh, father, you make me afraid," said Maud.

"Oh, pa, you mustn't allow it," said Hattie. "Clarence a soldier! You must put your foot right down on it, pa."

As for Mrs. Hawkins, she sat speechless, silently beseeching her daughters for help.

"Well, don't get scared," said Clarence. "Prob'ly I won't feel so much like it in the morning. But remember, mother, your father was a soldier, and dad here was one, too, so maybe I've inherited some fighting blood."

"Yes, my son," said his father, "you come from fightin' stock, fer's that goes. Peaceable as we do all seem now, Clarence, yer great-great-grandfather fought all through the Revolutionary War, clearn from Bunker Hill to the surrender at Yorktown, I b'lieve. An' yer great-grandfather was at Lundy's Lane an' I dono where-all in that war. An' yer grandfather was all through the Mexican

War—that is, after volunteers was called fer. An' yer ol' father, here, my son, did more rale hard fightin' than the hull of um put together, though you never heerd me say much about it before, did yi? That's on yer father's side. An' from what I can learn, I don't think it was much different on yer mother's side. So yi see you come from fightin' stock all right, as the feller says."

The same evening Ole Mogard and Michael McGinnis sat in the office of "The Humboldt Mail," talking quietly together, oblivious to my presence.

"Accardin' te that paper, Ole, they want soldiers," said McGinnis.

"De sim so," said Ole seriously.

"Now as fer meself, I think war bees a turrible bastely business. Shure she wor froightful desthruective way back in the sixties wid thim old antiquoited muskets. Death av the saints, phat'll she be now wid these modern wippons?"

"Val, ay b'lieve so too."

"Yit somebody has got te go, an' that's plain. Now I'm a married man, as yi're likely alridddy aware, and I understand they pfer the single wans."

"Val, ay is single man oll rat, men de vorst ting, ay kent spick Merican werry gude."

"That's very thrue, Ole. We all know yer wakeness in that regaird. But it may be some incorragemint te yi whin I tell yi that yi can shtop a bullet jist as good as a smart man. Nayther could I spake the quane's English whin I arrove here, but I've rapidly overgrewed that difficulty."

"Yessar. Men ay tank ov ay vait till ay lorn Merican from Meester McGinnis, ay vill be werry ol' man forst. Das mae idee."

"Well now, layin' asoide all nonsense, Ole, I claim Americce has been good te sich men as you an' me. Now consither me own case. I was in me teens whin we got here, an' we wor ixcadinly poor. Yit I wint te school wan winter, an'

larnt te read an' wroite. Nayther av thim two accomplishmints could I have secoored in the ould cuntry. Thin I've airnt hapes av money here, which I moight have shtill by me had ut not been for me ayvil habits. Yit despoite all thim absticles, here yi see me at the comparatively tinder age av thorty-siven, wid a good woife an' three smart young wans, a good stiddy job, an' above all, ownin' the roof over me hid. Phare wud I be now if I had sthayed in Ireland? Hoppin' about among thim bogs, wid niver a chance av ownin' a fut av ground to shtick a shanty on. So I repate ut, sor, the United States has been good te me."

"Yassar. Val, ay is yus bote de sime. Ay naver go on de skoal, dough. Still ay have lorn to read an' write lil bit. Ve hat to be pretty nar slafe in de ol' country; men over har ve can be a reely man if ve vant to. Ay eent got werry mich noo, men ay did hat a gude farm vonce. My be ay vill hat nov to buy nodder farm some dy. Ay know ay vodn' hat a cent noo of ay should be in Norvy. Men anyhoo ay vud be werry poor solyer, ay havink harly fire a gun more an' two tree times in mae life. Von tem ven ay vas on mae farm, ay have shoot a geese. Men von ting ay tal you, ay vill go for a solyer if dey vill tak me. Ay doon't knoo if dey vill tak me. Men anyhoo if dey do, ay vill go for a solyer."

"Now yi're talkin' business, Ole Mogard, and I'm proud te claim yi fer a feller-citizen. And now right here I'll spake thim same sintimints. The United States has made a man out av me. Now she needs men, I'll go. Me woife bees well and me little son is big enough to corry wood an' water. Me comp'ny will hould me job opin fer me whin I return. I'll go."

These men, who were so willing to serve their adopted country, knew little how to proceed. Ole suggested that they

write to the secretary of war at Washington. Michael said they should go to the capital of the state and present themselves to the governor. Ole thought they might remain in Humboldt till the army should pass through, and then fall in with the rest of the soldiers. The next day was Saturday, and Clarence and his father came to town with a load of wheat. The old man was approached rather sheepishly by Ole and Michael.

"Say, Mr. Hawkins," said Michael, "yi wor a soldier, and as I've aften heerd a good wan. Now will ye explain te us how ye prosaded wid the governmint, fer this ferriner here an' me wants to jine the forces av our country."

"Well, it was easy 'nough in the time of the war," said Mr. Hawkins, "fer our little town raised a company at the first call, an' all yi hat to do was to sign yer name to the roll. But it's different now, of course. Lemme see. I understand Tailholt is raisin' a company, an' they'll like enough be short a few men. If yi'd go up there in the nex' few days, I make no doubt yi could enlist."

"All roight. Thank yi, sor. Phat do ye say, Ole? Shall we go up a-Monday?"

"Val de sim so det is de bast," said the Norwegian.

"I'll maybe want to go along wthi you," said Clarence.

"Phat, sor? A mere shlip av a lad loike yiz? Shure I think ye bees far too young. Yit glad enough we'd be to have the boy, wud we not, Ole?"

"Yes sir, I b'lieve I'll want to go with you," the lad repeated, "but I'll have to speak to mother first. I'll prob'ly let you know to-night or in the morning."

Sunday afternoon we learned that Michael, Ole and Clarence were going to Tailholt the next day to enlist. There were no services in the Catholic or Lutheran churches that evening, and the two men went with Clarence to the Congregational church. As we sat and

looked at the three, a feeling of tenderness and gratitude for them filled our hearts. What a clean and steady boy Clarence had always been! How simple and honest Ole was! How circumspectly he had walked among us! And Michael's faults, indeed, had leaned to virtue. He had always been scrupulously honest, and his fights had ever been in behalf of the weak and oppressed. And now these three were to be taken from us and tossed about by the unfeeling hand of war. At the conclusion of his sermon, Rev. Higbee said:

"We have with us this evening three who will not be among us a week hence, nor for months, perhaps years. They are from diverse regions of the earth, and their youth was passed under dissimilar governments, but now they are equally American. One comes from the far-off land of the midnight sun, another from that green, unhappy island of the sea, and yet another breathed, with his first infant respiration, the free air of our own dear America. Now we see them going forth together to do battle for their country, fearing the same Lord, saluting the same flag. Let us send them forth with our fervent blessing. Let us follow them with our prayers. The Lord bless them and keep them. The Lord make His face shine upon them and be gracious unto them. The Lord lift up His countenance upon them and give them peace. Let us sing No. 216."

It was a familiar old hymn, beginning,

"Blest be the tie that binds."

The first three stanzas were sung by the whole congregation. But when the last stanza was begun, many of the women, by reason of a choking in the throat, were unable to proceed.

*"When we asunder part, it gives us
secret pain—"*

During the singing of this line, a great number of strong voices dropped out, and the last line was begun with no more than a small choir.

*"But we shall still be joined in heart,
and hope—"*

Here even those few voices faltered and ceased, and the congregation was rent with stifled sobs. Only one sweet female voice in the little choir, the voice of Maud Hawkins, Clarence's sister, sang the concluding words:

"And hope to meet again—"

The next day, we saw the three soldiers embark upon the west-bound train.

Ole Mogard mounted the steps first. He had no relatives. He bore himself in that simple and unpretentious manner so common with the people of his race. Michael went next. His was a free and soldierly carriage, suggesting to me those regiments of his warlike race that charged and died at Fredricksburg. Clarence mounted the steps last, none too soon, indeed, for the train was already in motion. He went with a lithe and willing bound, like the novice that he was, going forward to he knew not what. As the train pulled away, the rear of the coach was enveloped in a trail of smoke. The three musketeers were gone.

Whither they went and what they did is set down on the tablets of history. For they were three units in that regiment that deported itself after the manner of true soldiers, and brought much honor to the state. They crossed the plains and mountains with the swift flight of steam, embarked on the wide waters, and were set down upon an unnatural, broken and scattered land, mediaeval and barbaric. It was in these strange tropic islands that our soldiers received their first rude touch of war, and for many months the wide Pacific rolled and flashed between us and them.

Certain American statesmen maintain that the little, half-clad warriors of those islands were not fair, inasmuch as they shot back, and that in no mean manner. Had they not, our three soldiers might have returned to Humboldt. As

it was, only two of them came home.

The months slipped rapidly past in our small, sequestered village, while out upon the wide earth battles were fought, fortunes were made, political victories were won, high honors were plucked and names were inscribed upon the scroll of fame. Indeed, we seemed to recline idly by the side of the way, while the large pageantry of the world rolled past.

One afternoon in the sweet and silent summer, I paused at the Hawkins' homestead for a drink. However poor our prairie farmer may be, he will offer you a cup of cold water out of the depths of the earth, and for this he shall not lose his reward.

"I suppose you miss Clarence a good deal?" said I.

"Yes, it's powerful lonesome sence he went fer a soldier," said the mother. She wore a patient, tender look in her face, and spoke in a low, sweet, comfortable voice.

"We shore never thought Clarence would go fer a soldier," she continued. "I thought we all suffered enough that-away in the war time. I never thought we'd need to hev no more wars. Clarence writes that he ain't in no danger, but I can't fergit how nigh he come to gittin' killed one night. Tell him about our boy, pa."

"It was a clost call, but Clarence give it back to um worse'n he got it," said Mr. Hawkins. "I knowed my boy would, too. He was on guard outside the city one night, so he writes, an' two natives come along, sayin' 'friend, friend.' He let um pass, an' one of the fellers drawed out his big mis'able knife an' fetched Clarence a turrible welt. The boy fell, an' the natives run. But my boy raised onto his knees, took a quick aim at the feller, an' let drive. The native dropped dead. Clarence ludded agin, aimed at the other feller, an' fired. Down he come too, but he crawled away afore they found him. That's the kind of a soldier

boy Clarence is. I hate to think of my son killin' anyone, white er brown, but it's a soldier's dooty. Of course he's ben in the hospital ever sence, but he writes that he's gittin' along fust rate."

"Well, the war will be over in a short time, now, and our soldiers will come home," said I.

"Do yi raley think so?" said Mrs. Hawkins. "Dear sakes, I wish it would be. I'd like to see my boy safe back home again. I don't b'lieve he'd ever git away agin long's I live. I ain't ben the same woman sence he went."

"It isn't like death, though, said I.

"Oh bless you, no. There's nothin' like death to fetch sorrow. They all thought I'd shore go crazy when Willie died. I didn't know as I'd ever git over it. Death is a lonesome thing. Death is a terrible lonesome thing. There ain't no—no relief, as you might say."

"Of course we hope to see Willie again, though, mother," said Mr. Hawkins. "We believe in heaven, an' we hope to see Willie again in heaven."

"Oh Lord help us, yes," said the old lady emphatically. "If it wan't fer that hope, we would a ben heartbroke."

In a corner beside the kitchen stove, stood a pair of crutches that had been Willie's. Upon a peg, hung an old coat and hat that I recognized as Clarence's. I drew away and left the patient pair in their loneliness.

At last the time arrived when our soldiers should come home. There was no pride, pomp or circumstance attending their return. True, a considerable company, including our straggling and uniformed band, had gathered at the depot and awaited the train upon which they were expected. They were not aboard this train, however, but had come on a parallel road, disembarking at the county seat, eighteen miles north of Humboldt. They walked across the intervening country, and arrived home

in the dead of night, finding no one to greet them, and scarce a light burning in the town.

The next morning as I went to the office of "The Humboldt Mail," my eyes expanded in astonishment to see McGinnis walking bent and bareheaded through his garden, minutely observing its herbaceous growths. I strode across the interjacent lot and clasped both his hands.

"Well sor, praise be, we're home agin," said he after our salutations were ended.

"And where's Clarence?" I asked.

"The dear boy shtayed wid me all night, and shtruck out fer home long before sun-up this marnin'."

"Where's Ole then?" said I.

"Ole is not wid us, sor," said Michael without looking up.

It required several weeks to obtain from Michael and Clarence the full history of Ole's last fight in the Philippines. I will here set down the facts that I received, only taking care to give them their natural and proper sequence.

It was over a marsh and slippery ground that our regiment advanced, and the fire from the shallow trenches beyond, although wavering and poorly directed, did much execution in our ranks. The three musketeers advanced steadily, keeping close together and now and then pausing to fire. When a good part of the marsh was crossed, and the regiment was making a confident final rush for the trenches, Ole Mogard dropped his rifle, crying: "Ay am shoot!" and fell heavily. At this time, Clarence was a few yards in advance of his two comrades, and Michael exclaimed, overtaking him, "God help us, boy, Ole's hit plinty." Clarence made no reply, but ran swiftly on, keeping his eyes on the enemy's position. A moment later the demoralized natives swarmed away to the rear, leaving the trenches lined with their dead and wounded.

When Michael and Clarence retraced their steps across the marsh, they found their comrade lying under a clump of unfamiliar and tropical trees, together with other wounded soldiers. They knelt at Ole's side, and with their eyes appealed to the surgeon for information. With his eyes he replied that talking would neither hasten nor defer the end, but if they wished to communicate with him, it were safest to do so at once. Ole seemed to know that he was fatally hurt, but he could talk without pain.

"Ay tot probl you vill com," he said. "Now Meekel, it is von ting ay lak to tal you bae yousalf. Please ov you vod go vay for lil val, Clarence. Now dis is de idee vat ay got, Meekel. Ven ay vas marritt, ay bat mae life sure for two tousan dollar. Ven Rena is die, ay kip on to pay jus de sime. Becoos ay lak to geeve it to de boy. He is a werry gude boy, an' ay tot my be he lak to go vay on de skoal somtem. So yus lil val before ve stort, ay vent on de lawyer an' hat dom papars shange so dey is oll rat. Men ay tot ay am going tal you, so ov det lawyer try to do somting, you vud know." Michael signalled Clarence to

return. When his two friends were again at his side, the wounded soldier resumed talking. He spoke in a low voice, for he was greatly weakened from the loss of blood, and paused long between sentences.

"Val, ve has been togedder for gude val, eent ve, boys? Men noo sim so ve got to part. Ay got notting to fine fault wit you. You is bot been werry gude to me. An' ay hoop de is jus de sime wit you. Von ting ay vud lak. Ov dese har trees was cottonvood, lak de trees in Sout Dakot. Dey is de bast. Ay eent fear to die. Men ay olvis hoop ay vod die in de Unite States. Ay olvis hoop dey vod lay me op on de ol' hill, long wit Rena. Ay lof de lil town of Humboldt. Dar ve vas oll a gude frients. Ay radder die dar. Oh de is far away noo. Boys, ov you vud lift me so ay can see de flag."

They turned him about so that his eyes could rest upon the colors that floated over the captured trenches.

"Oh dar is de ol' flag!" he exclaimed. "Det is a gude flag. Det stor an' stripe is a werry gude flag. De look lak hoom. Oh de look lak hoom!"

The Hills of Hope

BETWEEN the lines of shadow, some rays of sunshine rest,
On valley, plain or meadow, or on the mountain's crest;
And so in life some pleasure, though sorrow clouds the way,
Slips in with love's heart-treasure and brings the blooms of May.

Soul questions soul in meeting: "Quo Vadis?" but mute lips
Give back no hopeful greeting, as out of life it slips;
Though as we journey onward, our feet in darkness grope,
We'll lift our faces sunward toward the Hills of Hope.

From out earth's dusky bosom, the whitest lilies bloom,
And sweet-faced pansies blossom above the grass-crowned tomb;
So years that seem so lonely and lives that go amiss
May be but waiting only God's hour to crown with bliss.

W. E. Pabor

Phases of the World's Affairs

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE Pan-American Congress, to be held in the City of Mexico, beginning October 15, next, directs attention anew to the beginnings of the Mexican republic. Clarence Ousley, of Galveston, Texas, presents the following sketch of the man whose genius and fortitude laid the foundations of republicanism in the country to the south of us. Benito Pablo Juarez, predecessor of Diaz in the presidency, and father of Mrs. Diaz, is fitly and affectionately styled the "father of his country"—the George Washington of Mexico. Upon the foundations which he laid his comrade and son-in-law, Diaz, has built an enduring structure of popular government and modern industrial civilization, raising Mexico to the front rank of Spanish-American republics. Mr. Ousley writes:

"En est lugar residia el Presedente Benito Juarez sostenendo la autonomia nacional cuando el ejercito Frances invadio la Republica, 1865-1866. La Patria debe a sus constancia y energia la revindicacion deradeos.

"So runs an inscription over the doorway of the post-office building at Ciudad Juarez, the typical Mexican town on the Rio Grande, just opposite El Paso, Texas. Until a few years ago the name of the town was El Paso del Norte, and so I shall call it in this narrative, to avoid confusion, since I am writing of Juarez, the Washington of modern Mexico, in whose honor the name of the town was changed. Liberally translated, the inscription informs the visitor that, 'In this place resided President Benito Juarez, sustaining the national autonomy at the time of the

French invasion of the republic in 1865-1866. To his fidelity and energy the country owes the re-establishment of its rights.'

" 'This place' is a characteristic Mexican structure of one story, but humble and unpretentious as it is, scarcely less so than the 'Hall of Representatives' at Philadelphia, to which it is close kin in liberty, and closer yet in that the republic born at Philadelphia was the exemplar and the champion of the republic in refuge at El Paso del Norte. The government of Mexico should set it apart from utilitarian uses and dedicate it to patriotic memories. But for the *constancia y energia* there displayed by the stolid and persevering old Indian jurist, statesman and revolutionist, Benito Juarez, in the crucial winter of 1865-6, there had been no republic, for he was the only man of force and influence with a clear vision of freedom and the craft to build a state.

"It may be remarked, also, as pertinent to the times, that no people ever showed less evidence of the capacity for self-government than the Mexicans had exhibited prior to the Juarez regime. As instructive on this point and by way of refreshing the memory, let us recall, in a few words, the main facts of modern Mexican history.

"Mexico became an independent government in 1823 under the regency of Iturbide, who was soon forcibly ousted by Santa Anna at the head of a republican movement. The constitutional republic led a troubled life until 1835, when Santa Anna, at the head of an army, again came into power and assumed dictatorial functions. The next year Texas won

her independence, and two years later Santa Anna was overthrown by Bravo, but in 1841 he set up another dictatorship. In 1844 the constitution was restored and 'The Napoleon of the West,' as Santa Anna was pleased to style himself, was exiled; but he became president again in 1846, set up another dictatorship in 1853, again became a fugitive and chaos reigned. Finally a provisional government was established in 1853 under Comonfort, who in due time became dictator. Comonfort was deposed by Zuloaga, who tried to convert the government into a monarchy under Miramon. Upon Zuloaga's abandonment of the presidency Juarez assumed the office by virtue of constitutional succession, as he was then the chief justice of the supreme court, the office next in authority to the president. Juarez established himself and constitutional government after a hard struggle, and was administering the affairs of the unhappy country under the difficulties which ever beset the ruler of a fickle people, when Louis Napoleon conceived the idea of uniting all the Latin races under one federation. The French emperor took advantage of the clerical and royalist opposition to Juarez, who had ruthlessly destroyed all church privileges and confiscated all church property. A convention of Mexican notables was held and the throne was offered to Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, archduke of Austria. Maximilian entered Mexico in June, 1864, and set up a splendid court. Juarez was driven from the capital and the republican cause was in eclipse. Juarez retreated steadily northward, but he kept a few hundred ragged soldiers about him, while the dashing Diaz held up the banner of free government in the far south. The president was pursued by the French as far north as Chihuahua, where they took position with the expectation of starving him out or at least of preventing his return to the capitol—

as if principle lived by bread alone, or the germ of republic must be kept in the hothouse of a palace.

"Arrived at El Paso del Norte, in the summer of 1865, Juarez there set up his government.

"From August, 1865, to April, 1866, little troubled by the French, who chose to believe that he had abandoned the struggle or had fled the country, Juarez issued proclamations in the usual volume and frequency of southern revolutionists, and from time to time commissioned brave spirits to go forth, organize bands and harass the enemy.

"Residing there then, as now, was Don Ynocente Ochoa, a wealthy young Mexican, who gave earnest allegiance and substantial aid to the cause. He frequently entertained Juarez and the cabinet, and his residence, little changed, stands there to-day. He is a multi-millionaire, perhaps the richest man in northern Mexico. Naturally, he is proud of his relations with the great president, and now, at the age of sixty-two, has abundant cause to rejoice at the humble but important part he played in the *revindication*.

"By an interesting coincidence, it was at the same residence that Mrs. Mc Kinley and the cabinet ladies were entertained at breakfast upon the occasion of the President's recent tour across the continent. The President himself did not cross the border.

"Benito Pablo Juarez was born in the state of Oajaca, March 21, 1806, of Indian parents, and was early orphaned. While a boy serving in the household of a well-to-do-gentleman, his intelligence attracted the attention of his employer, who gave him an education and encouraged him to become a lawyer. He was successful in his profession, was elected to the legislature in 1832, governor in 1847, and was chief justice of the supreme court and next in succession to the presidency when Zuloaga under-

took to make Miramon emperor. It was this incident that brought him to the high office.

"Don Ochoa describes him as quiet,—Indian-like,—taciturn, deliberate and resolute. He was social in the simple democratic fashion. He frequently dined out or spent an hour with friends, but avoided all elaborate functions."

* * *

The most distinguished globe girdler of the year, the Duke of Cornwall and York, heir to the British throne, is the guest of the Dominion of Canada. Accompanied by the Duchess and a numerous retinue, he has been making a series of state visits to the colonies of the world's greatest empire as the representative of the crown, and of the home government. Incidentally, he has been acquiring at first hand that intimate personal knowledge of his people that is the best equipment of a ruler; binding them, too, closer to the motherland and stimulating

INTERIOR OF DON YNOCENTE OCHOA'S RESIDENCE, CIUDAD JUAREZ, SHOWING THE CHAIR IN WHICH MRS. MC KINLEY SAT WHEN A GUEST THERE



BENITO PABLO JUAREZ, THE INDIAN WHO LAID THE FOUNDATION OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO



their loyalty by demonstrating that motherland's affection for her children. The rejoicings of our northern neighbors, tempered by generous sympathy for our own national grief, are none the less genuine, spontaneous and universal.

The colonial tour of the Duke was projected shortly before the death of the late Queen Victoria, and there is every reason to believe that the idea originated with her. It is equally certain that it was warmly supported by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who saw in it an excellent opportunity to fan the flame of imperial sentiment, which colonial participation in the South African campaign had already kindled. The chief occasion of the trip was the federation of the Australian

colonies, and the departure was timed to permit of the duke opening in person

were extended, and in the chief cities of the antipodes the demonstrations were on a scale of unprecedented splendor. In Melbourne and Sydney nearly a million dollars was expended on decorations alone.

CUSTOM HOUSE AT CIUDAD JUAREZ, ONE OF THE FEW MODERN BUILDINGS IN THE OLD TOWN



the first parliament of the new commonwealth.

The tour was commenced on March 16, 1901, when, amid the thunder of great guns from forts and warships, the royal yacht "Ophir" steamed out of Portsmouth harbor. She was escorted by two warships, one of them, the "Niobe," commanded by Captain John Denison, a native of Toronto, Canada. At Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore, loyal welcomes

Adelaide, South Australia, and Freemantle in the West.

The departure from Australia took place in the middle of July, and after a two days' sojourn at the Mauritius, the "Ophir" was headed for the coast of South Africa. Visits were paid to Durban, Simonstown, Ascension and Cape Town, and again the warmth of imperial sentiment was shown. The demonstrations in the duke's honor were full of enthusiasm, and deputations of native

RESIDENCE OF DON YNOCENTE OCHOA, CIUDAD JUAREZ, WHERE PRESIDENT JUAREZ WAS ENTERTAINED IN 1865-6, AND WHERE MRS. MCKINLEY AND THE CABINET LADIES WERE ENTERTAINED IN 1901



chiefs were received and made professions of loyalty to the British crown. On the 23d of August the "Ophir" left Cape Town, direct for Canada.

In Canada the royal visit had been looked forward to with pleasure not un-mixed with heart burnings, owing to the exclusive nature of many of the functions. The program for the British North American tour was a comprehensive one. Degrees were conferred by universities, reviews of troops held at Quebec, Toronto, and Halifax; South African war decorations bestowed, corner stones laid and monuments unveiled. A cascade of loyal addresses was also poured in at a few centres. The programs arranged by the committee were in many cases so lengthy, that gubernatorial instructions for curtailment were issued.

At Quebec, in addition to the customary official welcomes, addresses were presented and a review of 5,000 troops

held. Montreal, where the Royal party arrived on September 18, was another centre for the presentation of addresses

*DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK, PROSPECTIVE
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND
EMPRESS OF INDIA*



*DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK, HEIR TO THE
BRITISH THRONE*



and a great reception was held, a magnificent display of fireworks given, and His Royal Highness was afforded an opportunity to witness a game of baseball for the first time.

In Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, due to be reached on the 20th, as this is written, elaborate preparations have been made. The parliament buildings and other public edifices were to be magnificently illuminated, the new statue of the late Queen Victoria unveiled, the usual receptions, presentations of addresses and similar functions undergone. The duke and duchess were also to see a game of lacrosse, the Canadian national game and to enjoy the novel experience of a trip down the rapids and log slides of the Ottawa river, under the guidance of experienced voyageurs.

The next cities on the itinerary were Winnipeg, Manitoba, reached September 26; Regina, N. W. T., September

elaborate scale. A prominent feature will be a review of 10,000 troops.

After the departure from Toronto a

A "PRAIRIE SCHOONER" EN ROUTE TO THE "PROMISED LAND" OF FREE FARMS



27; Calgary, N. W. T., September 28; Vancouver, B. C., September 30; Victoria, B. C., October 10.

The return trip to the Atlantic coast will be made in a more leisurely manner, giving His Royal Highness a chance to do a little shooting in the Rockies. Toronto will be reached on October 10, and the demonstration will be on a very

flying visit will be paid to the smaller towns and cities in Western Ontario, including Niagara Falls. The journey to Halifax, the point of departure from Canada, will be begun on October 14, and visits will be paid, en route, to Brockville and Kingston in Ontario, Sherbrooke in Quebec, and St. John in New Brunswick. The royal party will

LAND HUNTERS IN CAMP: COOKING, SEWING AND "WRITING HOME"



arrive in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on October 19, where a review of 6,000 troops will be held; on October 21, the "Ophir" will sail for England.

* * *

Uncle Sam puts his mark on a bit of paper and it becomes worth anywhere from one dollar to a thousand or more, but he doesn't allow any of his nephews or nieces this privilege. Most of those who have tried him on this point are thinking it over behind barred doors. He doesn't allow his people to run lotteries, but if he takes a notion to run one himself there is none to say him nay. He operated a lottery in mid-summer of this year and disposed of 13,000 farms in that way. There was some criticism, but little of it came from holders of tickets in the lottery. These—whether they won or lost—were assured they had been given a fair chance and an honest drawing. They knew, too, that the lottery plan was vastly fairer to all concerned, and more humane than the rush-in-grab-all method that had been followed in other land distributions. In those affairs the strongest got the best prizes and the rifle ball settled disputes more often and with less show of justice than the law of equity. The government officials were determined that there should be no more scenes of deadly rivalry, rioting and bloodshed, such as had disgraced earlier free land openings. Hence the lottery. Lucy E. Gage, writing to this magazine from El Reno, the seat of the drawing, says there were 167,000 registered applicants for the 13,000 farms. She adds:

"Interest centered about the hitherto unknown town of El Reno, Oklahoma Territory, as soon as it became known through the President's proclamation of July 4, that here would take place the drawing of the 13,000 farms, on and after August 6. Prairie schooner after prairie schooner wended its way

across the states of Missouri, Kansas and through the Territory toward this goal. Train-load after train-load poured its human freight into this small town of three or four thousand souls until at the close of the period of registration over

STEPHEN A. HOLCOMB, WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE
IN THE EL RENO DISTRICT LAND DRAWING



167,000 people had jotted down their names, and each had paid twenty-five over 14,000 persons of both sexes were registered in the El Reno district alone.

THE CHEVY CHASE GOLF CLUB HOUSE. HOME-LIKE IN A BOWER OF GREEN



cents for the privilege of thinking he or she might be one of the lucky 13,000.

"Here, in this vast throng, you could detect the farmer, the mechanic, the business man, the professional man, the

"The citizens rose to the occasion and opened their homes, churches and schools for lodging; the street lunch-counters, restaurants and hotels tried to satisfy the inner man. In the main, all

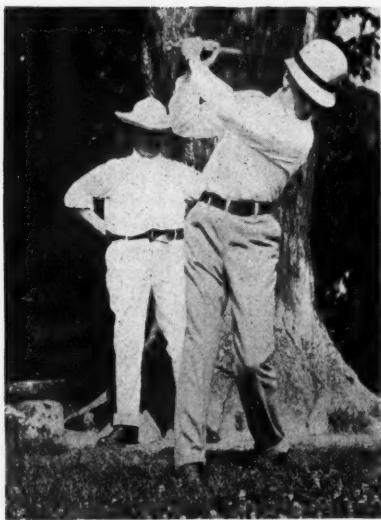
ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: A GROUP OF SOCIETY MEN AT PLAY



soldier, the widow, the plucky Western girl, all alike clamoring for the registration booths. These were scattered throughout the town, two being exclusively for women, so that during one day

were well taken care of, and a happier, more orderly conglomeration of humanity would be hard to find. Everything and everybody was festive, and amid the street cries, music and surging crowds

ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: JUSTICE McKENNA, THE GRAND OLD GOLFER OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, IN THREE CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES



one could easily imagine one was walking along a Midway; and yet here and there near a street corner, there would be a lull and from a knot of earnest men there arose a sacred song, a prayer or

testimonial of something beyond the temporal. The church services on the Sabbath preceding the opening were in keeping with the time and place. The pastor of the Presbyterian church invited

four or five from the audience to give short talks. These included a traveling-man from New York City, a sleeping-car conductor of Cincinnati and a tinner from Kansas City, and it is needless to say the interest of the audience never flagged.

"The following day, July 29, was the anxiously awaited Monday, the first day of the great drawing. It dawned bright and clear but with mid-summer intensity; notwithstanding, 50,000 people were gathered before the raised platform several hours before things were in readiness. The committee in charge, appointed by the secretary of the interior, had two large, oblong revolving boxes constructed, to receive the registered names, the one to the left of the platform contained those of the Lawton district, or the southern half of the new country; the one to the right those registered in the El Reno district, or northern half.

"Into these boxes, before the eyes of that eager throng, the clerks hastened to

pour the 167,000 names, all previously classified according to district. When

ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: SOLICITOR-GENERAL RICHARDS WATCHING A LONG DRIVE



completed, Colonel Dyer of St. Louis, a member of the committee, stepped to the front of the platform and raised his hand, whereupon the eager listeners craned their necks, while the president's proclamation was read in full.

"The El Reno crank was the first to revolve, and out came lucky No. 1. Colonel Dyer announced in trumpet-like tones — 'Stephen A. Holcomb!' They continued to draw twenty-five names from the El Reno box, then the Lawton box revolved and again with bated breath the anxious crowd stretched forward to catch the name of James Woods. After this announcement, how that congested mass scattered, quite like spoiled children who run away and pout and won't have any because they can't have the best!

"During the first day they continued to draw alternately in groups of twenty-five, then increased in number each day until the 13,000 claims were drawn, and it is said they hope to send a number to every registered name to verify that its owner had a place in the drawing.

"After the third or fourth day the

ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: PAYMASTER-GENERAL BATES, U S A., WITH HIS EYE ON THE BALL



'White City' began to fade away, the out-going trains were as packed as the in-coming ones had been the week before. The prairie schooner again took up her trail, either back to the old home, or to locate the new one, or perhaps, undaunted by failure to secure a farm, to push onward to one of the new county seats to await snaps in town lots.

"Thus gradually has El Reno regained her equilibrium, but the drawing of August, 1901, has made her the acknowledged gateway to the new country, whose resources are unlimited."

* * *

Justice McKenna, the California member of the United States Supreme Court, is certainly the grand old golfer of the Federal bench. There are many other justices who smash the ball and fozzle their approaches in approved fashion—but of them all not even Justice Harlan brings into the royal game the enthusiasm of Justice McKenna. The snapshots given in this department show the veteran jurist in three typical golf attitudes. Two of these positions suggest the poise of a man chopping wood—but no man ever chopped wood with the keen interest that Justice McKenna gives to lambasting the globe of gutta percha. In the third picture of the justice he is shown watching the flight of the ball,

ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: SMILING AT THE SNAPSHOT ARTIST



which has just left the earth, propelled by his driver. This implement he

ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: SHE WEARS THE SCOTCH PLAID, AS BEFITTING A SCOTCH GAME



holds extended at full length for a brief space of time while he follows with his eyes the bullet-like ascent and descent of the ball, more than a hundred yards away from where he stands. Many famous men, servants of the government, play on the links at Chevy Chase. They have learned, as grave business and professional men in all the cities have learned, that golf is pre-eminently the game for them; a game that fills the lungs with fresh air, purifies the blood, spurs flagging spirits and renews physical and mental energies. It is told of Mr. Farwell, one of the merchant princes of Chicago, that at a certain hour every afternoon, no matter what business presses for attention, he has another engagement more important to him. That engagement requires his presence upon the links of his golf club, where he renews his youth and lengthens his days of usefulness. Lieutenant-General Miles, the head of the United States army, is an ardent golfer. Clad in outing rig he

pursues the ball from hole to hole with the same energy and foresight he displayed years ago in chasing the hardly more elusive redskins in the plains and mountains of the West. Solicitor-Gen-

away the perspiration that brisk walking and vigorous driving produce on fall days

ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: GENERAL MILES PREPARES TO "LIFT" THE BALL



eral Richards of the nation's law department "has his eye on the ball," as the boys say of a good batter in a baseball game. He is watching it fly, and, like a good lawyer, calculating the number of strokes that will be required to "hole" it. Paymaster-General Bates, as you see, carries a towel in his belt to wipe

ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS: GENERAL MILES "LIFTS" IT



in the latitude of Washington. They all love the game and get good results from it in clear eyes, improved respiration, cheery temper and sharpened appetites. The house of the Chevy Chase Golf Club probably is outing headquarters for more celebrities—men of real achievement in the world—than any other in the country. It is a handsome structure, set up amid exceedingly pretty surroundings, and merely to look upon it is a rest for eyes wearied of the hot pavements and dusty cobblestones of the cities.

* * *

One of the world's most interesting places, and the seat of one of the most notable governments, is the group of islands that are embraced in the British Colony of New Zealand. Now that American manufacturers are looking abroad for more, and always more, buyers to consume their surplus products,

they are studying the markets offered by certain experiments in state socialism the great newly developed regions of the in Australia and New Zealand. Especially

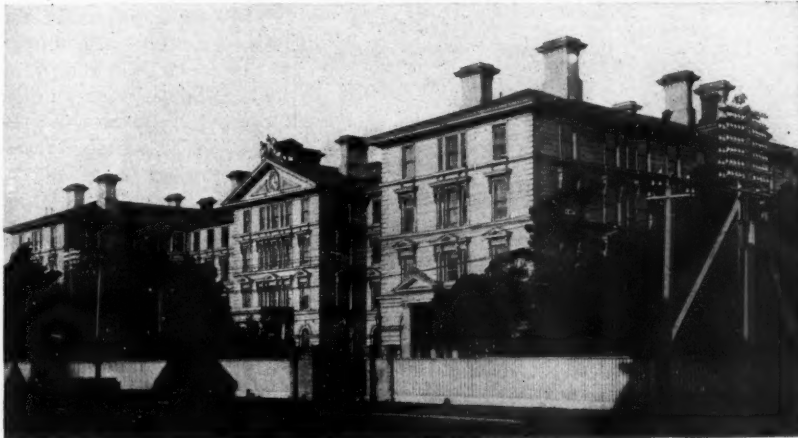
A TYPICAL BIT OF NEW ZEALAND SHORE SCENERY



South Seas with greater interest than ever before. For a long time some political economists have been regarding with deep interest the working out of

ially in the latter colony have men put into practice views that in our own land we still held merely as theories, though even here they are making rapid head-

COLONIAL GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND



way in the favor of masses called to meet new economic conditions. As Great Britain at home, so to speak, has been the largest and best customer of American farmers and manufacturers, it is reasonable to believe that the British Australasian colonies, inhabited mostly by English speaking people, well-to-do, and as willing as able to buy the best the inventive genius of the world affords in every field, will also become good and profitable patrons of our fields and workshops. Politically the colonies of Australia and New Zealand have much in common, but New Zealand has phases of life that differ widely from the Australian. The aboriginal people of both colonies were markedly different—those of New Zealand being far ahead of the Australian blacks in natural intelligence and adaptability to the civilization of the white man. Some pictures presented herewith, taken for this magazine by Mrs. R. T. Fowler, formerly a resident of Boston, and now the wife of a prosperous merchant of Auckland, afford

glimpses of life in this region toward which the expansive energies of our great exporters are now turning.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ATTENDED BY MAORI CHILDREN



When on September 5, the day before his assassination, President McKinley delivered his great address at the Pan-American Exposition, he had no more interested auditors than the members of the diplomatic corps. Of the part these distinguished men played in that day's proceedings John Vavasour Noel, chief of the Latin-American Press section of the Exposition, writes for this magazine the following "hurried notes":

"President's Day at the Pan-American was, up to that time, the day of days, by reason of the presence of the Chief Executive of the nation, on account of the attendance of over 116,000, and because the most significant and important political speech of the last ten years was impressively delivered by the man whose wise economic foresight was the greatest factor in our actual prosperity. The comments of the foreign press proved that the policy outlined

WINGLESS BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND, NOT YET EXTINCT



therein was understood, and the various artistic temporary creation of modern representatives of the nations of the times. On the great electric tower, great world listened attentively to the masterly logic of McKinley.

"I am sure that none of the distinguished men present will readily forget the scene as they sat immediately behind the President on the stand which faced the Ethnology Building and from which a general view of the Exposition was had. Over fifty thousand patriotic Americans surged against a frail rope to listen to the prophetic words of the man they had elected should inhabit the White House. With as little pomp and display of power as was compatible under the circumstances, the President of the United States and Mrs. McKinley surrounded by the officials of the Pan-American Exposition, by the diplomatic corps and by many personal friends, faced the imposing audience around which rose the gorgeous and befitting setting of the most

ADMIRAL DEWEY, PRESIDENT OF THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY, NOW SITTING AT WASHINGTON, PAUSES ON THE STEPS OF HIS HOME TO GREET A FRIEND



because of its beauty and symbolic of the highest attainments of modern civilization, stood the Goddess of Light, like her sister in the port of New York, holding aloft her torch, on which the sun threw burning rays of life. Silent and deeply interested those keen and worldly diplomats listened to the clear and trumpet-like voice of the President and took in their unique and historical surroundings.

"One of the first to arrive was the Duke de Arcos, the Spanish minister, whose tact and savoir faire in a difficult situation have always been

STREET SCENE IN AUCKLAND, THE METROPOLIS OF NEW ZEALAND



greatly appreciated by the American people. Rather tall, with a bushy reddish beard and a monocle, he reminds one of the famous Marquis di Rudini, the great political opponent of the late Crispi. In chatting with the duke, in his own native tongue, while being driven to the Stadium, I was impressed by his great appreciation of the value of expositions and of his understanding of the special traits of the American character. 'Such creations as these,' he said, referring by a sweep of his arm to the scene before him, 'are, if properly conducted, of great benefit to all concerned. I have heard a great deal of the Pan-American and am delighted.'

"In the same carriage sat Senor Don Joaquin Bernardo Calvo, the Costa Rican minister at Washington, and Senhor R. Reider de Amaral, first secretary of

the Brazilian Legation. Senor Calvo, a rather stout man of regular stature, is a

REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY OUT FOR A MORNING WALK



MAORI WOMAN WEARING HER MAT DRESS



very progressive Central American, and his grasp of the Exposition and of the intense patriotism of the people was evident by the manner in which he observed everything and everybody, hesitating not to ask pertinent questions. Senhor R. Reider de Amaral has not been in this country very long and was consequently eager to be informed of everything of interest.

"Chikib Bey, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Turkey, accompanied by Djelal Murrif and Sidky Bey, respectively first and second secretaries of the Turkish Legation, at Washington, slowly mounted the steps to the President's stand, gazing with admiring eyes upon the beautiful scene,

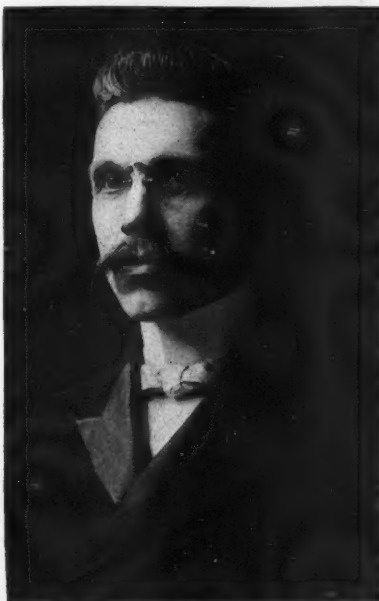
and like good Orientals, admiring also the array of female loveliness near them. The Turkish minister wore the traditional red fez and languidly held a green-tipped cigarette. Were it not for his characteristic headgear this distinguished diplomat might have been taken for a typical Parisian. In the most charming French, he signified to me his delight at being able to be present on such a memorable occasion, and talked at length on the artistic features of the Exposition.

"The Chinese and Corean diplomats in blue and gray silken robes, brought a bit of color among the black-robed representatives. They acted in a dignified and reserved fashion, as if they desired to keep in the background. I discovered that they spoke excellent English, and were delighted with the opportunity of visiting the Pan-American with their conferees under such auspicious circumstances, at the time.

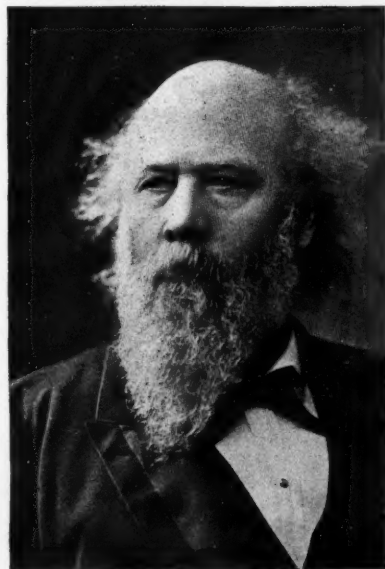
"One of the earliest arrivals was the dean of the party, Senor Don Manuel de

Aspiroz, ambassador from the Republic of Mexico, whose rank and age easily gave him the seniority. Senor Aspiroz

EDWIN C. MADDEN, THIRD ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL, WHO IS CORRECTING ABUSES IN THE MAIL SERVICE



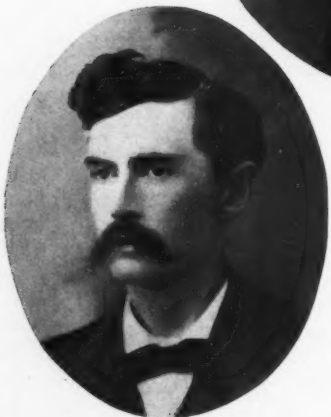
MAJOR PRUDEN, THE VETERAN EXECUTIVE CLERK AT THE WHITE HOUSE



is much beloved at Washington and by all who come in contact with him.

"Among the other diplomats who were present on that memorable day were Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese minister, a short, square-shouldered man with a black mustache; Senor Carlos Martinez Silva, minister from Colombia; Senor Manuel Alvarez Calderon, Peruvian minister; Senor Don Augusto F. Pulido, Charge d'Affaires for Venezuela; Count Quadt, of the German Embassy, and others. This distinguished party accompanied the President during the ceremonies of that most historic day, and were the honored guests of the Pan-American Exposition. Their presence was a most fitting one and went far to show how greatly was the President esteemed by them."

A GROUP OF NEW MEMBERS OF "THE NATIONAL'S" CONTRIBUTING STAFF: STORY
TELLERS, POETS AND JOURNALISTS



HENRY RIGHTOR OF NEW ORLEANS JOS. M. LEVEQUE, EDITOR OF "HARLEQUIN,"
NEW ORLEANS
EDWARD F. YOUNGER OF CHICAGO
E. CRAYTON MCCANTS OF SOUTH CAROLINA SCUDDAY RICHARDSON OF TEXAS

Educated Pete, the Kansas Grasshopper

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

"STEP up and see Educated Pete, the Kansas Grasshopper," said the young man who was bally-hooing on the Midway. The table he had was covered with green cloth and on the top was a single grasshopper calmly eating away at the green leaves that had been given him for his breakfast.

"Step up; I'll have him do a little song and dance for you," called out the stentorian voice again as two young ladies moved timidly by. "He eats with his knife and fork," continued the spieler, in his vain endeavor to arrest the attention of the passersby.

"Now maybe you think a grasshopper cannot be educated," he challenged.

A curious and interested group gathered close up to see the demonstration that a grasshopper could be educated.

"As I was saying, I have here the famous educated grasshopper from Kansas, whom I have named Educated Pete." There were incredulous smiles among those who were close up, which the spieler frowned away as he continued soberly. "First thing I want to call your attention to is the fact that Pete stays at my side without restraint and is as faithful to his master as is the finest dog. Notice him eating as unconcernedly as if there were no curious eyes focused upon him. One thing I have learned in my close association with Pete is that he does not suffer embarrassment in the slightest degree. Since the natural instinct of fear, which all animals possess, has been removed by my kindness to him, he has shown himself to be a very courteous and sincere friend.

"Now, the capture and education of

Pete is full of intensely interesting facts. I have long been interested in bugology, and was the first person to ever teach a spider to walk the tight wire on his tip toes."

There were smiles again, but they hastily yielded to his frown.

"When my attention was first called to Pete, it was away out on the prairies of Kansas, where he was trying to eat up everything in sight. I discovered him astride of a spear of grass playing teeter-totter with another grasshopper. And, ladies and gentlemen, it was this simple fact and this alone, that told me a grasshopper could be educated. I realized that in his little mind there was the element of play that is inborn in the offspring of animals. Why not insects as well? There was more than mere instinct in his little but oddly shaped cranium, because to enjoy fun he must have a brain capable of thinking thoughts, and having that he could be taught, with the proper amount of patience and care, the same as any other animal."

Gradually the hearers edged in closer, becoming interested, and under the spell of the spieler's earnestness, incredulity was fast disappearing.

"As to the training of the grasshopper, any of you can accomplish it if you but have enough patience. For instance, after bringing Pete home, carefully wrapped in a handkerchief, I began the course of education. The first thing to do was to impress the fact upon his small mind that he must not leave me. In order to do this I took a common glass tumbler and set it over him, leaving it for some time. Finally, when I took it off, he started to jump away and I im-

mediately set it over him again, leaving it a little longer this time. After doing this an innumerable number of times he learned my wishes in the matter and was content to remain at my side, as you see here.

"While this in itself is a great and important step, yet it is but the beginning of a number of remarkable things that can be taught grasshoppers. "Here Pete, crawl up on my hand. Now ladies, I have him on the back of my hand, and I'll have him shake hands with the ladies. Pete, what hand do you lift to shake hands with? The right hand; that's right. He is holding up his hand, ladies, for a hand shake. Will anybody accommodate him? A little boy, all right, take your finger and touch his paw. He'll not bite—he enjoys it. That's right.

"Now, Pete, make a little bow to the ladies. Notice how he moves his little paw across his eyes. That is the only way Pete has of bowing. That's a good little fellow; now jump down and finish your breakfast.

"Little Pete has one very bad habit. But it is strictly an American habit. He chews tobacco. Perhaps if he should become enamored of some little feminine grasshopper who objected to it, he could stop the bad habit. But I doubt it very much, as he began it at a very early age.

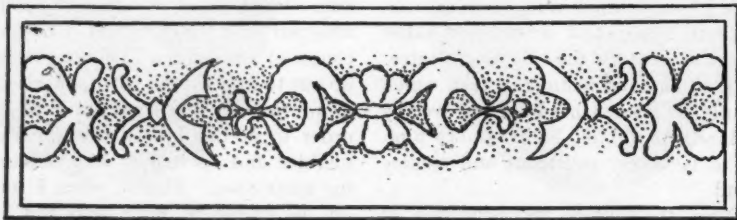
"There are great possibilities in the training of grasshoppers in American. For instance, in the Philippines they train roosters to fight simply to relieve a pent up desire in their owners for sport. See how far sport will have been ad-

vanced. Instead of the cruel fights by roosters, people will some day have *athletic contests* between trained grasshoppers. These contests will include the broad jump, the standing jump; pole vaulting and hop, skip and jump, and probably be given under auspices of the Y. M. C. A. I cautiously and conservatively announce that it is my conviction that in the twenty-first century a man or woman without his or her trained grasshopper will be unknown. The ladies will have them as pets in the house to hunt up needles and pins and other small articles that become lost. The great usefulness of the grasshopper as a household pet is a thing of the future.

"Now one moment, and I am through. I am selling photographs of Educated Pete for the small price of ten cents—a tenth of a dollar. Full directions on the back of each photograph how to educate and train a grasshopper the same as I have trained Educated Pete. I have only a limited number left. Who will be the first to get this wonderful souvenir of the Pan-American? A photograph of Educated Pete, the Kansas Grasshopper! Who's the next? And who's the next? Step lively, please! . And who's the next? Tell your friends about it. This wonderful sight! Who's the next?"

Gradually the crowd disappeared, a large number of the photographs being sold, and when all had gone the spieler counted his change, smiled and took a drink of water before starting again:

"Step up and see Kansas Pete, the educated grasshopper!"



The Defection of Danny's Mommer

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

MRS. DANIEL DARROW did not believe in spanking. She had ably maintained in a paper before the North Side Mother's Club that to inflict physical pain on a helpless child was barbaric, cruel, unnecessary and utterly subversive of those finer feelings of comradeship which should exist between parent and child. The club was enthusiastic in its endorsement of "The Passing of Corporal Punishment," and voted almost unanimously for the publication and wide distribution of the paper. Mrs. Darrow felt it to be a striking instance of the strength of the foolish conventions which had so long bound women that Mrs. Wentworth, genial mother of six children though she was, remained unconvinced as to the practical working of the new scientific substitutes for the old-fashioned rod.

Certainly Mrs. Darrow had in Daniel, Jr., splendid material upon which to test her theories to the utmost. He was what Mrs. Barry, washlady for sundry families in the neighborhood, called "a limb." Sometimes she varied her form of expression, pronouncing him to be "a little divvle," but in either case she meant the same thing.

He appeared as cherubic a child as one would want to meet. His big, blue eyes, his engaging smile, his charming lisp were eloquent of innocence, but in his four-year-old heart lurked suggestions of depravity to be accounted for only on the basis of original sin. There were times when the maternal happiness in the possession of her darling was so keen that a painful fear filled her mind lest he should be found too good for this world. This was usually when the cher-

ub lay asleep, with his beautiful, golden curls falling across his pink and white cheeks. At other times she rarely had to combat this anxiety, except when he sat in demure silence plotting further mischief. It was characteristic of her attitude toward him that if this perpetual-motion machine was quiet for an instant she at once suspected him of being sick.

Divers were her methods of punishment. She would take him on her knee and reason with him till tender-hearted Dannie burst into a sudden gush of tears at the pain he was causing his "Mommer." She would make him say his prayers and ask forgiveness, would deny him some expected pleasure, or in extreme cases would lock him in the coal cellar, from whence Master Daniel usually emerged gaily with black hands and face, having put in his period of enforced confinement in playing train engineer. In any case he always had the happy faculty of forgetting immediately that he was under punishment and beamed upon his mother so confidently that sometimes she too forgot it. If she heartlessly reminded him of his disgrace he made of it a fascinating play, in which he alternately chided himself for his naughtiness and made penitent promises of amendment in voices suited to the different parts.

The morning after the reading of his mother's paper Daniel was unusually active. It almost seemed as if the formal announcement of the passing of the rod had stirred him to celebration of the event. At any rate he exerted himself to make his presence felt in his little world.

"You're tryin' yourself, Dannie, me

"b'ye," Bridget told him wrathfully, as she drove him from the kitchen at last.

He lured the pup into the woodshed and painted him a deep, rich green varied with occasional stripes of red, after which he transferred his attentions to the cat and laboriously worked three umbrella rings on its tail. Later he ventured back into the kitchen on a visit of propitiation, and in the cook's absence, while endeavoring to help himself to dough from the pan to make play bread, emptied the sticky mass upon his head.

Daniel explained to his mother that it had been "an assident," but nevertheless she locked him into a dark closet, forgetful for the moment that it contained the preserves. When the young man emerged his face and hands had taken on a streaky tint of plum jam. As a last resort he was consigned to the coal cellar, being carefully tied out of reach of the coal. After fifteen minutes more of durance vile he was once more turned loose upon the world.

It might have been a half hour after this that Mrs. Darrow had occasion to go down into the cellar after something. When she came back to the head of the stairs she found the door would not open.

This struck her as curious, but she labored with it faithfully for a time. There was no use in calling the cook to let her out, because Bridget had just gone home to visit her mother. Presently she called to the cherub.

"Dannie!"

No answer.

"Dannie, dear!"

Still the silence of the dead. It had occurred to Master Daniel that this would be a good time to explore the forbidden street which stretched away from the front door into fairyland, and like Columbus he had gallantly adventured forth on a tour of discovery. What an hour of delightful contemplation of confectioners' windows! What tantalizing bliss to stare at luscious chocolate dogs

and many-hued candy canes! Alas! The sweetest, most tormenting thrill comes at last to an end. Master Daniel was haled home in tears, with a very flat nose (due to prolonged pressure against plate glass windows) by an over-zealous policeman who recognized him.

Mrs. Darrow had spent the hour in a dreadful turmoil and anxiety of mind. She conjured up visions of the house burning to the ground, of burglars going through the valuables, of Master Daniel abducted by wicked kidnappers. Strangely enough, she never suspected the truth.

When Daniel re-entered the house he heard a muffled voice calling him. With an appalling consciousness of guilt he remembered for the first time where he had left his mother.

"Yes'm!"

"Oh Dannie dear, where have you been? Mother was afraid her darling was stolen."

"Been eve'ywhere, Mommer. You'd orter see the elephant in the store—a candy elephant, Mommer."

"You naughty boy! Haven't I told you a hundred times never to go down the street alone? Open the door!"

But Dannie was wise in his generation with the wisdom of the serpent, and he decided to make terms before he relieved the garrison. While he was still hesitating over the articles of capitulation, his mother called again:

"What's the matter with this door? Have you been bothering it?" she asked, severely suspicious.

"No'm. I—I jes' locked it."

"You bad boy! Unlock it directly. The idea! I believe you knew I was down here. When I get out I'll—"

She shook the door ungently to emphasize her remark.

Daniel the imaginative had suddenly become seized of a delightful idea. He would play that Mommer had been naughty and he had locked her in the

cellar for punishment. He would see how it felt to be the Olympian.

"Daniel, let me out. Do you hear?"

"Will oo be dood, Mommer?"

"Daniel, let—me—out!"

"Dannie doesn't know what to do with oo, 'tause oo been so naughty." (This very sadly).

To put it mildly, Daniel's mother was angry. She rattled the door till the hinges creaked.

"It hurts Dannie to punish oo, Mommer. Why won't oo be dood?" pleaded Master Daniel with sweet forgiveness in his voice.

Mrs. Darrow attempted to keep all trace of passion from her manner, but the circumstances were not conducive to perfect serenity. "Mamma is very angry at you, Daniel. You must open the door at once—this very moment, or you will be punished severely," she told him with studied gentleness.

"Dannie keeps Mommer in so she may fink how naughty she has been. 'Oo must ask Dod to forgive oo."

The scolding that Master Darrow received at this point would have daunted a less resolute reformer, but the spirit of amendment had taken possession of our hero and he determined to make his mother good if it took all day. From precept he knew a good deal about being good, for Mrs. Darrow had been at considerable pains to bring him up in the way he should go.

"It's not nice to raise 'oor voice so, Mommer. I'm not in the next street, 'oo know," he explained with placid serenity.

"Listen to me, Daniel. When I get out I'm going to give you the worst whipping you ever had in your life—the very worst."

"Better count twenty, Mommer. 'Oo may say somefing 'oo'll be sorry for," advised the young reformer sweetly.

"Daniel!!!!" There were exclamation marks galore in her voice, but Dan-

nie trod the primrose path undisturbed.

"Ask Dod to forgive 'oo. Say 'oor prayers like a dood lady. 'Now I lay me.' Go on, Mommer."

Mrs. Darrow bargained, threatened, cajoled, bribed, wept, but Master Darrow was adamant. He was resolved that she should stay in the cellar till she was good, and his test of goodness appeared to be the nightly prayer verse. He put in eighty minutes of valuable time convincing her that he knew what was best for her good, and at the end of that period the garrison capitulated unconditionally.

So it chanced that Mrs. Wentworth, coming over to get a recipe for caramel custard and finding the front door open, walked in upon a scene which was, to say the least, unusual. Mrs. Darrow was repeating for the third time "Now I lay me down to sleep" at the dictation of Master Daniel.

"And make Mommer better, and nicer to her little boy Dannie what the angels sended and the doctor bringed," continued the youthful instructor in religious training.

"Dannie, let me out. *Please!*" implored his mother.

"And make Mommer better and more nicer to little Dannie what the angels sended and Doctor Morrison bringed," repeated that young man inflexibly.

His mother mumbled it after him. Then Master Dannie lifted up his voice in song, probably intent on bringing the meeting to an appropriate end, his clear little treble piped out:

*"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm,
And dare to make it known."*

He was proceeding to arrange terms of personal immunity from vengeance when Mrs. Wentworth slipped past him and turned the key of the cellar door. Master Daniel recognized that his flank had

been turned, and tacitly admitted by attempted flight the impending triumph of the enemy. Like Cronje, however, he had lingered too long in the presence of a superior force.

"The little imp!"

These were, I regret to have to chronicle, the words used by the author of "The Passing of Corporal Punishment," as, with a very red face, she flashed past the relieving force and swooped down upon the flying besieger. Pursued and pursuer disappeared together into an adjoining parlor, whence presently issued the sound of something falling at regular intervals upon a soft substance, accompanied by a prolonged and protestant youthful wail.

Mrs. Wentworth drew her own conclusions, smiled, and withdrew from the field of battle without the caramel custard receipt. She had divined the sad fact that in the next room a reversion to barbarism was occurring, and that Master Dannie was undergoing the same old savage, uncivilized and cruel treatment so long endured (with what futile wriggings) and in after years so ignorantly sanctioned, by generations of his ancestors. Next day the North Side Mothers' Club, with the exception of two members, was surprised at the announcement that Mrs. Daniel Darrow's able paper on "The Passing of Corporal Punishment" had been withdrawn from the hands of the printers by its author.

Ticonderoga

These ragged, crumbling walls,
O'er which the sunset falls—
How strange and far away they seem!
Landmarks from history's page,
Ghosts of a bygone age,
Phantoms of half forgotten dream.

Here stood that daring band—
Brave sons of freedom's land—
In great Jehovah's name and might.
Here Allen, stern as Fate,
Towered by the postern-gate,
His unsheathed sword-blade gleaming bright.

The ringing words he spake
Made far-off tyrants quake,
And echo yet like bugle-tones;
God his authority,
God, and a people free!
Proclaim it still, ye ancient stones!

O grand, heroic time!
O patriot age sublime!
How noble these your monuments—
The record of your deeds,
Your old walls plumed with weeds,
Your spirit breathed in new events!

James Buckham

Reciprocity a Spur to Exports

An Epoch-Making Address, the Late President's Last Public Utterance, Delivered at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, September 5, 1901

By WILLIAM McKINLEY

PRESIDENT MILBURN, DIRECTOR-GENERAL BUCHANAN, COMMISSIONERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am glad to be again in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good-will I have been repeatedly and signally honored.

To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interests and success. To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the Republics of Mexico and of Central and South America and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student.

Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and

as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor.

The Quest for Trade

The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve, and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness and recognizing the manifold achievements of

others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity.

The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory. After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples, and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced.

Annihilation of Space

Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time, and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers.

Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of

the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined.

The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the City of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed.

How different now! We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

The Nations Linked Together

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Peking, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communications inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the govern-

ment of the United States brought through our minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas.

God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstandings and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability.

That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness.

No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers

will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention.

Outline of a New Policy

Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, so that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Com-

mercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer.

We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central America, South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind

was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the new world. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement, which finds this practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico.

The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear, this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but her influence will remain to

*"Make it live beyond its too short living
With praises and thanksgiving."*

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition?

Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

The Calming Thought of All

THAT coursing on, whate'er men's speculations,
Amid the changing schools, theologies, philosophies,
Amid the bawling presentations new and old,
The round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes continue.

Walt Whitman



Nixon Waterman's Philosophy

*"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs
With insolent pride of station;
Don't be proud and turn up your nose,
At poorer people, in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of your mind's
repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and
goes,
And that all proud flesh, wherever it
grows,
Is subject to irritation."*

THE foregoing reference to clothes serves to remind us of the fact that the good people of Great Britain who are already busily planning the raiment in which they are to appear at the coronation ceremonies to be held next year, are said to have in mind Shakespeare's line, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." Without doubt the coronation of King Edward VII. will be the most costly and elaborate "full dress" affair that has occurred in modern times. As a matter of course, Dame Fashion has nothing that is really new to offer the world. She appears to have done her best and her worst in past ages, and all that is now left for her amusement is just to review her former vagaries in such combinations as she prefers to suggest.

King Edward VII. will not be permitted or compelled to look upon such a wonderful display of costumes as greeted the eye of his distinguished predecessor, Edward III. The English beau of the fourteenth century was a spectacle that must have added greatly to the gayety of nations. He wore long, pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on one leg and another color on the other; a coat, the one half white and the other half black or blue; a long, silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with the grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, etc. Regarding dress, as well as many other things, the man of to-day may remark in all sincerity:

*"Of earlier joys let others prate,
I'm thankful I was born so late."*

But, "what's one man's poison, signor, is another's meat or drink." The dress that appears the perfection of grace to one age becomes the height of absurdity to another. It has been truly said that peculiarities of dress, even amounting to foppery, so common to eminent men of past times, are carried off from ridicule by ease in some, or stateliness in others.

We may smile at Chatham, scrupulously crowned in his best wig, if intending to speak; at Erskine, drawing on his bright yellow gloves before he rose to

plead; at Raleigh, loading his shoes with jewels so heavily that he could scarcely walk; at Petrarch, pinching his feet till he crippled them; at the rings which covered the fingers of philosophical Aristotle; at the bare throat of Byron; the scarlet and gold coat of Voltaire; or the prudent carefulness with which Cæsar scratched his head so as not to disturb the locks arranged over the bald place. But most of these men found it easy, no doubt, to enforce respect and curb impertinence. Fashion, one is emboldened to remark, has not always seemingly expressed a desire to "stamp improvement on the wings of time." Let us glance backward to "the glory that was Greece" and note the dress of the women of that time. The amply-folding robe, cast around the harmonious form; the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head—these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilets, and from that hour to this, the forms and modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor and the painter. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place to skirts shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest and head buckled in gold and silver. Thence by a natural descent, we have the iron bodice, stiff farthingale and spiral coiffure of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of Edward, Henry and Elizabeth, all exhibit the figures of women as if in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation and outwork; such impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk and furbelows, met a man's view that before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight, and he found only a vague light on the subject by learning from an interested father or brother that the moving castle was one

of the softer sex. The growing tendency of our own country and time appears to be toward greater elegance and elaboration of our costumes. The rich are becoming richer in the material things of earth and newer and more striking methods are being sought to display the wealth of its owner. The Jeffersonian simplicity that once characterized our governmental, social and administrative functions is slowly giving way to more stylish modes and customs. But as compared with what will be seen at the coronation of Britain's king we will indeed look like "a nation of shopkeepers" in their working clothes.

✻ ✻

GOT a pleasant word to say?

Let us hear it right away.

Something bitter you would speak?

Keep it bottled up a week.

✻ ✻

HE growled at morning, noon and night,
And trouble sought to borrow;
Although to-day the sky was bright,
He knew 't would storm to-morrow.
A thought of joy he could not stand
And struggled to resist it;
Though sunshine dappled all the land
This sorry pessimist it.

✻ ✻

It is only the thinking so that makes it any easier to play golf than it is to hoe the garden.

Every time we build a warship we say that the world is not yet out of the dark ages.

Every man is the architect of his own heaven.

The beauty we see without is but a reflection of that within.

✻ ✻

IF everybody had their wishes,
O ye gods and little fishes!
What a melancholy place this poor old earth would be:
No one, then, would have to labor,
He could wish that on his neighbor,

While his neighbor, *he* could wish it on
some other fellow, see?

Yet pursuing, not possessing
Has been the greater blessing;
In the hoping, not in having, does our
happiness survive.
Could we will things we'd regret it
For to wish and not quite get it
Is the never-ending dream that serves to
keep the world alive.



All men are born equal, but all women
are born a little bit superior.

So long as every day begins with a
brand new, fresh morning why not let
bygones be bygones?

Some persons are sad because they
have to take the bitter with the sweet
and some are glad because it isn't all
bitter.



*"Great wits to fools are very near allied,
And thin partitions do their walls divide."*

THERE is something pathetic about
most of the eccentricities of genius.
Aristotle said, long ago, there was no
distinguished genius altogether exempt
from some infusion of madness. It has
been observed that their obliquities are
sometimes superinduced by overwrought
mental faculties causing their irritability
of temperament, and feeling of indolence
and languor. Lessing, the German
philosopher, was occasionally so absent-
minded that he once knocked at his
own door, when the servant, not recog-
nizing her master, looked out of the
window and said, "The Professor is not
at home." "Oh, very well," replied
Lessing, composedly walking away, "I
will call again." Racine was accustomed
to walk in his garden and recite his verses
aloud with such violent gesticulations
that people supposed him crazy. Morel,
another eminent Frenchman, was so ab-
sorbed in his studies that when a mes-
senger informed him of the death of his

wife, he calmly remarked: "I am very
sorry; she was a good woman." Rous-
seau, when doomed to the company of
commonplace persons, is said to have
amused himself with knitting lace-
strings. With all due respect to those of
high intellectual endowments, we must
admit that they are sometimes sadly de-
ficient in that rare attribute, common
sense. To this course may often be
traced their pecuniary embarrassments
and consequent privations. Goldsmith
was a prince with his pen, an idiot
without it. Boswell thus describes
Goldsmith's interview with Johnson.
Doctor Johnson said: "I received one
morning a message from poor Gold-
smith that he was in great distress, and,
as it was not in his power to come to
me, begged that I would come to him as
soon as possible. I sent him a guinea
and promised to come to him directly.
I accordingly went as soon as I was
dressed, and found that his landlady
had arrested him for rent, at which he
was in a violent passion. I perceived
that he had already changed my guinea,
and had got a bottle of maderia and a
glass before him. I put the cork into
the bottle, desired he would be calm,
and began to talk with him of the means
by which he might be extricated. He
then told me he had a novel ready for
the press, which he produced to me.
I looked into it, saw its merit; told the
landlady I should return soon; and
having gone to a bookseller, sold it for
sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the
money, and he discharged his rent, not
without rating his landlady in a high tone
for having used him so ill." Much of the
world's imperishable literature has been
engendered within prison walls. Boe-
thius composed his excellent "Consola-
tions of Philosophy" while in prison, as
did Grotius his "Commentary." Cer-
vantes, it is said, wrote that masterpiece
of Spanish romance, "Don Quixote," on
board of one of the galleys in Barbary.

Sir Walter Raleigh compiled his "History of the World" in his prison-chamber of the Tower, and John Bunyan composed his immortal allegory in the Bedford jail. Luther gave the Bible to Germany, having translated it while confined in Wartburg castle. The great difficulties which many men of genius have had to overcome on the road to fame have been quite enough to prove the truth of the saying: "They can who think they can," or that other reassuring statement, "Where there's a will there's a way."

The youth who would win his way to the top must remember that the eccentricities of genius as often mean unusually good and commendable traits as they do unfortunate weaknesses. Set the mark high and reach it at any cost nor presume to offer an excuse, as does the boy in the following stanza from Ben King's "Jane Jones," for not being able to achieve the courted end:

"Jane Jones keeps a-talkin' to me all the time

*An' says you must make it a rule
To study your lessons an' work hard an' learn,*

*An' never be absent from school.
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he clumb up to the top?
Got all the knowledge that he ever had
Down in a blacksmithing shop.*

*Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebby he did—*

I dunno:

Of course what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top

Is not never having no blacksmithing shop."

Nixon Waterman

Deacon Bagworthy's Inspiration

THE HON. CHARLES BARNESLY, some time senator for the great commonwealth of Illinois, now a thriving at-

torney-at-law in one of her most prosperous inland cities, came out of the corner drug store accompanied by odors that reminded the passersby of mint juleps. The day was excessively hot and the torrid streets, glistening under the pitiless rays of the sun, resembled long, gleaming ribbons of macadam. Little life was visible. Those who were forced to move about took refuge in the open cars. A stray dog ambled listlessly up the street, displaying a mighty expanse of tongue. Further down the roadway there was a swirl of dust that betokened something more than a mere caprice of the wind. The Hon. Barnesly shaded his eyes and inspected the approaching cloud, curious to know what was stirring upon such a day. Presently there hove in sight a pale palfrey, wearily dragging a light spring wagon, in which was a tall, spare man wearing what appeared to be a high silk hat of ancient vintage, heavily coated with dust. The outfit drew up alongside the drug store and the driver shook the dust from his ample beard and shaggy eyebrows.

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated the Hon. Barnesly. "Well, my dear old friend Bagworthy! What in the name of common sense brings you over from St. Clair county on such a day as this?"

"No common sense about it," responded the tall traveler; "had to come over. I'm a delegate to the convention here to-day."

"What convention?" innocently asked the lawyer, thereby betraying an ignorance of current events that, in a politician, was almost criminal. "Tenth District Prohibition. Got to make a speech. I'm the only delegate from St. Clair. Just thought I'd drive over; trains don't make good connections. Mighty dry weather; bad for oats and pastures."

"Yes, it is so. How's all your folks?"

"Middlin', just middlin', thank you; and yours?"

"Fairly like. Long drive over here, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Thought my old hoss would peter out once or twice. Had to stop at Crow Creek and soak up the wagon wheels to keep the tires on. Powerful hot spell, eh?"

"Worst ever. You must be thirsty."

"I am so. Is there a well hereabouts?"

"Nope. All dried up. Water here isn't fit to wash dishes. Come in here with me and take something else—red pop with a stick in it."

"Couldn't think of it. Didn't I tell you I was a delegate to the prohibition convention?"

"True enough. But there are occasions and occasions. I'm a temperance man myself, but on a day like this I believe in taking a little something to keep my stomach in good order. Come on in and join me."

Deacon Bagworthy brushed the dust out of his eyes and peered up the street. No one in sight. Then he slowly twirled his rasping whiskers and gazed cautiously down the street. Nothing doing. "Reckon no one over here knows me?" he suggested, insinuatingly.

"Not a soul; and you've got to make a speech, too. Better get that dust washed out of your throat."

"Well, just a drap, mind you; just a drap of ginger or something like that," and tempter and tempted, leaving the flea-bitten and patient palfrey to snore in front of the store, adjourned to the rear room. When they finally came out there was a new light in the eyes of Deacon Bagworthy and a freshness and springiness to his step. There was also a suspicious taint of spiritus frumenti lingering in his whiskers. Clambering into his wagon, he clucked at the old, gray horse.

"Livery barn right around the corner," directed the Hon. Barnesly. "Tell 'em I sent you. Put up the nag and we'll go to dinner."

"All right, wait right here for me," responded the delegate, as he unbuttoned his long, linen ulster in order to display a broad expanse of shirt front.

Directly he returned, there was another excursion to the rear room, an elaborate dinner, another conference with the druggist and then the two men started for the convention hall. By this time Deacon Bagworthy was in fine fettle. While the other delegates were listless with the oppressive heat, the delegate from St. Clair displayed most remarkable energy. Laying aside his coat, cuffs and collar, he simply took the convention in hand and molded it as his fancy dictated. At the first opportunity he arose and made a speech. And it was a speech; a classic; a masterpiece. His voice rang out clarion-like; his tall form swayed with emotion and the electrified audience swayed with it. In thunderous tones he denounced the accursed liquor traffic and its devotees and predicted the early downfall and utter humiliation of the Demon Rum and all those connected with its manufacture and sale.

It was more than a speech; it was a call to arms; an inspiration; a battle-cry, and the audience shook off its lethargy and became wildly enthusiastic. It was on the slate that a delegate from Pike county was to be elected permanent chairman of the meeting, but when the Hon. Barnesly nominated "that peerless champion of temperance, The Hon. Deacon Bagworthy," for the position, the convention took no heed of the fact that the man making the motion was not a delegate or even an alternate, but elected the Deacon with a wild whoop that fairly startled the sluggish city from its afternoon siesta. Not content with this, he was elected chairman of the Tenth District committee, delegate-at-large to the national convention and loaded down with all the honors the convention could bestow.

After it was all over and the excited

delegates had nearly wrung the arms off their new leader and were busy nominating him for president, the Hon. Barnesly adroitly conducted him out of the throng, back of the stage and down a rear stairway to an alley. By devious ways and routes they approached the friendly drug store and held communion with sundry suspicious jugs in the dimly lighted back room.

"Speech seemed to catch 'em all right," whispered Deacon Bagworthy, thickly.

"Finest I ever heard. You've simply killed 'em. Just one more and then we'll go and get out your horse. Got a long, dusty ride ahead of you, remember."

"Shay—shay, Sen'tor," said the Deacon, as he clambered rather clumsily into his vehicle and gathered up the reins, of which there seemed to be a dozen or more, "Shay, it's allri.' I'm a delegate from S'Clair, see, an' this is Putnam county. It's allri'. S'clair has no jurisdiction over me while I'm in Putnam. Great speech, wasn't it? Bes' I ever heard. Well, goo'by. Got long, hard drive ahead of me, goo'by," and the pale palfrey, refreshed with a liberal allowance of oats, chirked up right peartly as the delegate from St. Clair, now permanent chairman of the Tenth District Committee, sitting very erect, drove down the dusty street, his long, linen duster flapping grandly in the sultry breeze. As the outfit slowly whirled away, enveloped in a cloud of dust, to the end of the street, across the bridge toward St. Clair county, the Hon. Charles Barnesly, watching until it faded from view, smiled a wicked smile and sauntered back to the rear room of the drug store.

Edward F. Younger

The Point of View

THERE were once two little owlets who loved each other with the whole of their little hearts, and were exceed-

ingly happy, sitting on their slender perch, and commenting wisely upon the folly of the rest of the world.

But one day, just at sunset, one little owl looked away at the blazing sky and the golden lights and cried, "Ah, the world is very bright and beautiful and the sky is full of red and gold and every thing is ablaze!"

Then the second little owl shook his fluffy little head and remonstrated, "Not at all, my dear. Any one can see that the world is dark and full of shadows, and the sky is leaden and filled with the coming night." For one little owl faced toward the east and one faced toward the west.

So they were sorrowful, indeed, for never before had they held contrary opinions. All through the night they spoke not a word, but each pondered upon the change that had come over its mate, and wondered how it could be so foolish.

When morning came, and the sun peeped up over the eastern hills, the second little owl cried suddenly, "You are right, my love, you were always right, the world is bright, ah, so bright, and all the sky is filled with gorgeous colors!" But her mate ruffled up his fluffy feathers and answered, "Now you mock me! The world is no longer bright. It is dead or sleeping and I look into the darkness of night."

Days passed and still they could not agree, for how, indeed, could they, so long as one faced toward the east and one toward the west? At last there came a hermit, and as he passed under the tree where the little owls sat, they called down to him to judge which of them was right. When the hermit heard their story, he shook his head very sadly, and answered: "Oh, little owls, is it the same here in the forest as in the homes of men? It is this that has ruined lives and has broken hearts and has filled the world with war, suffering and bloodshed!"

Then he took one of the little owls and very gently he turned it about on its perch. And when the sun rose next morning the two owls cried together, "Oh, the world is very bright! It is very bright!"

Helen Green

Three States

(From "The Rhymes of Ironquill")

OF all the states, but three will live in story:

Old Massachusetts with her Plymouth Rock,

And old Virginia with her noble stock;

And sunny Kansas with her woes and glory;

These three will live in song and oratory,

While all the others with their idle claims,

Will only be remembered as mere names.

E. F. Ware.

The Millionaire and the Soldier

I was chatting with a young soldier just in from Manila, by way of San Francisco. He had stopped over to look at the Pan-American and we had discovered that we were both friends of a surgeon still in the islands, a fine young fellow who had pulled us both through close gates—in the soldier's case, out in Luzon; in mine, in a western hospital.

"Are the islands worth keeping?" I asked.

"Just about; but of course we can't let them go now."

A tall, benevolent looking gentleman, whom I recognized from newspaper portraits as a Chicago millionaire, drew up beside us in a 'rickshaw, got out and sat down beside the soldier boy.

"Just got back, did you," he said warmly, beaming at the youth in khaki. "And I'll warrant you're glad to be home again. And we're glad to see you, too; don't forget that, my boy. We've been watching you boys over there, and we've been mighty proud of you. By gracious! if I had been thirty

years younger I wouldn't have liked anything better than to go over there with you. Tried to get my boy to see it that way, but he said he didn't think we had any business there."

"I don't either," the soldier replied, quietly, "but we're there, and I believe that if we treat those people fairly we can do them good. I doubt whether they can do much for us, except to educate us in some things we didn't know. They're a queer people, though; you never know whether they are going to shake hands or stab you. They are not civilized yet—in our way."

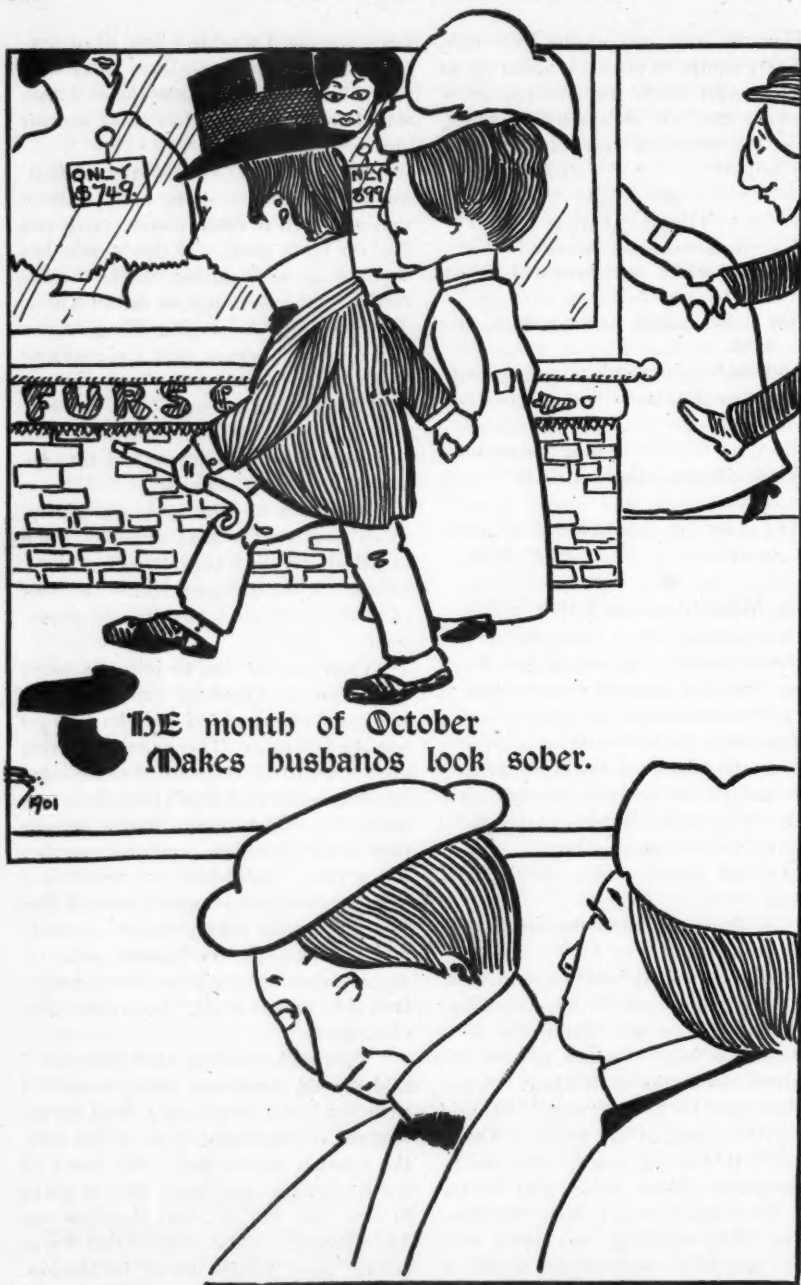
"I thought," the old gentleman went on, "that I'd like to get my boy into the army—for several reasons."

"Don't you let him go to the Philippines," the soldier said quickly. Then he asked: "Is he a big fellow?"

"He's a baseball player, and that sort of thing, in school," said the old gentleman.

"Then you get him to join the heavy Artillery; the Third, at San Francisco, is a good regiment. Don't let him get into the volunteers. The volunteer officers are not nearly as well trained as the regular officers and they don't treat their men anywhere near as well. Partly because they don't know how, partly because they don't care. Soldiering for them is a stepping stone to something in civil life. For the regular officer it is a life work, and one he takes the highest pride in. By all means get your boy into the regulars, if he enlists at all," the soldier concluded.

"Well, well, goodbye, God bless you!" said the old gentleman, rising to go; "I wish you good luck, and I want to say that you did just right in going out when the country called you. We can't all see in advance just how a war is going to turn out, but we can all follow our flag wherever it goes, assured that wrong cannot long flourish under its shadow. Goodbye, boy. Be good." *Thad Paul*



A Thousand Years of English

By ARTHUR McILROY

*Six thousand years of Chinese.
A thousand years of English.*

WEIGH the policy of Exclusion against the policy of Expansion. Which rules the world? Which is the language of the arts, of diplomacy, of commerce? Which typifies liberty, aspiration, progress?

What is the secret of the strength of English? Upon what food did the first users of that tongue fare, that it has grown so mightily? What was the blood-strain in them that refused to be obliterated under crushing defeat?

How the questions rush up to to be answered, when one contemplates the glorious triumphs of his mother tongue during these latest thousand years of the earth's history!

You say the Chinese language has survived, and is to-day spoken by more individuals than any other. You remind me that many of the most extraordinary battles for the advancement of human kind have been fought out in other lands than England, by peoples employing other than English speech. You even assert, perhaps, that the cause of human liberty owes more to France than to English speaking peoples. Very well, I shall not quarrel with you over these points, but shall content myself with a

brief contemplation of what the English speaking peoples have done to conquer the savage, to light up the dark places and to extend the frontiers of human brotherhood. In this task there has been, and still is, work enough and glory enough for all concerned.

The autumn of this year was set apart for the celebration, at Winchester, England, of the thousandth anniversary of the reign of Alfred the Great and of the birth of English literature. Looming titanic in that far background, veiled by the mists of a millenium, we discern the figure of King Alfred, father of the English tongue.

It is perhaps an excess of enthusiasm

that prompts English writers to assert, as they do assert, that Alfred is the greatest figure in all history. There are Buddha, Brahma, Christ—and even the lesser personalities of Plato, Columbus, Shakespeare, Goethe, Napoleon, Voltaire, Washington, Darwin, Lincoln and Walt Whitman to be taken into account in such a reckoning; for it is yet too early to measure with accuracy the value of

the world's great men to posterity.

One might even dispute—and find partisans—the claim that Alfred is the greatest figure even in English history.

KING ALFRED OF WESSEX, THE FATHER OF MODERN ENGLAND AND OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE

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U O P M

Many will insist upon reserving that station for Shakespeare. I would cast my vote for Alfred.

But for Alfred there would have been no English tongue for Shakespeare to write in, and we would never have had the mighty dramas of the immortal bard of Avon. When the Danish pagans had over-run and all but extinguished the spirit of the Saxon kingdoms of what is now united England, Alfred alone stood between the invaders and the utter degradation of his people—that Saxon people whose sons have spread abroad throughout the globe, and who to-day, acting in substantial unity, dominate the human race.

The Romans had conquered the Britons. The Roman legions were called home to save the crumbling empire. The Saxons came into Britain and took possession. The Danish pagans followed in a resistless tide, beating down kingdom after kingdom of the Saxons, until only Wessex, the land of Alfred, opposed them. The last hope seemed gone when even this indomitable king was forced to flight, taking refuge in a secret place on the isle of Athelney. Destiny appeared to have decreed that Danish was to be the common speech of the people of England. But in his fastness Alfred was busy shaping a new campaign, from which, starting forth with but 500 men at arms, he emerged victorious, the master of his own and of the kingdoms that lay against its borders. He renewed the foundations of Christian civilization, restoring monasteries which for a hundred years lay in fire-scarred heaps that marked where the pagans had passed.

He gave his people unity and a language.

Cavillers may suggest that he was aided mightily by other men and by favorable circumstances in this tremendous task; but, the stubborn fact remains that without his guiding intellect, his lion-like courage, his great faith and his

far view, these things had not been.

Not his lieutenants—faithful and capable though they were—assured the king's success in his undertakings. Rather give the credit to the race from which he sprang, which he typified at its best. As Schley said, shortly after the sea battle of Santiago, it is the men behind the guns who bear the heat of the fray and win battles, and without whose backing the most brilliant leader is helpless. For an estimate of that people, let us turn to page 110 of the late Walter Besant's "The Story of King Alfred," just given to the public by D. Appleton & Co. of New York. Here we find Mr. Besant saying:

"Then again, let us repeat that while King Alfred was the eye and the brain of the country, the captain and the pilot of the ship, he would have effected nothing but for the virtues—the great and manifold virtues—of his people. He knew them; they would follow where he led. Where his battle-axe rose and fell, gleaming in the sunlight, thither flocked his people. They were bulldogs for grip and tenacity; being bidden to be of good cheer, their hopes revived. When Alfred led them, they marched after him with confidence. If we honor and respect Alfred as a warrior, we must also honor and respect his followers, the nameless horde of the Wessex fyrd who fought and fell beside him.

"Alfred saved England but his host saved Alfred."

"Their graves upon the battlefield are long since leveled with the ground and clean forgotten and out of mind. It is a pity; every fallen warrior's grave is like a finely dressed stone in a noble temple; one would like to have the name carved, imperishable, a name of honor, on these stones. They are all forgotten, every man; but the name of Alfred sums up and represents the virtues of the folk who, against frightful odds, were resolute for freedom.

"They fought that they themselves might be free; they died that we might live."

Such were the men, our fathers.

I am one little inclined to see that Inscrutable power we call God intervening

to decide the issues between warring peoples; yet I cannot but ask if there was not something of divine providence in the emergence of this man Alfred in the last dire extremity of his people, to save from pagan rule the cradle of human liberty and of the English tongue. Idle speculation, you will say, but what, think you, would have been the ultimate result to America, to Australia, to all the lands where the sons of England have brought the light of civilization, had the Danes

speaking nations, so that each might read and gain from it new faith in the destiny of the human race, new hope and courage to confront the painful and difficult duties of life. Insofar as this article shall lead the readers of this magazine to buy and absorb this book the writer of these lines shall deem his labor well expended.

Here we find Alfred studied as warrior, making his people free; as statesman, welding his own and the adjacent kingdoms into a harmonious whole; as

THE ISLE OF ATHELNEY, KING ALFRED'S HIDING PLACE, AND THE "LAST DITCH" OF THE SAXONS OF ENGLAND

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—savage and unlettered worshippers of pagan gods, been permitted to trample out the last spark of Christianity from England? How long would the progress of mankind have been retarded?

It was not to be. A Man stood in the path of the pagan, one of the prodigious men of all time; inspired, we may well believe, by that all-seeing Master of destiny whose purposes toward us we may recognize only as they are worked out.

It would be well if this little last book of Walter Besant might be in the hands of every son and daughter of the English

law-giver, taking for the basis of his code the law given by Moses, and adapting it to the comprehension of his countrymen; as a more than patron, a leader of religion, bringing his benighted followers back to the light of Christianity, whence during a hundred years of hopeless intermittent fighting they had lapsed into the pagan superstitions of their forefathers; as a writer, translating into the English tongue knowledge which had theretofore been accessible to the learned men of England only in Latin. This last was perhaps the most enduring

U O P M

benefit which he conferred upon his people and upon all posterity. The Bishop of Bristol sums up the four divisions of this phase of the king's work thus:

"For general history, and for history and geography relating to their own race on the continent of Europe, he chose Orosius; for mental study, the 'Consolation' of Boethius; for realization of the true principles of the life and work of religion, 'The Pastoral Cure'; for the church history of the English people, of course the great and priceless work of the Venerable Bede."

Alfred did not merely select these books for translation by the scholars whom he drew to his court from the continent; he himself translated them, interjecting throughout homely applications and flashes of his personal wisdom, fitting them for easy understanding by his people. This work he pursued amid the innumerable cares of state, warfare and hearing of cases at law—for the king of those days was a real ruler and judge of his people. He was, moreover, afflicted with a painful and incurable disease, the character of which has never been made known, but which made his life one long martyrdom; it did not lessen his strength in war or peace, but finally carried him off at the age of fifty-three years.

On the subject of King Alfred's literary labors Mr. Besant quotes the words of the famous English essayist, Frederick Harrison:

"It is in his own writings that we come to love Alfred best. As in the 'Meditations' of Aurelius and the Psalms of David, there is given to men the outpourings of his aspirations and his sorrows. Neither Richelieu, Cromwell, nor William the Silent ever recorded more frankly their problems and their aims. In the authentic writings of Alfred we are in the presence of one who is a teacher as much as a king, who recalls to us Augustine and A'Kempis, or Bunyan and Jeremy Taylor. His Boethius served him as texts whereon he preached to his people profound sermons on the moral and

spiritual life. Read his homily on 'Riches'—that 'it is better to give than to receive'; on the true ruler—that power is never good, unless he be good that has it'; on the uses of adversity—no wise man should desire a soft life.' Few men ever had so hard a life—with his mysterious and cruel malady, his 'thorn in the flesh,' until his early death; with his distracted and ruined kingdom, his ferocious enemies, his never-ending cares. And amidst it all, we have the king in his silent study pouring out poetic thought upon married love or friendship; on true happiness or the inner life; composing pastoral poetry or casting into English old idylls from Greek epic or myth; ending with some magnificent *Te Deum* of his own composition.

"Alfred did more than contribute translations to the literature of his country; he laid the very foundations of our literature, the most noble literature that the world has ever seen. He collected and preserved the poetry based on the legends and traditions brought from the German forests. He himself delighted to hear and to repeat those legends and traditions: the deeds of the mighty warriors who fought with monsters, dragons, wild boars and huge serpents. He made his children learn their songs; he had them sung in his court. The tradition goes that he could sing them himself to the music of his own harp. This wild and spontaneous poetry which Alfred preserved is the beginning of our own noble choir of poets. In other words, the foundation of the stately Palace of Literature, built up by our poets for the admiration and instruction and consolation of mankind, was laid by Alfred.

"Well, but he did more than collect the poetry, he began the prose. Before Alfred there was no English prose."

We cannot better conclude our contemplation of the character and the works of Alfred than with the words of Mr. Besant:

"We have come to the end of Alfred's life and reign. You have seen him fighting as a boy and man almost continuously for thirty years and more, nearly the whole of his active life; you have seen his kingdom overrun, his people murdered, his land devastated, his churches and schools swept away; you

have seen religion, liberty, learning, the arts all destroyed; everything, as he says, 'despoiled by the heathen.' Only one thing remained to the unfortunate country, the tenacity, the courage, the faith of the king. You have seen how he laid the foundations in everything of the England that was to grow out of his little kingdom of Wessex. Do not call him the creator or the founder of anything; *he renewed the foundations*; he made the growth and development of England possible; he gave us our fleet, our army, our institutions, our religion, our arts, and our trade. Not that he invented, created or founded these things; his brother had a fleet, there were English armies before his time, there was a code of laws before his own, there was a foreign trade, there were arts before Alfred lived. But everything had been destroyed; and Alfred, in restoring and rebuilding, renewed the foundations, and made things stable which before were unstable; placed on the solid rock of religion what had previously rested on the shifting sand of tradition.

"Historians have exhausted themselves in praise of the character, the personal force, of Alfred.

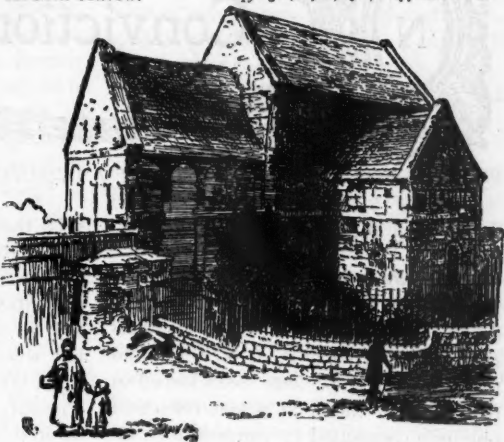
"His secret was the entire absence of personal ambition or aggrandisement; he worked for his people, and in working for them and for them alone, he established his own name and fame for as long as the English name shall last.

"I venture, lastly, to express my own personal hope that, great as were the achievements of Alfred, the keynote to be struck and maintained will be that Alfred is and will always remain, the typical man of our race—call him Anglo-Saxon, call him American, call him Englishman, call him Australian—the typical man of our race at his best and noblest. I like to think that the face of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest is the face of Alfred. I am quite sure and certain that the mind of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest is the mind of Alfred—that the aspirations, the hopes, the standards of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest are the aspirations,

the hopes and the standards of Alfred.

"When our monument takes shape and form, let it somehow recognize this great, this cardinal fact. Let it show

A SAXON CHURCH OF KING ALFRED'S TIME, BUILT IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY
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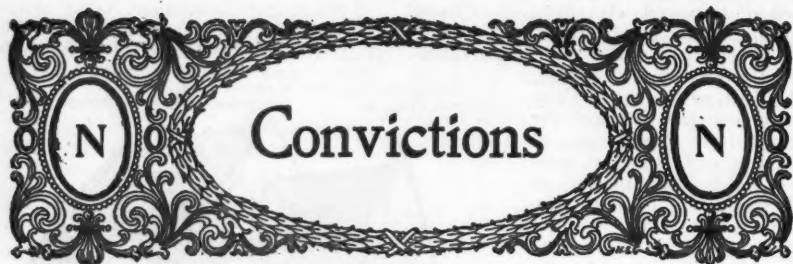
somehow the example of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest—here within the circle of the narrow seas or across the ocean, wherever King Alfred's language is spoken, wherever King Alfred's laws prevail, into whatever fair lands of the wide world King Alfred's descendants have penetrated."

The millennial ceremonies at Winchester began on Sept. 18, when Frederick Harrison delivered a lecture on the life of King Alfred. The universal interest in the occasion was proven by the presence of visitors from all parts of the world.

Sir Henry Irving referred to Mr. McKinley as "at once the avatar and emblem of noble purpose, high thought and patriotism," and declared: "His memory will remain green forever in the hearts of all English speaking people."

And so it was that, at the end of a thousand years of English history, the man first in the thoughts and hearts of all English-speaking peoples—first even in the thoughts and hearts of the men assembled to honor the founder of the race—was an American president.

1000



Convictions

By ANNA FARQUHAR

The Epistolary Style

IN the book called "An English Woman's Love Letters" there arises grave doubt of the hero's rectitude in his treatment of the writer of the letters until one recalls that he must have been forced to read most of them, at which reflection one feels compelled to condone any offense he might thereby have been driven into. Had the writer been less of a poseur, exhibiting some degree of liveliness, there would have been hope for her, but no woman can run the risk of boring a lover on paper, by sniffing when she cries, any more than she can in propria persona. Letters are the wrong place for tragedy, for petty sorrows; a good letter writer never introduces either of these serious sides of life into his effusions, except in an impersonal way, for the purpose of entertainment, or when forced by circumstances into so doing.

There are many kinds of good letters; the humorous kind; the sprightly kind, dealing with trivialities entertainingly; the gossip kind, to those whose taste runs that way; the thoughtful kind; the poetic, the domestic, etc., all—except a business letter, which has no literary value—depending for their success upon that one attribute, cheerfulness. Except in case of necessity no one has a moral right to compose and send off a completely dismal letter; even tears can be

shed through a smile. In speaking of our sorrows to a friend personally, we seize a moment when he offers ready sympathy, his mood being nicely adjusted by personal contact with our own; but when we inflict this sort of thing upon him at a distance we blunder irretrievably, he being, in all probability, unprepared to sympathize with minor troubles that may have vanished like a bursting bubble by the time he receives our account of the woes he cannot remedy. A cheerful style does not necessarily include flippancy; indeed, serious problems of life may be treated in the cheerful style without in the least damaging the writer's reputation for thoughtfulness. For instance, this quotation from the pen of a man who was undeniably serious in his achievements:—"Men, my dear," writes Thomas Huxley to Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "are very queer animals, a mixture of horse-nervousness, ass-stubbornness and camel-malice—with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset, and when they can do exactly as they please they are very hard to drive." If Professor Huxley had put this reflection into a letter in philosophical form, he would have proved himself a poor correspondent; as it was in this case, and all others where he was called upon to use the epistolary style, he showed himself a master of cheerful phraseology.

A mind unenlivened by a sense of

humor is bound to pay the penalty of dullness wherever it may be placed, but a cheerful letter need not be comical, although it must turn all personal grievances wrong-side out, showing the laugh to be found merely for the looking. About the only difference between Bohemian poverty and all other poverty is that the Bohemian dances when he is hungry and other people are apt to whine—and it is not all a question of temperament, either. Training is largely responsible for any form of Spartan courage, and training is also responsible for good letter writing. Few lives are sufficiently eventful to make personal news of great value to anyone else but one's self and one's relations (or to the public if one happens to be a celebrity, when it doesn't make any difference about the veracity of the facts), and the letter writer might just as well confess himself a failure at the start if he cannot succeed, in some way or other, in entertaining his readers; the same outlook to be faced by the society girl who fails to please. Good letter writing is the lightest form of literary aspiration, and if every letter writer, on sitting down to his desk, would close his eyes and take a mental peep into heaven instead of into hell, his epistolary style would take care of itself.



The Spirit of Unrest

IT is true that if people did not want more than they have they would never get more, and the human world come to a standstill; on the other hand, a man might well be content with what he has until he sees his way to getting more; not with the dull satisfaction of a cow or an ox, but with the cheerful philosophy of Dr. Cotton when he says:

*"Our portion is not large indeed
But then how little do we need?
For nature's calls are few—*

*In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do."*

If we all tacked this invaluable sentiment up on the wall of our living room, remembering, too, that although progress is greatly to be desired it is not all of life; that content and mutual happiness are equally important, we might thus find assistance in fighting the spirit of unrest prevailing in America.

A man's whole duty to himself and his neighbors is to get the very best out of the life bestowed upon him; but is he exhibiting the best of himself when his ambitions take the form of rivalry rather than ideality? Is he or she making a noble show of the spirit of progress when the family life is kept turbulent by constant imitation and rivalry of the neighbors; not because the neighborhood household gods are any more desirable than our own, but simply because we are possessed with a spirit of vain emulation called by some ambition, the spirit of progress, or any other misleading term? Behind it all stands the grinning god, Money, devouring finer sentiment and purer instincts; snapping its tusks of teeth with heathenish joy over a whole race, a world full of people, sacrificing themselves to its ungodly demands.

A good majority of men, asked which they would prefer, to be rich or happy, would, without hesitation, cry "Rich!" even though in our day and generation riches and happiness are not generally supposed to be synonymous words, as in the days of fairies and genii. This great pecuniary unrest has been traced back to the fight for life necessary to all animal existence; something easily conceded until the point is reached where necessity stops and luxurious waste begins. Professor Garner's friends, the apes of the African jungle, are constantly traveling in search of food and their few other daily needs, but when they are caught and induced to don superfluous coats

H. M.

and trousers, they have the good sense to resent these superfluities with both hands and teeth. This is because they do not know the value of money; no doubt if an ape could be taught the real meaning of a dollar, and then offered a pair of trousers in exchange for it, he would jump at the chance to buy them and wear them, no matter how disagreeably they affected his hide, and immediately realize manhood creeping over him with this first appreciation of the principles of barter.

But the time is coming with us when the unrestful god, Money, may experience his twilight in some degree; and the courage to believe this is inspired by the agricultural ambitions of many successful, money-making young men, who express themselves as ready and willing to adopt the life of farmers in exchange for the nervous speed of financial city existence.

The agricultural peoples of history have left a record of comparative peace and unnervous rest, combined with sufficient prosperity, and this sentiment, which seems to be growing, indicates a reaction from the spirit of greed we as a nation have displayed in many directions. When one hears a successful young business man in the city say that he awaits the time when he can buy farm lands in Virginia, and there resume the life of a gentleman farmer led by his forbears, one is encouraged to believe the reaction against mere money getting and spending has set in, and that in the course of another century Americans will have learned somewhat of Dr. Cotton's art of living.

The Creed of the Unhappy

EVERYONE after carefully observing family relations knows that disagreeable offspring born with a special faculty for making himself and everybody else unhappy; not that he particularly desires

to do so, but for the reason that his nature admits of no other course for him to pursue unless circumstances, or special guidance, in a measure changes his habit of mind. Apparently he has inherited all the disagreeable qualities of both parents and no single redeeming trait of their characters, and, owing to this misfortune, he is greatly to be pitied even when he is most to blame. The disagreeable member of a private family provokes within us a strong desire to see him stamped out of existence; but when we think better of this, and attempt a bit of missionary work in his behalf, we do our best for him, and those coming compulsorily in contact with him. The growing body of anarchists constitute a parallel factor in the universal human family; they are the born misanthropes whose creed finds its inception in personal unhappiness applied to general conditions. When the growth of anarchy or socialism is thwarted in one spot it springs newly to life in another locality, for the aggressively unhappy are constantly born again.

The principles of anarchy lie dormant in the brain of every unsuccessful man, although perhaps he does not recognize them as such when he gloomily loafs, soiled and tattered, on a seat in our public parks, waiting for something to turn up, cursing fate and all of the successful world for his own situation. The representative head of a government embodies for him this great unsurmountable force of riches and power which he unreasonably holds accountable for his own failures; in other words, he is a child striking its mother because she will not constantly feed him sweets. While it seems necessary for public safety to punish to the full extent of the law, or to make new and stringent laws to meet the demands made upon justice by the cowardly criminal acts of such despicable unfortunates as Leon Czolgosz, is there not also room for personal reform of all

morbid reformers? Wholesome missionary effort is certainly as applicable to these misguided vipers on the bosom of our national life as to the heathen at the antipodes.

Emma Goldman will tell you that her philosophy of life contains admirable clauses devoted to general education and individual liberty, which is all very well if there were no unreasonable criminal clauses in addition. In all probability the force of Miss Goldman's enthusiasm in behalf of individual rights would be greatly diminished were she fed the kind of sugar plums she wishes every day.

Her same principles I have heard expressed by law-abiding citizens, men that would scarcely kill a mosquito in self defense, and invariably the birth of such theories could be traced back to some point of failure or unhappiness in each man's own life.

It is true that the abstract anarchist has no more personal wish to kill than has any other unpractical Irrationalist;

it is only the concrete expression of any set of ideas that is to be apprehended; but every abstraction intrinsically dangerous to the good of a community is morally responsible for at least one criminal concretion. A laboring man, thinking over this problem in the midst of his patriotic rage, incited by the cowardly assassination of President McKinley, suddenly broke out with: "I guess them anarchists never shipped on a vessel or they'd know it takes a captain to keep her goin'. All hands can't keep the bridge at once." This man was a practical thinker, and his battle with life had not left him with running sores. Every anarchist is covered with sores, and it seems reasonable to believe they will not be healed until some measure is devised for eradicating the source of these afflictions, originating in minds diseased by pondering over the individual need for sweets rather than the general demand for wholesome, if coarse, fare, only to be acquired step by step through the centuries.

A Soldier In Luzon

AT the open flap of his narrow tent hangs a strip of the mid-night skies,
Pricked thro' by a myriad points of light, that flash in his tired eyes;
He has waked from a dream of a summer day, and now, with a throb of pain,
He pillows his head on his young right arm, and summons the dream again.

A pathway barred by shadow and shine, a glow in the golden west;
A song in the rustling leaves o'erhead, as a blue bird hushes its nest;
A slip of a girl in a muslin gown, a cadet in a coat of gray—
But the slim little hand he clasps in his is a half of the world away!

Thro' the vibrant hush of the starry night hums the life of a tropic clime,
And under the breast of his khaki blouse the heart of the lad beats time.
In a land where an endless summer reigns, he dreams of a June gone by—
And a wandering wind steals into his tent, and carries away a sigh!

Annie T. Colcock

Studies of Books and Their Makers

CARNEGIE, ROCKEFELLER AND HARRIET SPOFFORD

ANDREW CARNEGIE has given nearly twenty millions of dollars to establish free public libraries in America and Scotland. But his great gifts have not inspired a line of poetry.

"Odd, is it not?" I remarked to a friend with whom I had been discussing this fact.

"Not so odd, when you stop to think over the circumstances."

"In what way?"

"Well, I felt an impulse to write a poem in honor of the man who had devoted so many of his millions to the cause of education. I even got as far as to plan the poem. All of a sudden it struck me that Carnegie of the free libraries was also Carnegie, the labor-crusher. That settled the matter for me. My impulse faded. 'Conscience money,' I said to myself. And, anyway, he doesn't miss it—except possibly as a relief to be rid of it. He isn't really giving anything. The only thing a man can really give is himself. His so-called gifts are merely the repayment of a debt. He is restoring to society a part of what he took from society."

"But," I contended, "isn't a man to be commended for levying tribute on trade and toil in order to enrich the mind of man?"

"Who appointed him to levy tribute upon trade and toil?"

My friend is too hyper-critical for this age.

Rockefeller is another man whom the muse has slighted, though it must be confessed "John D." gives no sign of

cherishing resentment of her neglect. The fact remains, however, that this man, prince of all the plutocrats, and who has set the University of Chicago upon a financial—foundation as solid as the rock of Gibraltar, has received no poetical tribute for his generosity, unless we except the satirical doggerel sung to him by the marching students upon the occasion of Mr. Rockefeller's latest visit to his school. One verse of this remarkable production runs about as follows:

Praise John from whom oil blessings
flow,
Praise him, oil creatures here below;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
But see that you praise John the most.

The reporters say that "John" looked glum as he listened to the howling of this ditty. I would give something to have a photograph of his feelings during that minute. For Rockefeller is a man who takes his religion, like his kerosene, seriously.

From the ridiculous to the sublime is but a step—and at this latter end of the line, or near it, we find Harriet Prescott Spofford's poem written for the dedication of the library presented to the village of Hampton Falls by John T. Brown of Newburyport. The building was dedicated on August 30, last, and the occasion was made memorable by the reading of Mrs. Spofford's beautiful lines, which are appended:

What friends in happy company,
Within these walls about you brought,
With wealth of lofty learning fraught,
Shall answer here your eager quest
In genial mood and golden thought!
Here are the dead alive again,
And still their fancies thrill and burn

The while the yellowing pages turn,—
Death holds not Shakespeare in the dust,
Nor all of Homer in an urn.

But search the leaf, and secret things
Of life and death are here set free,
Each book a messenger shall be
From the great deeps, as in the shell
One hears the murmur of the sea.

Here, as you read, there comes once more
The Greek cry at the Euxine's gleam;
And young the ancient heroes seem;
Here Plato takes your hand in his
Down the dusk groves of Academe.

Here shall Catullus laugh, and here
Cæsar his battles fight again,
And Plutarch's starry pointed-pen
With fortunate familiar phrase
Bring down the demigods to men.

Here shall we meet sad Dante's shade
Moving with slow, majestic tread;
And with green laurel for his head,
Shall see flower-laden throngs, too late,
Crown hapless Tasso lying dead.

Here the bold Northman tells anew
His saga that once fired men's souls;
Here like a flute Dan Chaucer trols,
And here the great Elizabeth
Leads in her crew of mighty souls.

Here History's tablets open lie,
Here Nature spells her wonders o'er,
Surrendering sweet and hidden lore;
Here with her magic Romance gives
Another sky, another shore.

Here Music whispers to herself,
Drooping a hushed and folded wing,
The songs that all the minstrels sing,
With honeyed breath and interval
'Till sweetness makes the silence ring.

Here troop the dreams, the darling dreams
That men have dreamed since time
begun,
That fine as heaven-swung cobwebs
spun
Wave their fair films across the light
And build their rainbows in the sun.

And here as long as pulses stir
At noble deeds and kindly looks,
While bends the blue, while run the
brooks,

The heart shall bless the hand that gave
This freedom of the world of books.

Every man who succeeds has his critics; but for my part, I rate the Carnegie of the free libraries—yes, even the Carnegie of the Homestead strike, the bulldog fighter, if you please, immeasurably beyond the idle Vanderbilt who lately, in a burst of self-pity, deplored the fact that his inheritance of great wealth deprived him of every worthy incentive in life. He was robbed of the pleasure of building up a fortune by his own efforts, and could think of nothing else, in this world of men, worth doing. So—he whined—he had determined to have what fun he could get out of life and let others do the same. Carnegie—ram-headed and lion-hearted, giving and taking blows like a *man* in the battle that is life; striving to be just, with what light his ancestors gave him; aspiring for the nobler part—how grandly his course contrasts with that of this pigeon-livered descendant of old Commodore Vanderbilt—him of the misguided but magnificent sentiment—"The public be damned!"

F. P.

BEING A BOY WHEN WASHINGTON WAS PRESIDENT

FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE has written, and A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago have published, one of the most delightfully informing and entertaining of American histories. This book, "A History of the American People," reflects more of the daily life of the masses of the common people through all the stages of our national existence, and prior to the founding of the nation, than any other that I remem-

ber to have read. In this wise the author tells what it meant to be a boy when Washington was president:

"Though we were a nation of farmers, most boys in the north yearned to learn trades. The heavy, clumsy tools, the long days, and the customary treatment of boys on the farm—working them hard and giving them little or nothing as their own—drove them into other occupations. Thousands went to sea—and hundreds never came back. The eldest son usually inherited the farm. The girls got married. The younger boys 'shifted for themselves.' But to learn a trade was a serious business. Seven years must be spent as an apprentice. Board and clothes the first three years, ten or fifteen dollars in addition the next three, and the last, a suit of clothes and \$25, were highly favorable terms. But let no one imagine a boy had the bewildering multitude of occupations before him that exist to-day. He could learn to be a carpenter, a mason, a shoe maker, a tinner, a blacksmith, a cabinet maker, a goldsmith, a printer, a rope maker, a paper maker, a miller, or a tallow chandler. But as there was not room for all the boys in these trades, many went west and took up land, paying seventy-five cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre to one of the land companies. But some boys studied medicine with the village doctor, read law with the village lawyer, or theology with the village preacher."

When you think of the thousand and one trades and gainful occupations that have opened to our boys since those primitive days, you must admit that industrial expansion has not "robbed the youth of their opportunities" in this country to so great an extent as party orators would have us believe.

Mr. Thorpe describes the campaign methods of Thomas Jefferson, in this mildly amusing style:

"Jefferson believed in 'the rights of

man,' a term rather vague, but useful in political campaigns. He told the laborer, the mechanic, the frontiersman, that he ought to vote, and hold office if he wanted to, and above all things he ought to have his rights and help govern the country. Why, then, support the Federalists, who wanted to muzzle free speech and a free press by their sedition law? Why vote for a rich man, who would not know you after election day if you met him face to face? Why tamely submit to a stamp tax, and a house tax, and a land tax, when the war had been fought to abolish such evils? Why pay the president \$25,000 a year, and work yourself for twenty-five cents a day? Why let the East hold all the offices and the West pay most of the taxes? It was time for the West to have its share. Had not John Adams signed commissions till after midnight of the last day of his term simply to give his friends fat offices for life at the expense of the taxpayers? Away with such a party! And the elections in 1800, the 'landslide of the Federalists,' were the result."

Apparently our industrial life has changed more than our politics.

Thad Paul

A JAPANESE POET WHO RE- CALLS JOHN KEATS

ONE day six or seven years ago, Joaquin Miller was busying himself about his home on the Heights, near Oakland, Cal. A small, brown-faced lad climbed the hill and gazed over where the Poet of the Sierras was working. Miller saw the lad and hailed him.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you staying?"

"Nowhere."

"What is your name?"

"Yone Noguchi."

"Why don't you come and stay with me?"

"Very well."

So met the greatest of living American poets and the most gifted genius that the land of the chrysanthemum has yet sent to America. The boy had been attending school at Berkeley, and later writing for a Japanese newspaper in San Francisco. He had come to this country to study the great English speaking people, to learn their literature and their life. He and Miller became the warmest friends. The great man was proud of the gifts of his shy protege. How much the companionship of the elder man aided the younger in acquiring his really remarkable knowledge of what is best in English letters, it is easy to surmise. Six years Yone remained with Miller, studying, dreaming, writing his quaintly beautiful lines—a commingling of fervid oriental imagery with American terseness of expression. After Doxey brought out Yone's first book, "Seen and Unseen," fashionable people of San Francisco wished to express their pleasure in his work. They visited the Heights for that purpose. One day a party of ladies found Miller in his garden. They explained that they had come "to congratulate Yone."

"I don't know whether he will meet you," said Miller, "but I will ask him. He is very shy."

The gray poet went over to where Yone was trimming some of his favorite rose bushes. "Yone," he said, "a party of ladies have come up to speak with you. Won't you come over and meet them?"

"O, I think not," said the boy, gazing absently away to the distant horizon; "I fear they would disturb my meditations."

A year ago Yone started east. He stopped for a fortnight in Chicago, where he wrote his impressions of the central metropolis for the "Evening Post," and created a genuine stir by his caustic criti-

cism of that city. He went on to New York. There he has since been domiciled, studying the life of the city, retiring now and again to the near-by country to dream and compose his verses. It is doubtful if any poet since John Keats has given finer or more original expression in English to the ethereal beauty of nature, than this Japanese youth, who writes in a language which until seven years ago was quite strange to him. His favorite among his poems is given in another part of this number, together with a portrait from a pencil sketch made by G. Yeto, a Japanese artist of New York city, for "The National Magazine." I append herewith another of his poems, which seems to me superior to his own first choice:

THE APPARITION

'Twas morn;

I felt the whiteness of her brow
Fall on my face; I raised my eyes and
saw
Naught but the breezes passing on dewy
feet.

'Twas noon;

Her slightly trembling lips of crimson
I saw, I felt, but where her presence
hovered
Were only yellow flakes of falling sun-
light.

'Twas eve;

The shadows of her hair enfolded me,
I eagerly stretched my hand to touch
her garments,
My hand touched but the darkness of
the eve.

'Twas night;

I heard her eloquent eyes of violet
Whisper our love, but from the heaven
gazed down
Far starry eyes bedimmed with gather-
ing tears.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that Yone should be essentially a nature poet, since,

as George Ade tells me, it is one of the customs of the old men of Japan to sit out under the blossoming cherry trees and compose little poems, which they jot down on rice paper and pin upon the branches for the spirits of the trees to read and enjoy.

F. P.

JACK LONDON'S EPIC STORIES OF THE KLONDIKE

READERS of this magazine who have enjoyed in its pages Jack London's stories of life in the Arctic gold fields will be glad of the occasion now offered to procure his collected stories of this class, bound into a volume by McClure, Phillips & Co. The book bears the title of the first story, "The God of His Fathers." The people London writes of are the people you see around you every day, with this change: that they have been brought down to their elemental qualities by the hard, stern conditions of existence in the northern wilderness. The Arctic Indian woman figures prominently in several of the stories, and always favorably as contrasted with her sister come up from civilization to share the adventures—and the profits—of the gold hunters. In "The Great Interrogation," Mrs. Karen Sayther, the young, rich and beautiful widow of an old man, has come from the States to find and lay her love at the feet of David Payne, her girlhood's lover, whom she had jilted for the wealth of her older wooer. She finds Payne in a cabin on an island in the Yukon. With him is a woman, "whose bizarre beauty peremptorily demanded

notice. A close-fitting blouse of moose-skin, fantastically beaded, outlined faithfully the well-rounded lines of her body, while a silken kerchief, gay of color and picturesquely draped, partly covered great masses of blue-black hair. But it was the face, cast belike in copper bronze, which caught and held Mrs. Sayther's fleeting glance. Eyes, piercing and black and large, with a traditionary hint of obliqueness, looked forth from under clear-stencilled, clean-arching brows. Without suggesting cadaverousness, though high-boned and prominent, the cheeks fell away and met in a mouth, thin-lipped and softly strong. It was a face which advertised the dimmest trace of ancient Mongol blood, a reversion, after long centuries of wandering, to the parent stem. This effect was heightened by the delicately aquiline nose with its thin, trembling nostrils, by the general air of eagle wildness which seemed to characterize not only the face but the creature herself."

After reading such a description, and bearing in mind how, in the semi-savage life of such places, a man's ideals are subjected to strange metamorphoses, it is not difficult to guess whether Payne will accept the call of the imperious white beauty to return with her to civilization, or will remain in the wilds with the savage woman whom he has chosen to mate him there.

London, alone of all the writing men who have gone into the Arctic gold country, has brought back enduring literature.

The strongest of his work in this field is included in the volume under review. Kipling at his best has not written better stories than some of these.

Arthur McIlroy



"The National Magazine" Convention

An Event Unique in the History of Publishing in America

By THE EDITOR

FORTY-NINE readers of "The National Magazine" from forty-nine states and territories assembled in Buffalo, August 26, and held "The National Magazine" Convention, and it was pronounced, by men familiar with many phases of American life, the most purely typical national convention that ever assembled. With but few exceptions the delegates from the many states were strangers, unknown to each other, except as the reading of our magazine might converge thought or purpose. In six days the members of this convention parted with a feeling of acquaintanceship and friendship not reached in years by next door neighbors, and the hearty appreciation and eloquent expression from these delegates were an inspiration for a lifetime to an editor at least.

Badged and be-ribboned with handsome and appropriate insignia of "The National Magazine," members of the staff were at the railroad stations in Buffalo to meet the arriving delegates. As they were all strangers—anyone who has attempted to drive through the depot throngs at Buffalo will understand—this was no easy task. Bedlam is a Buffalo railroad station. The instructions were clear: "Carry a 'National Magazine' conspicuously, and the committee will discover you." This was planned without consideration of the station regulations. Finding a needle in a haystack may be a possibility, but finding any given stranger at a Buffalo station during the Exposition is a feat beyond the power of the average man.

Well, the editor felt that he could discover, by some psychological process,

each delegate that might pass through the iron gate. Ah, there was one. He carried the August number. The editor approached the man, who clung tenaciously to his copy of the magazine. "My name is McIntosh. I'm not a delegate. Wish I were. Bought it on the train," said the stranger, smiling as he explained that delegates were not the only persons likely to be found carrying copies of "The National" off the trains.

A few minutes later the fast mail over the Lake Shore arrived. This was the train; now watch! A little lady with many parcels approached, and strapped conspicuously upon the side of the bag she carried was a "National Magazine." Approached in the bewildering throng, she sweetly insisted her name was Brown; she had no credentials, but was interested in the convention.

This was perplexing. A member of the convention returned, having discovered several delegates at the hotel, but there were dozens due on incoming trains, and it was hoped to capture at least one and give him a hearty train greeting.

* * *

Here he was, a tall, stately, dignified man, looking just like what the delegate from South Carolina should be—for about the only thing precisely known of any of our friends was the sex, except the delegate from Inez, Wyoming, who had humorously mailed a detailed description of his weight and size, and carried magazines in every pocket. He was discovered after a day's search. As this tall man approached it was felt certain that he had the credentials. The

copy of "The National" which he carried was travel-stained. The editor approached and kindly inquired if he were not a "National" delegate.

"You think I'm a sucker, do you? Well, I'm onto you 'con' men." And his face wore an indignant look until he realized the situation. And just then a squad of delegates, spying the red, white and blue badges, and the flourish of magazines, came up and were duly greeted.

* * *

After this experience all hope was abandoned of trying to meet the delegates at the trains and the rendezvous at Staller's hotel was made; there the register was watched for the gathering of the magazine's Pan-American guests.

There was certainly a fascination in the search for people who had never met before, and in the anticipation of the sort of persons they would prove to be—dark or fair, tall or short, merry or sedate. The young lady from North Carolina was diligently searched for with an accurate description from the hotel clerk. You understand that there were several thousand people at the hotel, and to remain in a room under the spell of Pan-American excitement is quite impossible. The real gentleman from South Carolina was finally discovered, and the Colorado lady was discovered sitting by a post where she said that she knew "The National Magazine" must pass. North Dakota arrived a little late but was given a hearty welcome, and a merrier, more jolly lot of people never assembled.

The opening session of the first "National Magazine" convention presented a scene to be remembered. It was held in the Press Building on the exposition grounds, and though a number of the delegates had not arrived, the meeting was called to order, badges provided for each state and territory representative who responded "arrived," and formal introductions playfully forbidden.

"You are here first, to have a good time; second, to have a good time; and third and always, to have a good time." That was the keynote sounded by the chairman.

* * *

An acquaintance recess was taken, the chairs drawn closer, and names were exchanged with a handclasp. The glow of the hearthstone fell upon the scene, and one of the prominent exposition officials, who had looked in to bid them a hearty welcome, remarked:

"Of all conventions that ever assembled, this is the most purely typical of the American states and of our national strength. They have somehow lost all the conventional formality of convention delegates, and a glance reveals a representative gathering of which any American might feel proud."

The delegates were chosen from among those who had made the most nearly correct estimates of the attendance at the Exposition July 4, 1901. It was amusing when the various guesses were read from each of the states—the totals ranging from 22,000 to 7,190,000. The latter was from New Jersey, and it was thought that the estimator had mosquitoes in mind at the time he penned the figures. The keenest competition was in Kentucky and North Dakota, and the two who were successful in these two states did not rely upon a single estimate, but secured new subscribers for an extended list of estimates, covering the range of possible attendance by careful and systematic computation.

There was hearty approval as the figures were read and Mrs. Katherine S. Lanison of Indiana was congratulated as the winner of the grand prize of \$120 per year for ten years, for having secured the largest number of subscriptions in any of the states.

* * *

The convention was representative of American trades and professions as well

as of states and territories. The state of Washington had Lawyer John W. Miller of Everett, who could not get over telling of his fine trip over the Great Northern Railroad. North Dakota was represented by a county superintendent of schools who came via Montreal, and insisted that the Canadian Pacific was the best route east. A doctor from Mississippi, a lumber manufacturer from Wisconsin and one from California were on the list. The school professor from Kentucky, the city official from Maine, the ranchman from Wyoming, the merchant from Iowa, the printers from Missouri and Michigan, the bookkeeper from South Carolina, the real estate man from Minnesota—this is somewhat indicative of the range. There were two delegates on their bridal tour, and when the party got acquainted with them you may rest assured they had able assistance in carrying out the orders to have a good time.

* * *

Now, the thing that impressed visitors most was the earnest enthusiasm of the delegates in the meetings, in the discussions. It was a revelation to see what a singular sympathy of interest the readers of our periodical felt for it, and the purpose of the convention blossomed into action of its own accord. It was more than a mere junket; the seed was planted for a great movement towards accomplishing results in movements of national interest. It differed from ordinary conventions because it included representatives of nearly every trade and profession, of nearly every sort of religious and political belief, from every section. With such a convention, growing yearly in size and power, and with a magazine giving expression in favor of its purposes to a quarter million readers every month, the limit of the possibilities for usefulness of such a convention cannot be easily computed.

There was a picturesque "heart to

heart" talk at every meeting, in which editor and readers were face to face. It was extremely interesting to hear the delegates tell of how and why they first subscribed for "The National Magazine," what they liked about it—and what they didn't.

* * *

The scenes described of how each one received the news that he or she had been chosen a delegate would fill a comic almanac. The perfect freedom rather shocked a number of English visitors, and they commented upon it as purely American, and looked as if they all expected next to see a display of tomahawks and bowie knives; but after they had heard a spirited discussion led by the lady from Pennsylvania, they were impressed with the fact that Americans—real wild and woolly,—are thinkers and talkers of a very high grade.

Director General Buchanan of the Pan-American Exposition gave the delegates a hearty welcome, and the freedom of the grounds. Press Superintendent Bolles and Mark Bennitt, now press superintendent of the St. Louis Exposition, and Edward Hale Brush gave them suggestions upon "how to see the fair."

The Press Building is located in mid Midway, and the blare of brass bands, the barking of spielers and the flare of the bally hoo made hearing a matter of close and undivided attention. Dr. Peter MacQueen, the globe trotter and staff correspondent of "The National Magazine," fresh from his interview with Tolstoi, gave the delegates some of his world-travel experiences.

* * *

A meeting was held at 10:30 sharp every morning, which adjourned shortly before noon, and there was not a dull moment, for if anything was demonstrated it was that the delegates were sympathetic listeners as well as good talkers. The remainder of each day was enjoyed in seeing the fair in a systematic way.

Great interest centred in the Government Building, in which all seemed to feel an individual pride as American citizens, and a spirit of proprietary interest.

* * *

It was intended at first to have the delegates located at various hotels for the most comfortable quarters, but they insisted on all living at one place, and six in a room on cots was preferred. It was a jolly family party at breakfast with the rapid-fire interchange of jests meditated over night or sprung on the spur of the moment.

It was pleasant to see how our delegates would pair off to see the sights. Sectional lines were eliminated for Rhode Island and Texas; Maine and Washington were a contented couple of sight-seers. But I will not go further—it might be too personal—for there were a number of bright young girls from New England and sturdy lads from the broad and virile West, who lingered often at the fireworks.

The excursion to Niagara Falls was where acquaintance began to blossom. The roll call after the rush to the station revealed only a few missing. In a special car enjoyed by courtesy of George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad, the party were in high glee. They traveled on one ticket held by the Personally Conducted, and when the conductors called for tickets there was a blank on many faces. They tried to induce him to take Exposition passes, but it would not do. The editor, with the single bit of pasteboard for the forty-nine, with forty-nine other things to look after, was discovered, and the ticketless delegates saved from breaking the rule against spending their own money.

That trip to Niagara made a red letter day. Every moment was enjoyed. Songs, speeches and various other things kept the party in a roar, above the roar of "708" dashing toward Niagara Falls. The delegates were met by Mr. Greene

and his party from the Natural Food Company, duly decorated with handsome yellow badges, and shown the handsome new Natural Food Conservatory, where "Shredded Wheat" and "Triscets" are to be made in the future. The buildings represent the acme of perfection in modern construction, and occupy ten acres, fronting 900 feet on the Niagara river. The view to be had here is one of the most picturesque at Niagara Falls, overlooking the rapids and the government reservation.

* * *

The plant consists of the main building, four hundred and sixty-three feet long and sixty-six feet wide, with four connecting portions. This united structure covers an area of 55,653 square feet, or a total of 4,500,000 cubic feet—about five and one-half acres floor space.

The centre section, first in importance, and in itself a large building, contains the administrative and educational features. As one enters the conservatory, he steps directly into a large foyer or reception room, from which may be taken note of the high-speed electric elevators to the floors above.

The gallery around the foyer or reception room is taken up with offices, and the entire floor above is for the main offices of the company.

On the fourth floor is a lecture hall with a seating capacity of 1,000, provided with all conveniences and modern appliances for demonstrative work of the highest order.

On the fifth and top floor, a great, airy room, commanding a delightful view of the Niagara river, there is a dining-room, which will be so perfectly equipped and attractive in its fittings as to be decidedly stimulating to the appetite. This room is arranged for the noon eating room of employees. Here each day the various workers will come to luncheon as guests of the company. Skilled demon-

strators will prepare and serve the mid-day meal to the employes free of charge. For in the construction of its works, the Natural Food Company looks to keeping the standard of its employes up to the same high grade that characterizes everything connected with it.

The roof of the Administration Building will be converted into a very beautiful and attractive roof garden.

The frame of the building required 3,000 tons of steel, which is covered with a light cream-colored brick. The interior is finished in Keene cement, painted with white enamel, requiring nearly thirty-five tons of paint. The building is heated and ventilated by the fan system, so that it will not be necessary to open windows in winter or summer. There are 844 window openings, and all windows are double-glazed—to exclude dust and smoke—30,000 lights of glass being required and ten tons of putty used for glazing. The temperature is kept uniform in summer by means of bringing fresh air over cool water and distributing it throughout the building, and in winter by forcing fresh air through coils of steam pipe.

Elaborate lavatories, finished in marble and mosaic, are provided for the employes and fitted with shower and needle baths and hot and cold soft water, employees being allowed three hours per week on company's time for use of same.

The air in the Administration Building is changed every seven and one-half minutes, and throughout the main building every fifteen minutes. Electricity is used for power and lighting throughout, and in part for baking, supplied by The Niagara Falls Power Company. Each floor of the Administration Building is connected with the Conservatory proper. A special provision is made for visitors to see the process. Galleries are provided on the second and third floors; Shredded Wheat Biscuit will be served by means of a carrier system in the form

of a miniature electric railway. Individual desks are so arranged that one may make a memorandum of luncheon from an elaborate menu card. Push an electric button and the car in front of you starts on its way and is returned in a remarkably short space of time with your order complete.

The Conservatory is open, free to the visiting public, during the usual business hours.

* * *

"We then," so run the minutes of the secretary, "proceeded to the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, where we were given a sumptuous banquet by the Natural Food Company. After the banquet we had a meeting of 'The National Magazine' delegates and the friends who had so royally entertained us, the meeting being opened by the editor, Mr. Chapple, who introduced to the company Mr. Greene, advertising manager of the Natural Food Company. His remarks were followed by a tribute to Shredded Wheat by Dr. MacQueen which received great applause from all the assembled company. The following resolutions of thanks were then moved by Mr. John W. Miller, of Everett, Washington, seconded by Mrs. Potter, and unanimously adopted:

"Be it resolved by the delegates to the first 'National Magazine' Convention assembled that the thanks of each and all of said delegates from the respective states be, and the same are, hereby tendered to the Natural Food Company and its representatives for the sumptuous banquet and many courtesies extended to them this day at Niagara Falls."

"Mrs. Vaille, of Pennsylvania, then made a few remarks, bringing forth particularly the idea that better food would be a valuable agent in elevating the conditions of the masses. Mr. Riddle, of Runyon, Kentucky, spoke in a similar way, and was followed by Mrs. W. W. Potter, wife of the president of our company. She emphasized Mrs. Vaille's

idea, and said that she thought better living would do away with a great part of the intemperance and crime in our land, and that the W. C. T. U. women in their work would do well to remember this. At Mrs. Potter's suggestion Mr. Greene told us the story of the beginning of Shredded Wheat, and Mr. H. D. Perky's connection with it, the latter named gentleman being the inventor and promoter of Shredded Wheat. Mr. Bennet Chapple and Mr. Ed. F. Jackson followed, and this interesting meeting closed with a toast from Mr. Chapple, "Long may Shredded Wheat continue to be the natural food and sustenance of the American people."

* * *

After viewing the falls and having a picture taken of the remnants of the scattered party with the rapids in the background, the party "did" Niagara Falls in the most thorough manner. Here too, it was thought some delayed delegates were discovered, as two ladies crossing the bridge to the island were found carrying copies of "The National Magazine."

* * *

So the week passed, in helpful, serious consultation and interchange of ideas for the benefit of the magazine in which all were so deeply interested, varied with play and the good comradeship of profitable pleasuring. In brief, the convention organized, reviewed past efforts and planned future activities; provided for a permanent association which shall hold annually a "National Magazine" convention in a city to be designated; adopted a constitution and voted resolutions of hearty thanks to President W. W. Potter and Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple of "The National" and to their friends who co-operated in making the convention the great success that it was. More than this, it demonstrated that "The National's" friends mean to conduct a circulation campaign in every corner of

the country that will very speedily bring its subscription list up to par with those of the most widely circulated popular priced American monthlies. This is the essential meaning of the unity and enthusiasm displayed by the convention. Every delegate there was free to criticize the features of "The National" that have not yet been brought to that high standard which the publisher desires them to reach, and this criticism was accepted as it was meant—the sort of criticism that corrects errors and makes for progress. But on the other hand all were manifestly proud of the magazine, glad to be associated with it and determined to make it first in circulation and influence, as they now regard it first in its appeal to the home interests of American readers.

* * *

The members of the committee on organization were Mr. John W. Miller, of Everett, Washington; Mrs. W. W. Potter, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Riddle, of Runyon, Kentucky; Mrs. M. S. Mayhew, of Colorado; and E. J. Thompson, of Martinsville, West Virginia. The members of the committee on resolutions were Mr. Ed. F. Jackson, of Lewiston, Maine; Mr. J. E. Slichter, of Wyoming; Mr. Daniel McLeod, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin; Mr. Costello, of Missouri and Miss A. H. Berry, of Burlington, Vermont.

The constitution was reported and adopted as follows:

CONSTITUTION OF "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE" ASSOCIATION

I.

The name of this organization shall be the National Magazine Association.

II.

The officers of said Association shall consist of a President, three vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer and a Committee on Circulation, whose duties shall be such as usually appertain and are cus-

tomarily exercised by the above named officers in similar organizations.

III.

That there shall be elected by the charter members hereinafter mentioned at this first convention of "The National Magazine," held at Buffalo, N. Y., at the Pan-American Exposition, commencing on the 26th day of August, 1901, all of the officers herein named, who shall hold their respective offices for one year and until their successors have been duly elected and qualified.

IV.

The object and purpose of this association are the literary, social and mutual advancement of its members, and to increase the power and usefulness of "The National Magazine" as the exponent of true and progressive American life.

V.

All of the delegates to this first convention of "The National Magazine" held at Buffalo, N. Y., at the Pan-American Exposition, shall be enrolled as charter members of this Association.

VI.

The method of selecting the delegates to the second and succeeding annual convention, of this association shall be left to the executive committee herein-after named, as well as the time and place of holding the same, until this article shall have been amended and changed as herein provided.

VII.

Every subscriber to "The National Magazine" shall be entitled to membership in this association, and honorary members may be elected to membership at any session of each annual convention after the adoption of this constitution.

VIII.

The President, Secretary and Treasurer shall constitute the executive committee to determine all questions necessary to carry out the provisions of this constitution and the President shall be ex officio chairman of all committees.

IX.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the delegates present at any future convention, after sub-

mitting the proposed amendment in writing at least twenty-four hours before being acted upon.

We, your committee appointed to draft a constitution for the above named Association, beg leave to report and submit the foregoing proposed constitution for your consideration.

We, your committee on constitution and permanent organization, beg leave to recommend the following named persons for nomination and election to the offices respectively named below, to wit:

President—Joe Mitchell Chapple
First Vice-President—Mrs. W. W. Potter
Second Vice-President—E. J. Thompson
Third Vice-President—John W. Miller
Secretary—Miss Helen W. Potter.
Treasurer—Will H. Chapple.

Respectfully submitted

*John W. Miller, Chairman,
Everett, Washington*

Jas. Riddle, Kentucky

E. J. Thompson

*West Virginia
John B. Bayne, Michigan
Committee*

Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y.,
August 30, 1901.

* * *

These were the resolutions:

We, the Committee on Resolutions, respectfully submit the following:

The delegates to the "National Magazine" Convention, assembled from various states of the Union, at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, August 26th-September 2d, 1901, desire at this time to record their sincere appreciation of the courtesies extended to them upon this delightful and memorable occasion. To each one representing the various states, territories and sections of the country, it has been an inspiration and entertainment beyond all expectations. According to its established and characteristic policy, this, our favorite periodical, "The National Magazine," has done more than it promised.

We also desire to express special thanks to the Editor, Mr. Joe Mitchell

Chapple, and his wife, and to the President of the Company, Mr. W. W. Potter, and wife, for the hospitable and kindly interest taken in us; therefore be it

RESOLVED—That we hereby extend our most hearty thanks to "The National Magazine" for its friendly courtesies and right royal entertainment furnished us during the Convention.

WHEREAS, We, the members of "The National Magazine" Convention, deeply appreciate the courteous treatment and the attentions shown us by the New York Central Railroad in furnishing us a special car to and from Niagara Falls;

To Mr. Bolles of the Bureau of Publicity for use of the rooms in the Press Building, and Mr. Brush and Mr. Bennett for addresses to us as strangers as to the best way of seeing the Exposition;

To Mr. Cagney and Mr. T. P. Vaille of the Northwestern Railway for the courtesies of C. N. W. Miniature Railway;

To Mr. Perkey of the Natural Food Company at Niagara Falls and his efficient corps of assistants as guide through their new building and at the Falls, and also for their hospitable treatment of us at the banquet at the Prospect House;

To Mr. Elbert Hubbard for courtesies shown us during our visit at Roycroft Shop at East Aurora, N. Y.;

To Colonel Wm. F. Cody for courtesies of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show;

To the various railroad, exposition officials, and to all those who have shown such an appreciative cordial courtesy to "The National Magazine" delegates; be it further

RESOLVED—That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this, our First Annual "National Magazine" Convention, and a copy be sent to each of the above mentioned parties.

E. F. Jackson, Maine.

J. E. Slichter, Wyoming.

Ed. J. Costello, Missouri.

Daniel McLeod, Wisconsin.

Miss M. H. Berry, Vermont.

The secretary records that—

"The following suggestions were then made. First to have a 'National Magazine' convention every year in some city which may be designated, and have the basis of representation equal. Or, possibly we might have a general voting contest in each state and each subscriber be entitled to vote on a stated basis of representation equal in every state. Or, following out the national line of work, we might have two methods of representation, one as delegate at large, then have the others elected in proportion to the circulation. That would put it on the basis of our national government. Or, shall we have a voting contest similar to the one we had this time and keep it one delegate from each state? Or we might choose the one having the best story from each state, the one having the best illustrated article and the one having the best poem, making a representation of three from each state.

"There are national questions that need presentation in the most direct way that can be found. We might well take up such subjects as 'Good Roads,' 'Food,' 'Schools,' 'Circulating Libraries,' etc.; and if we should take up any of these subjects at the next annual convention, Mr. Chapple promises to have distinguished men present to deliver addresses upon these subjects. Or, we might take up such subjects as 'The American Doctor,' 'The American Business Man,' 'The American Lawyer,' 'The American Newspaper Man,' or 'American Farming.' Then of course always before us is the question of the circulation of 'The National Magazine.'

"Mr. Chapple then asked for expressions of opinion from some of those present as to what particularly appealed to them in 'The National Magazine,' or the comments they heard passed upon it from outsiders. Some seemed to enjoy the social side of the magazine, others its 'friendliness.' Mr. Miller suggested

the idea that it might be well to broaden out and take in the life of the whole country as well as that of the life of the national capital at Washington. (This will be done in the new department, 'Phases of the World's Affairs.') Mrs. Mayhew, of Colorado, told an interesting story of a young man out in the mining districts of the Rockies whom she met, who was an enthusiastic admirer of 'The National,' saying he liked its general character better than that of any other periodical.

"Mr. Miller then spoke of President Washington's great ambition: that a National University might be established in the capital city, and expressed the thought that if 'The National' would take up the idea and bring it before the American people, that it might some time in the near future be accomplished, and some of the millions now spent on our navy be expended in the establishment of a grand university at our national capital. If 'The National' would follow this up and keep at it, it might finally arouse the spirit of American education.

"It was suggested it might be well to take up some of the following subjects during the coming year in 'The National Magazine': 'Public Ownership of Public Utilities,' 'Street Railways,' 'City Water Works,' 'Public Ownership of Transcontinental Railroads.' "

The next day, August 30, we find the secretary recording that—

"We were then favored with a few words from Mr. Mark Bennitt (superintendent of the Press Bureau of the Pan-American), who said he was very glad to join in welcoming the 'National Magazine' delegates, and that he felt the Exposition was rather indebted to 'The National Magazine' than 'The National' to the Exposition, in showing such pluck and enterprise in printing the edition of the magazine on the grounds. The work of publicity was greatly helped thereby, and 'The National' had thereby set an

example to other publications. He was glad to learn this convention was to become a continuous organization, as he thought such a magazine as 'The National' could be very useful in the line of work which it had mapped out.

"Mr. E. J. Thompson of Martinsville, West Virginia, then expressed the thanks of the delegates in a few well-chosen words. He complimented Mr. Chapple on his tact, energy and ability in undertaking such a publication in these days of strenuous competition, and said:

"We pay homage to the man who has had the courage to enter the field where only a few have prospered. It is not possible for us to express our appreciation as we would like to, but we hope to soon have the honor of presenting Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple with a small remembrance of our appreciation, in the shape of a badge, designed by Mr. Victor A. Searles, one of the 'National' delegates, which shall be the badge of this association from this time, and which shall be the talisman of future success and prosperity in every particular."

"Mr. Chapple then responded in a few words, asking one thing alone of the delegates—that they keep in close personal touch with him.

"Letters of regret at being unable to be present were then read from California and Idaho delegates.

"Mr. Chapple then requested that each member of the association give to him answers to the following questions:

"1. How did you first become attracted to 'The National Magazine'?"

"2. What do you think of its general character?"

"3. Which department do you like best?"

"4. What would you suggest as an improvement?"

"5. Under what circumstances and what were your feelings when you received the announcement that you were the delegate chosen from your state?"

(This elicited praise and criticism free and fair, helpful and stimulating).

"Then followed some interesting items from Mr. Chapple as to the various estimates on the attendance at the Pan-American Exposition on July 4, by the different delegates.

"Mr. MacQueen followed with a few words of goodby. He said it had been a great pleasure to him to meet the various delegates from all over the Union, that he thought our red-letter day had been the day at Niagara, that he hoped the permanent organization might become a reality, having a distinct and definite program each year. A great deal can be done for a democratic people like the Americans by such a convention and such a magazine. It is very interesting to a thoughtful man to meet the typical people from different sections of the United States. The more one sees of other countries, the more one appreciates America."

* * *

While it was essentially a business convention in its serious phases, it did not lack literary features. One of the most pleasant incidents of the week was the reading of a humorous greeting from Mr. Nixon Waterman, the Boston poet-philosopher, a member of "The National" contributing staff, who was unable to be present. Mr. Waterman's greeting follows:

Dear Mister Chapple: I regret more than
my pen can say
That I am quite unable to be with yer
gang to-day.
I feel as if you need me there, if I may
be allowed
To say as much, to sort 'o give a finish
to the crowd.
But as you know the prices paid for
poetry of late
Have hardly been the sort to bring a for-
tune while you wait,

So I must keep a-workin' on ner restin'
night er day,
An' try to grind out stuff enough to keep
the wolf away.

Sometimes I've half a notion jest to do
as you have done
An' start a magazine, b'gosh! an' then
pile up the "mon."

I said this to a feller once who'd been
clear through the school:

Says he: "You ain't a lunitic; yer jest a
plain dern fool!"

I s'pose 'at you'll have poets there that's
never heard o' me.

Well, I ain't never heard o' them, so
things is even, see?

True genius must be modest an' I calcu-
late that's why

My name so very seldom gits before
the public eye.

Yit, nothin' suits me better than to soar
around an' 'round

The brow o' fair Parnassus where poetic
themes abound,

But O, to budding poets it would prove
a precious boon

If old Parnas would open up a good free-
lunch saloon.

Fer while I find that poetry is splendid
in its way,

I feel I'm really more in need o' three
square meals a day.

I'd trade a thousand muses fer my fill o'
meat and drink,

I long to hear the jingle of a pocket full
o' "chink."

Sometimes I feel discouraged fer it
makes me sick to see

The way some blame fool editors return
my gems to me.

When one o' them thair chumps turns
down my lines "as fine as silk,"

I want to give up poetry an' go to ped-
dlin' milk.

But I'm an optimistic cuss an' so I won't
complain,

But jest keep wrasslin' with the muse
with all my might an' main,
Until I write, like Shakespeare wrote,
some lofty thought that thrills,
In lines the people love to quote the
same as they do Bill's.

So tell yer folks that's gathered there I'm
with 'em, heart and hand;
Let's write an' write an' write the truth
till all will understand.
Let's tune our lyres night an' morn an'
sing an' sing an' sing
A song so sweet an' grand an' true the
world *must* hear, b'jing!

Nixon Waterman

At the top-o'-the-hill, Arlington Heights, Mass.
August 24, 1901.

* * *

Typical of many press comments and
personal letters that have been sent to
the editor by delegates since their return
home, is the following excerpt from a
letter by the North Carolina delegate,
Edna Earl Marshall, published in her
home paper, "The Press," of Hickory:

"It seems almost folly for me to try to
describe our trip, and yet perhaps it may
interest some one to know what one of
'The National Magazine' delegates thinks
of the trip. To begin with, not even in
the moments of greatest anticipation
had I dreamed the trip would be so mag-
nificent in every particular. It surpassed
my highest hopes and caused me to turn
homeward with a very grateful heart to
our host, 'The National Magazine.'

"I do not see how it would have been
possible for 'The National Magazine' to
have added anything more to our trip
that would have made it more delightful.
Everything that could possibly increase
our pleasure was done, and it was with
grateful hearts that we returned to our
native states, after spending a week as
the guests of our kind and enterprising
friend 'The National Magazine.' And
I know when I thank the Magazine for
giving me such a glorious trip, I am only
expressing what each and every member
of the party feels."

All in all, the convention marked an
epoch in the upward progress of the
"National Magazine," gratifying alike
in its present fruits and in its promise
for future growth.

THE NATURAL FOOD CONSERVATORY AT NIAGARA FALLS, WHERE "SHREDDED WHEAT" IS MADE





HAVE you ever been filled with such a flood of surging emotions that an attempt at expression seemed useless? Within the thirty days since we met together we as a people and as individuals have sounded the depths of happiness and sorrow. Soon after the adjournment of the first annual "National Magazine" convention, in which all the happiness of a year of expectation was more than realized—in the full flush of this sense of achievement and strengthened purposes for the future; after an inspiration which will last for a lifetime of editorial work; in the splendor of our new national destiny expressed by the great loving heart of him who had so much to do with bringing about the prosperity of this great epoch—from the blossom of it all to the "bier and the shroud." Then after the first poignancy and tear-baptized grief had passed—after the prayers of the world had seemingly been unanswered, we looked deep into the mysterious ways of God, and found compensation there in the thought of thousands of young minds opening to the future, and which will receive as an ideal and life inspiration the lesson of the glorious life and death of William McKinley.

Aside from all his pre-eminent genius as a statesman, William McKinley's

memory has a halo of purity, gentleness and harmony. He was a man.

* * *

A Memorial number is published this month, taking the place of the Export number which he had inspired in a personal conversation at Canton a few weeks ago while he was at work on that memorable farewell address delivered at the Pan-American. Little did we think what fate had in store. Now, in honor of the great captain and champion of American industries and markets, we lay aside that work to first pay tribute to his memory. It is a fitting prelude in the campaign for our share of the markets of the world that this work should have such an inspiration as that of William McKinley—to be carried out without interruption by the capable, energetic, conscientious type of sterling young American manhood exemplified in President Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

The tribute paid to the memory of President McKinley by the stopping of all the commercial and industrial activities of a great country during the moments while the casket containing the remains was being lowered into the vault was without precedent in history. It revealed in one act the greatness of the American people. This was the spon-

taneous tribute of eighty millions, more significant than the ten car loads of flowers sent to the dead President's bier. I saw men from the lowliest to the highest station wearing the badge of mourning. From nearly every household in his own Ohio, his portrait hung tenderly draped and above it those last words, which preach a sermon that will live as long as our country endures, and which after all comprise the crowning conviction of all religious and right living men: "Thy will be done."

* * *

It is customary to defer the publishing of seriously considered biographies of eminent statesmen for some time after their death, that time may bring out more clearly their noblest and best qualities, while the close range frailties and the distortions of partisan prejudice may be permitted to lapse. Such a policy is not at all appropriate to the career of William McKinley. Respected by all in life, beloved by all in death, there is no need of waiting; time can but enhance the beauty and splendor of his fame. In view of this "The National Magazine" is especially gratified to announce that a series of elaborate and intensely interesting articles on "The Personal Side of William McKinley" will appear in this periodical, beginning in the November number, and written by those who were in close everyday touch with him during the busiest years of his eventful life. The articles will contain a large amount of unpublished material and our readers are invited to co-operate and make this series worthy of the great name they will celebrate. Studying closely the personal side of the life of such a man, we see how events of his notable career lead in perfect sequence step by step, always forward and upward and always inculcating the lessons of patriotism and noble manhood. It is seldom that such a life and its lessons are given to the human race,

and the articles upon "The Personal Side of William McKinley" which are to appear in "The National Magazine" during the coming year cannot fail to be one of the most interesting serial publications of the year; a work, too, that will be especially prized by future generations. The purpose is to make a most thorough character study of this eminent man. The work is one made doubly attractive by the element of affection; as we treasure the little relics and incidents of the lives of the loved ones who have passed away from our home circle, so the American people will treasure these personal touches of one whose death is a personal bereavement to every true American.

* * *

Do not fail to make provision for receiving every issue of "The National Magazine" containing these articles, as we cannot undertake to furnish back numbers, and the series when complete will make a welcome volume in every American library. Simple rather than rhetorical, it is our aim to have these articles in keeping with the character of the man and largely written from personal observation—with the great events of his career set down in sequence, but silhouetted rather than confused by the introduction of an array of official papers arranged in chronological order. Subscriptions should begin at once in order to secure this series complete.



WE desire also to announce at this time a few of the many notable features in preparation for future numbers of "The National." We have drawn upon a number of the brightest and most virile of the young writers of the South for stories and articles rich in the local color of the Southland, yet of the widest general interest. Scudday Richardson, of Beaumont, contributes a fascinating study of the South's empire state, the giant commonwealth of Texas. Joseph

M. Leveque, of New Orleans, the brilliant editor of "Harlequin," foremost literary and political weekly of the South, writes for the November number of "The National" a vivid and comprehensive article upon the great cotton crop of 1901, and its financial and social significance to the country at large. Henry Rightor, a versatile genius—poet, dramatist and story teller—contributes, for an early number of "The National," a picturesque sketch of the wild life of the Gulf rovers and treasure hunters. Trezevant, the distinguished artist of New Orleans, illustrates Mr. Rightor's sketch profusely with vigorous and effective pictures drawn from life. Willard Dillman, of South Dakota, and Edward F. Younger, of Chicago, story tellers who have woven into their text the fine, free humor of the West, will entertain our readers with strong stories characteristic of that section. E. C. McCants of South Carolina leads the fiction of this number and will contribute to future numbers.

* * *

Art photography has made wonderful strides in America during the last year or two. All the large cities and many of the smaller ones have enthusiastic craftsmen whose skill and talent have raised photography from the level of a mechanical trade to the dignity of a fine art. Will Armstrong, of Boston, president of the "Lens and Brush" Club, is a good example of the new school. This year there was but one national competition between fine art photographers. This took place under the auspices of the New England Photographers' Association, whose annual convention was held in Boston in September. "The National" procured permission of the prize winners and the salon committee to make half tone reproductions of a dozen of these beautiful pictures. The subjects were selected primarily with a view to ease and perfection of reproduction; they do not represent a higher average

than the remainder of the salon pictures, but are unquestionably the most charming group of photographs ever brought into the pages of a magazine. Messrs. Tenney and Ricker, the artists of the Massachusetts Engraving Company, gave the closest attention to these engravings, and the result amply justifies their superior reputation in that line. Charles W. Hearn of Boston, president-elect of the New England Photographers' Association, has written an interesting article on art photography to accompany the pictures. All lovers of the beautiful will enjoy this feature of the November "National" and will wish to preserve it.

These features are but a mere suggestion of the wealth of good things that we have in store for our readers in the closing months of 1901 and in 1902.

We have not tried, and will not try, to obtain the odds and ends of the work of men and women writers who have become famous—but whose best product has been marketed. We aim rather to bring forward the hitherto little known authors who charm with the fresh enthusiasm of youth, and those of more mature years, whom the frost of time has touched but to sweeten and ennoble. We aim to publish literature that, beside possessing the honest, clean humor that every American loves, affords a spiritual uplift. We wish, in brief, now as always, to procure for our readers the freshest, brightest and most truthful reflections of the life of to-day in all sections of our country. "The National Magazine's" rapidly growing circulation proves that we have had a fair degree of success in the endeavor; we trust that during the coming year the constant efforts of an enlarged and strengthened editorial staff and the utilization of vastly increased mechanical facilities, will enable us to hold the regard of our old and tried friends, while gaining tens of thousands of new ones. There is room and a welcome for all comers at "The National's" fireside.

ON the eve of the first race between "Shamrock II" and "Columbia," respectively challenger for and defender of the "America's" cup, as this is written, the sturdy athletes of Harvard and Yale have defeated their cousins from Oxford and Cambridge in a series of feats of strength, skill, speed and stamina. The American youths excelled in all points save the last named. In the bull-dog grit and the "bottom" that outstays rivals over a long, hard race-course, the sons of Johnny Bull are still able to hold their own with any men on earth. This, in a time when the Anglo-Saxon alliance is rather a fact of feeling than a formal compact, is a gratifying condition for us of the American side of the partnership to reflect upon.

TWO notes of protest run through the editorial pages of the conservative press in these last days of September. One warns against going too far in repressing free speech in order that murderous anarchists may be gagged; the other is concerned with an alleged movement for the more free admission of Chinese laborers into this country. We do not believe that Congress will abridge by a hair's breadth the legitimate right of free speech—not unbridled and incendiary license—which has been the sacredly guarded heritage of the Anglo-Saxon since King Alfred's day, a thousand years ago. We do not believe, either, that Congress will permit the cheap labor of Asia to come into competition here at home with our own citizens. The tendency of the last twenty years has been in the other direction, and we see no sign of the abandonment of that policy by either of the great political parties. It may be, as General Corbin suggests, that the Philippines need more of the hardy and industrious Japanese workmen to develop the great natural wealth which the natives of the

Philippines have allowed to languish through the centuries, but this is a problem yet to be debated.

THE interest in the Schley investigation at Washington grows apace. "The National Magazine" has a limited number of large and handsome engravings in colors of the battle of Santiago which will be sent to any address for 50c. They are truly interesting pictures, and we feel sure that they will be prized, portraying as they do an historic naval battle and giving the portraits of most of the famous fighters concerned in the naval court of inquiry now in progress.

AS one subscriber writes this month: "We always expect inventions from 'The National Magazine.' What next?" Well, one thing is a want, for sale and exchange advertising page low enough in price to be within the reach of all. For one dollar you can have a three line advertisement reaching 100,000 readers in every state and territory and many foreign countries. If you want anything you have a larger field to draw from than that of the most widely circulated daily newspaper. The philosophy of advertising is bringing the buyer and the seller together, and in this department there will be new and good opportunities opened. You may have a set of books that some collector in a distant city would prize; here you have a chance to reach him. And the opportunity lasts not a day, a week or a month merely; there is no limit to the number of times a good magazine is read and re-read and passed from hand to hand. From the attic it is brought, after years of dust have collected upon it, and is again sent on its way. And, after all, what is more interesting than a collection of old magazines?—unless it be a collection of new ones. The present memorial number will be

carefully preserved, containing as it does such a comprehensive and fresh account of a tragic and momentous epoch in national history. The advance sales for the October issue have far exceeded expectations, and the supply will undoubtedly be exhausted early. It is estimated that over 1,500,000 portraits of President McKinley have been sold within the past month, and we believe that no portrait holder will fail to buy a copy of the memorial number of "The National." October copies are likely to be at a premium, and we suggest that all desiring extras should order at once, as it is unlikely we will be able to supply them after November 1.



"THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

for October has the first published portrait of Katie, the second child of President and Mrs. McKinley. This unique picture appears in the first page of "Affairs at Washington." Out of the oval frame looks a sweet, serene little face, with tender, trustful eyes and rosebud lips. Rich, wavy hair, parted at the middle, falls down over the shoulders clad in some fleecy white stuff. She is, in all her features, the youthful image of

her father, blending with his strength something of the subtly-simple grace and charm of her mother. Katie lived to the age of three and a half years. The first child of her parents died at three months; if any photograph of the infant was ever taken, it has been held sacred from the world's gaze. Katie lived to become the idol of fond hopes; to twine about her parents' hearts the soft tendrils of her baby love and helplessness. And after the little white form was given back to the arms of the great kind mother of us all, her spirit dwelt in the hearts and souls of those bereaved parents. How often and how mightily did the thought of his little lost babe influence and soften the judgments of the nation's chief through his long and responsible career? How much of his unvarying kindness and magnanimity which crystallized into a character universally beloved had its spring in the memories of the prattling voice untimely stilled? Let every father make answer out of his own heart. Often and often the wish has been expressed that the speaker might see the likeness of "the President's little girl." "The National" is happy to be the means of gratifying that natural and sympathetic desire of the American people.

Charles A. Dana's Favorite Sonnet.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Haply I think on thee—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

W. S.